

ARCH

CAN WE KEEP OUT OF THE WAR?

CURRENT OPINION

25 CENTS

EDITED BY EDWARD J. WHEELER

**GERMANY'S WAR ZONE DECREE AND THE
PERIL IT CARRIES TO THE UNITED STATES**

Political Effect of Ship-Purchase Fight

The Part Japan May Yet Play in the War

Unlimited Energy for Man's Service

A Woman's Crusade for Peace

Discovering Moral Compensations in War

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CURRENT OPINION



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A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

THE STRUGGLE OVER THE SHIP-PURCHASE BILL AND ITS EFFECTS ON THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION

THE most serious situation that has developed in our relations with the warring nations, especially with Germany, found us last month in the midst of a bitter political struggle in Washington—the most bitter that has taken place during the Wilson administration. In the Senate, resort has been had, and by such Senators as Root, Burton and Lodge, to that most extreme of all forms of opposition, the filibuster. The floor was held by Senators in opposition to the ship-purchase bill, its advocates refusing, for tactical reasons, to join in the debate. The life of this Congress terminates by law on the fourth of March, and the effort of the Republicans was to delay a vote on the bill, if necessary, until the end of the session. Test votes indicated that 45 Democratic Senators and 3 Republicans were ready to support the bill and 41 Republicans and 7 Democrats ready to vote against it—48 on each side, leaving the Vice-President to cast the deciding vote. With no rule in the Senate for the closing of debate, the defeat of the bill became simply a question of physical endurance, lung-power and constant vigilance. The Democrats stood the delay until within fourteen working days of the end of the session. Then, with most of the big appropriation bills yet to be passed, they brought in a cloture measure, and the Republicans promptly proceeded to filibuster on that. Then a new turn was made. A Republican bill—the Weeks bill—that had already passed the Senate and had gone to the lower house, was entirely made over in the House by means of amendments into a modified ship-purchase bill, was then adopted and sent back to the Senate in the hope of satisfying enough rebellious Democrats to secure a clear majority. The important change made in this new Weeks-Gore bill was one which provided that the experiment in government ownership and operation of merchant ships should automatically end two years

after the close of the European war, and the ships should then revert to the navy, as naval auxiliaries, or, if not suitable for such use, might be leased to private owners. As this is written, the fight on this new form of the bill is still on, but the passage of the bill seems to be impossible.

President Wilson's Hold On His Party.

IT HAS become increasingly clear that this contest over the ship-purchase bill is a sort of premature opening of the next presidential contest. The division in both houses of Congress has been pretty nearly on partisan lines. Altho Democratic leaders like Clark, Underwood and Kitchin are opposed to the plan, yet the appeal to support the administration was made effectively, Speaker Clark himself, in the Democratic caucus, saying: "You have wandered in the wilderness for sixteen years and unless you follow the leader of your party you will wander again." The President's power over his party was never more signally shown than in the case of this bill. According to one Democratic Senator, quoted but not named by Colonel J. C. Hemphill, there are not twelve Democratic Senators who are at heart in favor of the bill. It came as a surprise, the program for this session being to pass the appropriation bills and not take up any other important measures. Yet, "under the spell of the White House," the President's followers in both houses have gone to the limit in support of the measure. With a big deficit looming up in spite of a "war tax," an income tax and a corporation tax, they have consented to the unexpected appropriation of the \$40,000,000 carried by this bill. They have given it the right of way over all the other appropriation bills, and, after a month of futile effort to overcome the obstruction of the Republican filibuster, the House caucus again, on February 16, by



INTERESTING DEBATE ON THE SHIP-PURCHASE BILL WHICH CLOSED IN THE U. S. SENATE LAST EVENING

—McCutcheon in *Chicago Tribune*

a vote of 154 to 29, registered the will of the President, every one of his wishes, according to the *New York Times* Washington correspondent, being "observed to the letter." Yet there seems to be no doubt, in the minds of Democrats themselves, that the political situation has been very gravely affected by the fight over the bill. "There is no question," says the *Charleston News and Courier*, "but that President Wilson is face to face with a dangerous crisis." "It is freely said," remarks another Democratic paper, the *Buffalo Courier*, "that this ship episode has knocked out President Wilson for a second term. Maybe it has. The President certainly doesn't act like a man fishing for a second term."

Government Ownership versus Government Subsidies.

NEVER before, perhaps, has a measure that has made so much of a stir received so little discussion. It was proposed as an emergency measure, to meet the conditions resulting from the war, and was, for that reason, rushed through the lower house. In the contest in the Senate the Democrats have refused to argue the points raised, on the ground that prompt action rather than argument is demanded. Hardly a Democratic leader has been heard from on the measure with the exception of Secretary McAdoo and Secretary Redfield and President Wilson himself. Even the President has had very little to say in public, his reference to the measure at Indianapolis being very brief and his speech before the National Chamber of Commerce not touching on the measure at all, much to the surprise of those present. The defense of the bill has been almost entirely confined to two lines, namely, that there is a ship famine, in consequence of which our

commerce is being seriously hampered and ocean-rates intolerably increased, in some cases tenfold above the normal; and that no one has proposed any other method by which the situation can be met except the system of subsidies, which has been explicitly rejected by the Democratic party over and over again. "Opposition to the measure," says the *N. Y. World*, the most vigorous champion of the bill to be found in the press, "offers nothing but subsidy in its place":

"In the view of the elder statesmen, it is all right to make a gift of \$30,000,000 to ship-owners who agree to take out American registry, but it is all wrong to expend \$30,000,000 for vessels which the people will own and control. Here



"We have come into a period of confidence."—President Wilson. Puzzle: Find the confidence.

—Cesare in *N. Y. Sun*

again it is monopoly and privilege and plunder on the one side and Government ownership on the other. Confronted by such an issue, with no other way out, most of the Democrats in Congress adhere to Government ownership, and *The World* agrees with them.

"Government ownership is a last resort, to be accepted not because it is Democratic but because it is the one final remedy for political and economic 'hold-ups.'"

The same paper lays stress on the fact that six years ago, under the Roosevelt administration, the federal government bought and proceeded to operate the Panama Railway Company and with it a line of steamships running from New York to Christobal, an experiment in government ownership that "has not undermined the Constitution, demoralized ocean rates or injured any private interest in its continuing."

Startling Increase in Ocean Rates.

IN A communication to the Senate, Secretaries McAdoo and Redfield supported the measure on the ground of the saving to be effected for American shippers. They said:

"The increased ocean freight charge arbitrarily imposed upon our farmers and business men, for the month of December, 1914, only, was \$18,018,700. If exports by sea continue for the twelve months of 1915 at the December,

1914, rate, and the ocean freight charges are the same as for December, 1914, the American farmers and business men will pay to ship-owners, principally foreign, increased freight charges above the normal rates of \$216,224,400, or more than five times the \$40,000,000 which the Government proposes by the shipping bill to put into American ships for the protection of our foreign commerce."

Reports from federal officials at different shipping ports were submitted to the Senate showing congestion at the docks. In Norfolk cotton had accumulated to the amount of five and a half million dollars' worth, awaiting shipment. In Baltimore grain had so accumulated that the railways were refusing to accept any more for transportation to that port. A similar condition was reported for New York. This congestion was reported also in the cases of tobacco, lumber, flour, cotton-seed, oil and other commodities. Considering these facts, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* speaks of the ship-purchase bill as "a measure vital to the public welfare," and the *Lewiston Evening Journal* charges the opponents of the bill with being defenders of the British shipping monopoly. "Every ship subsidist," according to the *Louisville Evening Post*, "has united to obstruct this measure of relief," and it denounces the seven Democratic Senators who opposed it as engaged in "a most sinister alliance under Penrose and Lodge and

conclusive policy which redounds little to the credit of those who devised it, and which cannot appeal to real advocates of an American merchant marine." Such is the case for the measure as it has appeared in the decidedly meager discussion before the public. "Seldom can so big a measure have been shrouded in such obscurity," remarks the *N. Y. Evening Post*.

Existence of a Ship Famine Is Denied.

ACCORDING to the advices which the paper just quoted had from Washington, the President and his advisers were entirely surprised at the opposition that has arisen. They expected the approval of the country and least of all did they expect a bolt in the Democratic ranks. If that was the view held, their sagacity was very much at fault. Even the famine in ships, upon which the argument for the bill rests, is vigorously disputed. The excess of exports over imports for the last three months, so the *N. Y. Times* points out, has been at the rate of \$1,375,000,000 a year. It is not shipping, we are assured, that is wanting. The trouble is in the lack of distribution after the goods are shipped. In England, for instance, the railways are monopolized for military purposes and a number of ports are closed for naval reasons, and those which are left open are not equipped for the business thrust upon them. "Prices rise altho there is an actual excess of supply in the warehouses and in the ships awaiting unloading. Coal is not delivered by the ton but by the package carried in taxicabs." Ten days is the minimum time of delay for ships in British ports and they are at times kept standing in line for weeks before they can discharge their cargoes. Then the return trip must be made without a normal supply of either freight or passengers. The *N. Y. Journal of Commerce* points out the scarcity of men in the ports of the warring nations as an additional reason for the expensive delays. This shortage of labor is, according to the *Liverpool Steam-*



DRILLING THE RESERVES

—Kirby in *N. Y. World*

Root." The Hearst papers were loud in favor of the bill up to the time that the change was made providing for the lapse of government operation two years after the war ended. Then it railed at the bill as a futile makeshift. "The American people," it observed, "will uphold any measure to replace the flag on the seas. They will rally with enthusiasm around the endeavor to make the new merchant marine independent of either British or trust control. But to go through the motions of building up a fleet which is to be deserted instantly upon the declaration of peace is a futile and in-



PERISCOPES!

—Carter in *N. Y. Sun*

ship Owners' Association, the chief cause for the congestion in British ports. The British Board of Trade has made a special inquiry into the situation and enumerates six reasons for the delays, not one of which refers to a lack of ships. The N. Y. Chamber of Commerce made an inquiry in this city and as a result denies point-blank that there is any ship famine. "The shipping bill," says the *Springfield Republican*, which is a great deal of a Wilson paper, "if properly shaped as an emergency measure, has intrinsic merit, and the opposition to it has not been based on grounds that could command unqualified approval: But the time has come to abandon it, in the interest of the higher policies of the nation for which the administration will be held responsible."

Papers Friendly to Wilson Oppose the Ship-Purchase Bill.

MANY papers, in fact, that are ordinarily defenders of the administration, have been emphatic in opposition to the ship-purchase bill. The N. Y. *Evening Post* has been especially severe in its denunciation of the bill as an economic blunder and a peril to our international relations. The N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* calls the bill "a colossal political blunder," which will prove politically fatal if the bill is passed. Ever since the President made his Indianapolis speech referring to team-work, says the *Washington Herald*, he has been doing the team-work by himself. "He has been in step, but his party has been out of step." The

Indianapolis News, an independent paper usually found in support of the President, calls the bill an "utterly vicious piece of legislation" and regrets the tendency of the President "to close his eyes to obvious facts and to deceive himself into believing that things exist when, as a matter of fact, they do not exist"—the need for this bill being, in its judgment, one of the things that do not exist. The alleged disposition of Mr. Wilson to settle his own lines of policy without consultation is again being made the theme of remark. "If the President would play with his team now and then," writes J. C. Hemphill, formerly editor of the *Charleston News and Courier* and later of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, "instead of requiring the team to play with him always, there would be less friction and discontent among many of his ardent supporters in Congress." The N. Y. *Tribune* attributes the success of the filibuster in the Senate to the latent opposition of the Democrats to the President's methods and it says with some jubilation:

"He has staked and wrecked his prestige as a party leader on a false issue, and is now astounded to find the country parting company with him and his followers in Congress getting rebellious and sulky. It looks now as if the ship-purchase bill is going to be the greatest failure on the administration's legislative program. The fiasco he has made with it ought to put an end to Mr. Wilson's activities as an initiator and overseer of legislation. Even a long trodden on Congress is ready to revolt at his overlordship."

The territorial integrity of China is plainly to be maintained, even if Japan is obliged to take charge of it.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

Motto of the submarines: "There's always room at the bottom!" —*Washington Post*.

If submarines keep busy we may soon have as big a navy as the rest.—*Washington Post*.

Another definition of "Kultur" is "the possession of deep conscience and high morale." Ah, yes. A submarine conscience and a Zeppelin morale.—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

WILL "WAR ZONE" MEASURES DRAG THE UNITED STATES INTO THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT?

THE perils incident to neutral nations from the European war have been perceptibly magnified by the events of the last month. The Lloyd's rates for insurance against war between the United States and Germany have advanced in that time from one guinea to twenty guineas. The vast military vortex that has already sucked in such a large portion of the civilized and semi-civilized world is now drawing, with clearly increasing force, all the neutral nations that have ships to sail or commerce to carry. The world faces to-day, on the high seas, a far more serious situation than it faced a few weeks ago. So far as any one thing can be said to have caused this situation, it has been caused by the submarine. All international law threatens to go by the board and all the rights of neutral nations heretofore recognized are in danger of being blown into thin air by the changes in naval warfare wrought by the submarines. See the satanic sequence of events that issues: Great Britain, moved by the submarine peril, proceeds to arm her merchant ships, defends their use of neutral flags in infested seas, and claims the right to take neutral ships, on mere suspicion, into her ports for more or less leisurely examination, because the submarine makes such an examination on the high seas no longer practicable or safe. She has a case that looks logical—damnably logical in fact, from a neutral point of view. Germany says that if Great Britain can use

her power on the seas to intercept neutral ships bringing food to her hungry people, she has a right to use her power under the seas—her mines and submarines—to prevent the shipment of food and munitions to British ports, and, inasmuch as the submarine can not safely stop and search an armed merchant ship, and can not tell an enemy's ship flying a neutral flag from a truly neutral ship, all neutral ships are warned to keep out of a clearly defined war zone drawn on the high seas or take chances of being sunk. Her case also has a damnably logical look to it. The United States and the other neutral nations declare that the nations that inflict war upon one another have no right to extend that war to the high seas, and that peaceful nations have rights on this earth as well as those that are blowing each other into bloody bits. And the neutral nations have logic on their side too. There is logic on all sides, but there seems to be security on no side. Or, at least, there is perceptibly less of it than there was four weeks ago and it seems as tho something more than logic is going to be needed to restore it to the world.

"A New Zone of Horror."

TO SAY that the German Admiralty's proclamation of a "war zone" around the British Isles into which neutrals would sail at their peril, has created a sensa-

tion in the press of the United States, is putting it mildly. Official descriptions of this new *verboten* sign issued by the imperial government seemed but to aggravate the sensation. The *Rochester Post-Express* speaks of "Hot-Air Blockades." The *Chicago Tribune* sees an attempt at "practical blockade by intimidation." The proposed use of fear gives currency to the term "psychological blockade." The *Philadelphia Ledger* and many other journals call it a "paper blockade" which international law does not recognize. The *N. Y. Tribune* describes it as a "Threat of Lynch Law Against Neutral Shipping." The *N. Y. Evening Sun* characterizes it as "A New Zone of Horror." The *N. Y. Evening Post* refuses to get excited over the order on the ground that it is three-quarters bluff, and it says: "That a few roving submarines can destroy the sea power of a country that itself has twice as many submarines as the German navy possesses it is preposterous to imagine." None the less so many "inconceivable" things have been happening every week of the war that the *Charleston News and Courier* sees only one safeguard against our embroilment in the contest, namely that neither side is seeking new enemies. The *N. Y. World* declares that "the Berlin proclamation makes neutrality almost as hazardous as belligerency, and that is a doctrine that neither this country nor any other neutral nation can accept."

Neutral Protest to Both Belligerents.

AMONG other neutrals Holland was first to follow the lead of the United States in its double protest. Almost unanimously, the newspapers in this country insist that as a self-respecting neutral nation we could do no less than vigorously protest against that part of the new declaration of German policy affecting neutrals. The protest made by our government prior to the date fixed for making the war zone effective has been overwhelmingly approved by the press, irrespective of party affiliations. The protest made to Great Britain at the same time regarding her alleged misuse of our flag has also been heartily commended. "The protest to Germany is sharper than that to Great Britain," observes the *Boston Transcript*, "but Germany's offense is greater."

"To neither Germany's assertion of a blockade that is invisible until it comes up from the depths of the sea, nor that the destruction of a neutral ship under these circumstances would be only a regrettable accident, can the United States assent, and it now dissents so emphatically and so clearly that if the relations of the two countries become strained, Germany alone will be responsible for the tension. Americans should all stand behind the Administration in solid support and in hopeful expectation that its firmness will not evaporate as it did in Mexico."

Where Neutrals Come in on a Starvation Policy.

WHILE the quoting of "international law" continues to be the practice of the belligerents, it is remarkable how many things appear to be invented or employed in actual warfare to which, as the *Washington Post* observes, "international law does not apply." Starvation of the enemy, for instance. Whether a starvation policy adopted by either Great Britain or Germany is right or wrong does not concern the United States, according to the *Post*; but "if it entails unlawful disruption of American commerce, the United States

is in duty bound to protest and to make its protest effective." This paper thinks the chief purpose of the German declaration is "to demonstrate that two can play at the same game of trying to starve out the enemy." The *Wall Street Journal* suggests that "if Germany would come out frankly and announce that she proposed to use every means, regardless of humanity, and ask no favors, the position taken, even if unmoral, would at least be logical. But the demand that all the world, belligerents and neutrals as well, shall observe the strictest Queensberry rules, while she hits below the belt, or even hits the referee, is the veriest squealing." On the other hand, the *St. Louis Star* insists that England "has undermined, almost destroyed, the rights of neutrals in commerce with belligerents, and that this action is now about to react upon her own head."

New Submarines and Blockade Doctrines.

THIS reaction argument the *Star* develops as follows:

The new factor of submarines has prevented the recognized type of blockade of German ports, so England has extended the blockade to the open sea by her navy. Then she extended "international law" to include cargoes of conditional contraband not destined directly for German troops. Neutrals submitted under protest. Berlin's decree, by which the government takes over breadstuffs of the empire, was followed by England's making food for Germany absolute contraband, whether under neutral flags or not. Germany has equal right with Great Britain to extend its blockade to the high seas by the navy it possesses. The difference is, England has the power to do it with surface-sailing cruisers and battle-ships, which can capture ships and send them into port with prize crews. Germany cannot do this, but she can sink them with her submarines. Britain first broke away from formerly accepted practices, and is estopped from insisting that Germany be confined to the limits established for her own purposes. As a matter of fact, the *Star* adds, "international law and the rights of neutrals have been completely disrupted, by Germany first on land and by England first on the water. International law, after all, is only the rights and privileges nations have been willing to maintain. Belligerents have, in the past, been compelled to respect neutral rights at sea because neutrals were willing to go to war to assert them." The *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* reminds us that this country stands now, as it has stood all the way through, on the recognized doctrines of international law, recognized as fully by English authorities as by our own. But, says the *Hartford Times*, in view of the war conditions which so flatly contradict all that is the foundation of civilization—might the only law and anything permissible which cannot be prevented by greater might—"unless the people involved are polite to us, what are we going to do about it?" This question becomes still more pertinent on reading Germany's reply to our protest, described by the headlines as "friendly but firm." It is polite in tone, but it distinctly refuses to make any concession from the policy laid down. Neutral ships must keep out of the new war zone or take chances of destruction by mines or submarines. Germany disclaims all responsibility for such "accidents." The comment elicited in American papers by this reply corresponds closely to that quoted above elicited by the original proclamation.



CAREFUL NAVIGATION REQUIRED TO AVOID TROUBLE
—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

**The Sensational German
"War Zone" Proclamation
and Memoranda.**

SUCCESS in war depends so much on surprises that history is made very rapidly. Now and then one must think back to what produced a given state of mind at a particular crisis. Hardly had the troublesome cargo of difficulties over British seizures of ships been steered into diplomatic channels (described in these columns last month) when Germany sprang her surprise proclamation. It was issued February 4 by the German Admiralty, and read:

"The waters around Great Britain, including the whole of the English Channel, are declared hereby to be included within the zone of war, and after the 18th inst. all enemy merchant vessels encountered in these waters will be destroyed, even if it may not be possible always to save their crews and passengers.

"Within this war zone neutral vessels are exposed to danger since, in view of the misuse of the neutral flags ordered by the government of Great Britain on the 31st ultimo and of the hazards of naval warfare, neutral vessels cannot always be prevented from suffering from the attacks intended for enemy ships.

"The routes of navigation around the north of the Shetland Islands in the eastern part of the North Sea and in a strip thirty miles wide along the Dutch coast are not open to the danger zone."

This mercantile warfare, it is explained by a German government memorandum, is retaliation against a mercantile warfare which has been carried on by Great Britain against Germany "in a way that defies all the principles of international law." Britain is definitely accused of arbitrary listing of contraband, abolishing the distinction between absolute and relative contraband, seizing non-contraband German property on neutral ships and impressing Germans liable for military



DON'T SHOOT!
—Columbus Evening Dispatch

service. She has declared the entire North Sea to be an area of war, impeding the passage of neutral shipping and virtually effecting an illegal blockade of neutral coasts. "All these measures have the obvious purpose, through the illegal paralyzation of legitimate neutral commerce, not only to strike at the German military strength but also at the economic life of Germany, and, finally, through starvation, doom the entire population of Germany to destruction."

**Criticism and Appeal
to Neutrals.**

THUS throwing blame on England, this official German document asserts that the neutral powers have generally acquiesced in the steps taken by the British government; that aid even has been given by export and transit embargoes which have hindered transit of wares for peaceful purposes to Germany. Neutrals have seemingly been satisfied with theoretical protests when Great Britain pleads her vital interests for violations of international law; therefore, in fact, neutrals "accept the vital interests of belligerents as sufficient excuse for every method of warfare." So "Germany must now appeal to these same vital interests, to its regret," being forced to military measures of retaliation against British procedure. Just as Great Britain designated the North Sea a war area, so does Germany declare the war area around Great Britain. The warning of the Admiralty proclamation is amplified, in order that there may be no mistake about it, thus:

"Germany will endeavor to destroy every enemy merchant ship that is found in this area of war, without its always being possible to avert the peril that thus threatens persons and cargoes.

"Neutrals are therefore warned against further intrusting crews, passengers, and wares to such ships. Their attention is also called to the fact that it is advisable for their ships to avoid entering this area, for even tho the German naval forces have instructions to avoid violence to neutral ships, in so far as they are recognizable, in view of the misuse of neutral flags ordered by the British government



SAFETY FIRST

—N. Y. World

and the contingencies of naval warfare, their becoming victims of torpedoes directed against enemy ships cannot always be averted. . . .

"It is to be expected that the neutral powers will show no less consideration for the vital interests of Germany than for those of England, and will aid in keeping their citizens and the property of the latter from this area. This is the more to be expected as it must be to the interests of the neutral powers to see this destructive war end as soon as possible."

What Would Happen if an American Ship Were Destroyed?

ONE week before the effective date of the proclamation, our State Department cautioned Germany regarding the very serious possibilities of the contemplated course of action, and at the same time cautioned Great Britain regarding the use of the flag of a neutral power. The sole right of a belligerent, says the note to Germany, in dealing with neutral vessels on the high seas, is limited to visit and search, barring an effective blockade. "To declare or exercise a right to attack and destroy any vessel entering a prescribed area of the high seas without first certainly determining its belligerent nationality and the contraband character of its cargo would be an act so unprecedented in naval warfare that this Government is reluctant to believe that the Imperial Government of Germany in this case contemplates it as possible." And further: "The suspicion that enemy ships are using neutral flags improperly can create no just presumption that all ships traversing a prescribed area are subject to the same suspicion. It is to determine exactly such questions that this government understands the right of visit and search to have been recognized." The note declares that the United States is open to none of the criticisms of unneutral action cited by the German memorandum; that we have not acquiesced in belligerent measures to restrain neutral trade but have taken the position of holding belligerents responsible in the proper way for any



AS BETWEEN FRIENDS

BRITISH LION: "Please don't look at me like that, Sam. You're not the eagle I'm up against."

—London Punch

effects on American shipping which accepted principles of international law do not justify; that we are free with a clear conscience to take the stand we do. The danger in the situation is pointedly stated: "If the commanders of German vessels of war should act upon the presumption that the flag of the United States was not being used in good faith and should destroy on the high seas an American vessel or the lives of American citizens, it would be difficult for the government of the United States to view the fact in any other light than as an indefensible violation of neutral rights, which it would be very hard, indeed, to reconcile with the friendly relations now happily subsisting between the two governments." If such a deplorable situation should arise what would we do? The note says, "the Imperial German government can readily appreciate that the government of the United States would be constrained to hold the imperial government of Germany to a strict accountability for such acts of their naval authorities, and to take any steps it might be necessary to take to safeguard American lives and property and to secure to American citizens the full enjoyment of their acknowledged rights of the high seas." But confident hope and expectation are expressed that Germany will assure Americans against molestation by naval forces otherwise than by visit and search, even in the proposed war zone.

British Use of the Neutral Stars and Stripes.

WHEN the British ocean greyhound, the *Lusitania*, sailed into her home harbor flying the American flag instead of the flag of "the mistress of the seas," the news was startling not merely to neutrals. From London comment, the *N. Y. Sun* judged that the incident was not altogether agreeable to Englishmen; "they do not seem to be proud of it." But that there is

no international law to forbid it seemed to come as another surprise in this war. The British claim for such use of a neutral flag to escape submarine perils relies upon the British Merchant Marine Act of 1894, which concedes to foreign ships the right to use the British flag to escape capture, the inference being that such privilege is reciprocal. The Brooklyn *Eagle* points out that "the fatal weakness in this line of reasoning is that no nation is bound by the precedent of any other nation in regard to the use made of its flag by alien shipping." Many journals recall that the German cruiser *Emden* flew the British flag going into the harbor of Penang, afterward raising her own, according to established naval fighting practice, in action against the Russian cruiser lying there. Instances of the use of the British flag by American merchant vessels in the Spanish-American war have been cited. The Chicago *Herald* declares the question to be a practical one rather than a legal issue. In a naval war of an unfamiliar sort it is too late to establish a new rule of international law; general principles of international comity should be applied. The N. Y. *Press* remarks that "it is none of our business what British war vessels do to German ships flying our flag, or what German war vessels do to British ships flying our flag; but what any war vessel does to American ships flying our flag is very much our business and always will be to the last minute that there is an American nation worth the name."

Warning to Great Britain Against Abuse of Our Flag.

OUR State Department note of warning to England began by referring to the German official declaration that Great Britain had authorized the use of neutral flags—the German phrase was, "the misuse of neutral flags ordered by the British government." The note assumes the correctness of press reports regarding the *Lusitania* and the British official defense of such practice, and points out serious consequences which may result to us from continuing the practice. "The occasional use of the flag of a neutral or an enemy under the stress of immediate pursuit and to deceive an approaching enemy" seem to this government "a very different thing from an explicit sanction by a belligerent government for its merchant ships generally to fly the flag of a neutral power within certain portions of the high seas, which are presumed to be frequented with hostile warships." With the German proclamation in force, such a policy "would afford no protection to British vessels, while it would be a serious and constant menace to the lives and vessels of American citizens." Therefore the Government of the United States "trusts that his Majesty's Government will do all in their power to restrain vessels of British nationality in the deceptive use of the United States flag in the sea area defined by the German declaration, since such practice would greatly endanger the vessels of a friendly power navigating those waters and would even seem to impose upon the Government of Great Britain a measure of responsibility for the loss of American lives and vessels in case of an attack by a German naval force." The note of dissent from general approval of the President's handling of this matter is sounded by Herman Ridder in the New York *Staats-Zeitung*:

"A comparative perusal of the two notes addressed under

date of the 10th instant by the American Government to those of Germany and Great Britain, in the light of the causes of both, develops immediately the question why by a labored logic Germany was warned 'not to sink our ships'—which she never threatened to do and never even intimated the possibility of doing, so long as the American flag flew over American ships and American ships alone; while Great Britain, whose unwarranted abuse of the American flag underlay the friendly warning contained in the German memorandum, was simply 'advised not to misuse Stars and Stripes.' . . . Betsey Ross did not embroider the Stars and Stripes to fly over British shipping. . . . When another nation presumes upon our good nature to use it to the endangerment of American life and property we have a right to demand the cessation of the practice and it lies with our Government to effect such cessation. A removal of the cause of 'complaint' against the German naval memorandum would have made the State Department's note to Berlin unnecessary."

United States Neutrality Maintained by the State Department.

TWENTY questions and twenty answers, issued in the form of a 5,000-word "letter" to Senator Stone of Missouri, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, constituted the unusual weapons of defense employed by the State Department against allegations that our neutrality has been one-sided. The St. Louis *Star* represents the almost unanimous opinion of the American press in declaring that the letter has settled the question of the absolute neutrality of the United States both in intent and deed. It "clearly shows that every effort has been made, short of threat of war, to protect our interests against infringement by belligerents of either side and of both sides. He [the President] also shows that absolutely equal privileges are given all combatants in their trade with this country, while special privileges have been denied to all, specific instances of such denial being cited." In view of the propaganda favoring legislation or government action to prevent American export of munitions and supplies, seven points made in Secretary Bryan's letter are considered especially pertinent:

"There is no Hague convention which deals with absolute or conditional contraband, and as the Declaration of London is not in force the rules of international law only apply. As to the articles to be regarded as contraband there is no general agreement between nations.

"The duty of a neutral to restrict trade in munitions of war has never been imposed by international law or by municipal statute.

"The United States has, so far as possible, lent its influence toward equal treatment for all belligerents in the matter of purchasing arms and ammunition of private persons in the United States.

"There is a clearly defined difference between a war loan and the purchase of arms and ammunition.

"As no German warship has sought to obtain coal in the Canal Zone the charge of discrimination rests upon a possibility which has failed to materialize.

"It is the business of a belligerent operating on the high seas, not the duty of a neutral, to prevent contraband from reaching an enemy.

"Those in this country who sympathize with Germany and Austria-Hungary appear to assume that some obligation rests upon this Government in the performance of its neutral duty to prevent all trade in contraband and thus to equalize the difference due to the relative naval strength of the belligerents. No such obligation exists; it would be

an unneutral act, an act of partiality on the part of this Government, to adopt such a policy, if the Executive had the power to do so. If Germany and Austria-Hungary cannot import contraband from this country it is not because of that fact the duty of the United States to close its markets to the Allies. The markets of this country are open upon equal terms to all the world, to every nation, belligerent or neutral."

A battleship is all right if a submarine does not happen to see it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Considering the present state of our merchant marine, we should say that the use of the American flag on a merchant ship would be calculated to arouse rather than allay hostile suspicion.—Chicago Herald.

The Chicago Tribune observes that this letter "may not allay prejudiced opinion which confuses the obligations of neutrality with the offices of partisanship, but it will recommend itself to the unprejudiced as sane and convincing." And the Springfield Republican thinks that the excellent neutrality record to date, maintained to the end, would be phenomenal.

United States Americans are still expected to distinguish themselves by remaining strictly neutral.—Toledo Blade.

Our secretary of state tells the German government that the United States "views with grave concern." It does nothing of the kind. Our country, when not pointing with pride, always "views with alarm."—Houston Post.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S REAL DILEMMA AS THE BRITISH SEE IT

WERE President Wilson less acutely aware of the German peril confronting his country—a peril yet to be appreciated by the American people—his neutrality would wear a different aspect. Mr. Wilson has not ventured to strengthen the land and naval forces of the United States ostentatiously lest he show his hand to Berlin. He must be reasoning that Germany may, after all, win her war. In that event she would visit upon the United States the full consequences of her resentment, and she feels that she has much to resent. The United States is so completely unprepared for war that its condition invites aggression, and this, too, Mr. Wilson realizes better than do his countrymen. These points have been made in one form or another by various influential London newspapers, including the London Spectator, which doubts if the United States could in a year's time equip an adequate army with rifles alone. Information has lately come to President Wilson, as a well-informed authority writes in the London Westminster Gazette, that the hundreds of thousands of former German soldiers in the United States will not fight against their fatherland. Then, too, this country, to quote the same authority, is less prepared for war than was Belgium. The pressure of the German-Americans upon Washington is an additional source of embarrassment. These things must be taken into account, urge London dailies, in considering Mr. Wilson's neutrality.

Pan-German Strength in the United States.

PAN-GERMANISM is slowly but surely taking steps to complicate the foreign relations of the United States, according to the London Mail. "Under the leadership of an alien German statesman and agent of the Kaiser," it says, "the Germans in the United States have organized themselves into a mighty shouting machine, and they are openly trying to intimidate the State Department." This Pan-German propaganda is fraught, the London Times says, with disastrous consequences to the internal harmony of the United States—"for there can be no doubt that it is a Pan-German propaganda which has now reached every nook and corner of the United States from Maine to California." By insidious appeals, proceeds this British observer, "carefully formulated to awaken every dormant passion of prejudice and hatred," Herr Dernburg and his "foreign legions" have succeeded in separating the Ger-

mans in the United States from the rest of the population. "They are now all members of a solid racial body who, tho American citizens, brazenly declare they would fight for the United States against Great Britain, but that they would in no conceivable circumstance fight against Germany."

Serious Charges Against Pan-Germans in this Country.

A FAR-REACHING plot to blow up French ships with bombs manufactured and placed in the ships while still in the waters of this country is charged upon the agents of Pan-Germanism by the London Times and repeated in the London Mail. Other ships carrying horses have been burned, they allege, while an American factory engaged in the production of supplies for the allies was partially destroyed by a fire of incendiary origin. "Another criminal development of the passions excited by the German propaganda," says the London Times, "is the wholesale conspiracy to forge American passports." How wide the ramifications of this conspiracy are, adds the British organ, only the United States government and the "Pan-German plotters" can say, but it is certain that they were far more extensive than the American public has been allowed to learn. The matter has been hushed up, declares the English daily, owing to the discovery of the fact that "the man higher up" in the whole affair is a member of the staff of the German embassy at Washington. This conspiracy, it concludes, "has done incalculable injury to the allied governments, apart from the discredit it casts upon all American passports."

Washington Dread of the German Vote.

MR. WILSON was lately informed, according to the London Post, that without the German vote his reelection next year will be an impossibility. The political advisers of the Democratic party, the same daily informs its readers, see "the importance and vital necessity of conciliating the German vote in the United States." The administration is eager to lose no tactical advantage and acts accordingly. Nevertheless "Germans in the United States have complained bitterly of the President's partiality to the allies" and are now almost solidly aligned with the Republicans to defeat the President next year. How the Germans, by voting for the Republican candidates, reduced the Democratic

majority in the House of Representatives is also set forth in the *London Post*. "It is unfortunate," it says, too, "that neither the British embassy nor the British government appreciated the significance of this political development nor foresaw its consequences." Mr. Bryan's letter to Great Britain on contraband impresses this British organ as "clearly a bid for the German vote" and an attempt to curb "German restlessness." Indeed, the whole American protest regarding contraband, as the *London daily* says, was the first move to convince the Germans that suspicions of the administration's sympathy for the allies have no basis. "Now, at great length and with much elaboration, the administration takes the defensive and shows how groundless are German fears." The organ (more or less) of the foreign office in London notes:

"We know that Germany is instigating Germans in the United States to break the peace between the two countries. We who sent the *Mayflower* to America may surely appeal to the nation which has sprung from that parent ship not to return to us the *Dacia* or the *Wilhelmina*. Germany's intrigues are unceasing and unscrupulous. Just as she used the *Goeben* to force Turkey into war so now she is using the *Dacia* and the *Wilhelmina*, backed by the German-American vote, to force a breach in the old and growing friendship between the daughter and the parent state. But British-Americans will not easily forget the country of their origin, and they will prove themselves able to defeat these dark conspiracies. And even those who have no filial love will remember that the Allies are fighting their battle, the battle of free nations against a military tyranny. All nations who love liberty are sympathizers with England in this war: even Italy, bound to Germany by old friendship and treaty, found these ties incompatible with the principle of Freedom. Does the United States love liberty less than Italy? There is a right and wrong in this war, and the United States by their public opinion have already shown where they believe the right to lie. Will they now say that interest is more important than right, and money than

justice and liberty? We cannot believe it of a nation which has the tradition and the origin of the United States."

British Dread of Complications with the United States.

GRAVE difficulties between the United States and Great Britain may result from the dispute over contraband. London dailies express this view with frankness now and then. The possibility of war itself, is considered by the *London Spectator*, which issues a warning to both the British and the Americans to reflect upon the dire consequences of such a menace to the Anglo-Saxon race. "The Germans have tried many tricks to capture American opinion," adds the *London Mail*, "which still obstinately eludes them." The Kaiser's agents are now, it thinks, shifting the grounds of their appeal. They are trying to convince the American people that a victory for the allies is against America's material interests and that it is the duty of the United States to head a protest from the neutral nations against the tyrannical abuse of British sea power. The man deputed to instruct the Americans as to what they should do and think in any question of this kind, according to the *London organ*, is Herr Ballin, the steamship magnate and personal friend of the German Emperor:

"What the British fleet is undertaking, he says, is nothing less than a blockade of the Atlantic Ocean and the North Sea, to the special detriment of American trade. Germany, of course, can afford to laugh at any such attempt. Germany 'is economically independent of other countries.' But her heart bleeds for the plight of neutral lands, thus barred from a profitable commerce by the brutal British navy. It bleeds most of all for the United States, and it is obviously in a mood of almost slobbering altruism that Herr Ballin implores the Americans to 'forbid' the British Government to persist in its violent and autocratic practices. . . . Herr Ballin is one of the innumerable Germans who seem to believe that the Americans are a raw, unsophisticated, backwoods community on whose gullibility one can play forever."

POSSIBILITY OF AN EARLY PEACE IN EUROPE

TWO distinct currents of European opinion respecting the duration of the war provoked an utterance from Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons last month. The foreign minister in London did no more than repeat his familiar view that official action of any sort looking toward peace would be wasted effort. These words, the *Paris Matin* reminds the French, reflect the British policy, to which Paris is true. They suggest to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* that England is, after all, the power which makes the struggle acute, which sets France against Germany, which insists upon blood to the last. France is assumed on the continent to be willing enough to listen to talk of peace; but while London wants war, Paris stays in the field. That is a very general idea in Germany, urged by the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, among others. A totally different conception of the prospect for peace has been formed in Rome, in Budapest, and, to a certain extent, in Petrograd. The fact agitates the inspired *Paris Temps*, which refers to "strange rumors" current in the past few weeks. They may be summed up as an impression that peace is not so remote now as it seemed. The war would conclude by a general re-

conciliation at the expense of Austria-Hungary. Vienna was so alarmed that Count Berchtold had to make room for the less conciliatory Baron de Burian.

Military Conceptions of the Length of the War.

NEWSPAPERS abroad which take their cue from the military element, such as the *London Post* and the *Paris Figaro*, cling to their theory of "the war in stages." The first of these coincided with the German rush upon Paris. The second phase came when the Kaiser's armies retreated to the Aisne from the Marne. The world witnesses to-day the third phase, which must endure until the Germans are driven through Belgium to their own frontier in the west. That takes us until next summer, by which time Kitchener's armies and the large French reserve—still held back—will rush the Kaiser's lines and carry the war into the enemy's country. Then, thanks to the Russian pressure, the march upon Berlin must become an accomplished fact. This final phase of the struggle can not be reached at the earliest before next year, and it may not arrive until 1917. Such are the military calcula-

tions, confirmed by many expert analyses in western European dailies. The theory is based upon the perfect unity of the German people and their willingness to stand behind their rulers until the last. The great military magnates in the fatherland can not yield without consenting to their own destruction.

European Ideas of a Sudden Peace.

JUST now there seems to eminent European publicists a decided prospect that peace may be brought about as swiftly as was the war itself. The considerations involved are diplomatic and economic rather than military. The world may read any morning in the newspapers, says that competent student of the situation, J. Ellis Barker, in the London *Outlook*, that peace with Austria has been made. Vienna has every motive for taking Rumania and Italy by surprise in ending the war. She may act either in secret agreement with Berlin or without consulting her ally. Austria's surrender might be followed by German efforts to extricate the fatherland from the struggle. This theory of the immediate future is strengthened by the reports of the month from Italy, where Prince von Bülow, to follow the Paris *Débats*, is displaying great subtlety at Austria's expense. The Prince never liked Austria, says the French daily. He deems her utterly lost. He is even telling the rulers of Italy to invade the Hapsburg dominions. The proceeding would be a mere "occupation" of regions racially Italian. Berlin would remain complacent. Germany is willing enough to let Austria go by the board and thus have a color-

able pretext for negotiations with the allies upon a separate basis. Abandoned by her powerful neighbor, Austria would be parcelled out to the general advantage. As compensation for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, Prussia would get the Tyrol and the archduchy of Austria itself. The dual monarchy thus disappears into history.

Neutral Powers Warned Not to Talk Peace.

GERMAN agents, laboring assiduously in the neutral capitals, are behind the month's reports of a speedy peace once more. These agents have a precious asset in the exhaustion of Austria. They are fortified by the chastened mood of official Berlin. Their efforts will be vain. The war is to go on indefinitely until the allies get to Berlin. Such is the gist of an inspired utterance in the Paris *Temps*. It warns the neutral powers, and especially Italy and the United States, against their tendency to urge peace on general principles. Nothing is more natural, concedes the organ of the Quai d'Orsay, than the eagerness of the neutral powers to hasten peace. These powers are adversely affected economically. They are disorganized by a struggle of which they are mere spectators. They have everything to gain by a restoration of peace to the world, even if the peace be an indecisive one, leaving unsettled the supreme issues of the conflict. France, Russia and Great Britain, however, have everything to lose through a peace at present. Furthermore:

"The present war was forced upon us under circumstances deliberately created by enemies in bad faith. It was entered into by them under conditions the duplicity of which outraged the whole civilized world. It has been prosecuted on their part by methods which comprise a defiance of humanity, so much so that, apart from the national mission devolving upon us to defend our independence, our dignity and our prosperity, it is our duty to guarantee by our efforts that the new Europe shall be redeemed from the very prospect of another such catastrophe. It must never be that imperial Germany shall be able in a few years to bring about a new peril which the liberal powers perhaps might not be in a position to face with the same resources and in the same spirit of self-sacrifice.

"That is why the extraordinary reports circulating in the press of the neutral nations can make no serious impression upon any mind."

Germany's Real Reason for Wishing Peace Now.

FRENCH military experts agree that the eagerness they detect in Berlin for peace has its basis in the German conception of the war from the beginning. Emperor William's great general staff, says the Paris *Figaro*, confided that the state of preparation made the army irresistible, staked everything upon the swiftness and sharpness of the war. Military Berlin had satisfied itself of a victory as complete as it would be sudden. The prolongation of the war, with the consequences to German industry, German commerce and the German food supply did not enter into the calculation. Berlin had been brought up on the theory that war in our age must be short, swift and terrible, but especially short. "It is the familiar lesson taught by Captain Mahan, of the influence of sea power." Disregarding it or relegating it to a secondary place, Germany rushed in on the hypothesis of tremendous vic-



MODERN WARFARE

—Brooklyn Eagle

tories at the outset and a war soon over. Again and again, notes the French daily, the political economists of the fatherland issued solemn warnings of the futility of the conception of a long war from the German standpoint. On the eve of the entry into Belgium, for instance, the *Preussische Jahrbücher* (Berlin) contained the much-discussed article by Doctor Karl Ballod, in which he expressed his fear that Germany must succumb to hunger in a long war attended by blockade. The eminent Doctor George Fröhlich arrived at a similar conclusion:

"In the event of a war in the course of which the import of food supplies were rendered impossible to us our position would become critical. The success of our armies, even great successes, would not profit us at all if the enemy contrived to impose a new tactics upon us—the tactics of famine and hunger.

"Let us hope that the military administration has seen to this contingency. Nevertheless, the civil population is exposed to serious privation as it is and, if the war endures, to famine itself, and to epidemics that will be decimating. For the civil population will die of hunger if our imports are stopped."

German War in Relation to German Starvation.

CONTEMPT was heaped by German militarists upon German economists who dwelt upon the possibility of starving Germany into submission during her war. That, however, was on the eve of the struggle. Count von Moltke, when he was at the head of the general staff, took pains to reassure the people of Germany. He was of opinion that no blockade of Germany could be made effective. The Germans, owing to their harvests and their normal supplies on hand, had cereals enough for a year without importing any grain at all. Anyhow, he pointed out, a war waged by Germany would be short. Moreover, the supplies on hand in Germany could be renewed through the neighboring countries. Time has dissipated some of these impressions. Doctor Ballod, a high authority, tried to correct them at the moment. "We are the victims," he wrote in the Prussian review, "of a terrible self-deception in affirming that the German people can subsist for eleven months on the products of agriculture at home." The first prediction of Count von Moltke—that the war would be of short duration—having been falsified by events, he fell into disgrace with his sovereign, or so the French dailies understand. It became necessary for the Germans to plunder Belgium remorselessly, says the *Débats*, in order that the invaders might live. Northern France has been swept clean of the domestic food supply. As day follows day, the pressure of hunger at home grows severer. William II. is eating black bread.

Seeking Peace for the Sake of Something to Eat.

WOMEN and children throughout Germany are at this moment enduring the pangs of hunger owing to the rigors of the blockade. French dailies manage now and then to give details on this subject. Crefeld, the industrial center, is mentioned in the *Figaro* as a typical instance of a once prosperous town now filled with the hungry wives and children of the laboring poor. Elsewhere there exists a total lack of the most elementary supplies. So appalling is the impending state of things, says one close student of Germany in

the *London Outlook*, that by next summer millions of women and children in Germany will be on the verge of starvation. That is the situation which makes the present talk of peace something more than a matter of diplomacy. The Germans must make peace, this observer thinks, or stop eating. Nor is the food alone a pressing matter. Gold is taken practically by force. The horses are disappearing entirely. Oil is a precious commodity. The German army, again, was probably fully six millions strong when fully mobilized at the end of July. The losses have been put at two millions already, even by impartial Italian dailies. With a million recruits, made up of old men and youths, there will be three millions next summer in the fighting line. To oppose them France will have at least an equal force. England promises to have at least a million in the field. In the eastern theater of the war Russia will have four million soldiers for her invasion of Germany. "Thus by August the enemy should be almost starving, beggared in trade, and her decimated and reduced army of three millions faced by eight millions of resolute and well-equipped foes." Here is the impression of an American in the *London Telegraph*:

"In their inner hearts the German official classes realize quite well that there can only be one result to the present struggle in Europe. . . . I have spoken with many who frankly admit they expect to lose Alsace and part of Lorraine. On their eastern frontier they expect to lose part of East Prussia, so that Russia can straighten out her frontier. They expect Austria to lose Galicia for a like reason. All they hope is to preserve the unity of Germany and to save what remains of the empire. The official classes, society, in fact, all those who know, keep up a smiling face. At heart they are in despair, because they know that, however long they continue their resistance, be-



THE GOD IN THE CART
(An Unrehearsed Effect)

TURKEY: "I'm getting a bit fed up with this. I shall kick soon."
AUSTRIA: "Well, I was thinking of lying down."

—London Punch

fore a year is out the lack of certain essentials in the destruction of mankind will bring them up against a stone wall, in which there is no exit except by the acknowledgment of their defeat."

Modification of the German Press Attitude.

OPTIMISM is no longer the note of the German press in commenting upon the vicissitudes of the campaign and upon the prospect for the immediate future. "We will admit," says the Berlin *Morgenpost*, for example, "that we had in many respects imagined that victory over our opponents would be easier than it appears after the first triumphs to be." Socialist dailies have in some instances been disciplined for a tone of pessimism, while even the organ of the solidly established industrial interests, the *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung*, makes these remarks:

"We must certainly realize that the war has not yet reached its supreme point. In the west we have for months been fastened to the same spot, facing the superior forces of the foe. . . .

"Neither has a decisive victory yet been reached in the east. The Austrians have not been able to continue their attack in Galicia, according to the plan of campaign. Rather, the Russians have gained ground there. We should regard it as a misdeed against our people if we were to gloss over this naked truth. We are of the opinion that it is far more patriotic to look the danger squarely in the face and to cherish no illusions regarding the present position.

"We do not know whether the war will end in the present year. On the other hand, it is a fact that in the spring the struggle must be carried on with fresh forces, seeing that the English army, which in truth does not exist on paper only, but is a reality, will then appear in the French theater of war. That is the situation."

STRATEGICAL POSITION OF THE BELLIGERENTS ON THE EVE OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN

GERMANY has lost the initiative. Great Britain holds the seas. France is ready to hurl her reserves of a million men in conjunction with Kitchener's army upon the northern line. Italy is going into the war. Austria is no longer to be taken seriously. The Turkish stroke has failed. Russia, even if Warsaw should fall, will press Germany hard in the eastern theater, thus weakening the Kaiser's resistance in the west. Such is the situation in outline on the eve of the eighth month of the European war, as we have it from the press of the allies. The military experts of the London *Times*, the Paris *Figaro* and the Petrograd *Novoye Vremya* are in substantial agreement on these points, except that the Russian daily is rather more disposed to see victories for the Grand Duke's strategy than are his western contemporaries. These experts point out, moreover, that while the tactics of the war—the operations upon the field of actual battle—remain involved in some obscurity, the strategy of the campaigns is published far and wide. There is no concealment of the grand plan upon which each belligerent is proceeding. This renders comment upon the outlook for the immediate future more intelligent, altho it does not remove the difficulty of estimating the results so far achieved.

Confidence of German Military Experts.

FOOD, or rather the want of it, inspires some dismay in the civil population of Germany; but the spirit of her military experts was never so hopeful. In the *Vossische Zeitung*, the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, and the *Kölnische Zeitung* we find serene confidence in the capacity of the Kaiser's commanders to retain all that has been won. They tell us that Paris ceased to be the objective of the western forces when Great Britain was realized as the "essential enemy." The task before the general staff is the reduction of the island foe. In the east the aim is to defeat one after another the Russian armies coming to the frontier, and this has been done. From the standpoint of German strategy to-day, moreover, the problem of the war is England. Berlin dailies at last agree that the issue of the struggle is to be decided at sea because Germany has already won on land. Re-

ports of dissensions between German commanders and those of Austria-Hungary are wild inventions, according to the expert of the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, who notes, too, the misapprehension in western Europe regarding the might of Russia in the field:

"The fantastically overrated treasure and troops of Russia, about which so much is said now in the newspapers of our enemies, do not daunt us in the least. To be sure, since the year 1907 much has been done to strengthen the Russian army and navy. Yet, with all the patriotism in the world, it is impossible in seven years to bring about in a military force the promptness, the initiative and the efficiency which are so essential in the command of a campaign. These are the qualities in which Russia found herself lacking deplorably in the struggle with Japan. These qualities are not improvised on a sudden and least of all in a land like Russia. That is why the very numbers at the disposal of the Russian general staff are a source of embarrassment when it comes to providing them with ammunition, with weapons and with food and uniforms."

Expectation of Germany's coming Effort in the West.

BEFORE many weeks, in the opinion of the French experts, the German armies will undertake a supreme effort in the west. There is a suspicion in Paris, according to the *Figaro*, that Emperor William initiates a drive in the direction of Poland in order to throw General Joffre off his guard. What the allies have to expect, at any rate, opines the expert of the London *Times*, is that Germany, "in view of the general situation, which is only superficially advantageous to her," may make a last violent effort in the west before the allied armies are all assembled and before the seasons in the east, and the completed preparations of states which contemplate the abandonment of their neutrality, place Emperor William's forces at a manifest disadvantage:

"What we must be prepared to meet is the replacement of first line German troops in the trenches by half-baked levies, and the assembly at one or more points of a great mass of active army corps for a last and decisive attempt to break through. Between Arras and the Oise is not an unlikely front for such an operation. . . .

"If we regard the general situation we shall not be so foolish as to wish to goad this commander or that into a premature offensive. We can bide our hour in the knowledge that the commanders of the Allies in the west fully realize what Germany may be about and are quite prepared for her. It is not likely, do what Germany may, that she will ever again advance in Flanders under such favorable conditions as those which she enjoyed in October and November last, while on the rest of the allied front the French keep guard, and we shall all welcome a German advance. If no such advance takes place then we shall act at our own time—all the Allies and all together—so that whether we have already and finally broken the German offensive, or whether one more convulsive effort on Germany's part is still to be expected, we can make our minds easy concerning the result."

Has Germany's Strategy Definitely Failed?

SUCCESS for Germany depends entirely upon her capacity to retain what she has won in the land campaign. This seems to be the one point upon which a German expert and a British or French expert can agree. But whereas the *Kölnische Zeitung* and its contemporaries in the fatherland insist that the troops of the Kaiser will not recede, but advance, if anything, the *London Post* and the *Paris Temps* tell us that a German retreat is to be the next development. It may not be witnessed this spring, altho on that detail optimism prevails in the camps of the allies. Thus, one of the great living authorities upon war in its scientific aspect, Lord Sydenham, better known to many as Sir George Sydenham Clarke, says in the *Manchester Guardian* that on both fronts the Germans appear to be held fast, even if we assume that they will penetrate to Warsaw. "Their offensive plan of campaign must be regarded as having definitely failed, altho the German people as a whole are probably quite unaware of the real military situation." In France, Joffre wisely avoids a general attack upon strongly entrenched positions, which could only succeed at a heavy cost of life. He waits until, with the large forces now in preparation in

both his own country and England, he will be able to deal a powerful blow at some strategic point. This is to be the outstanding feature of the spring campaign just ahead.

Strategy of a Railway War in Europe.

TERRITORIAL details conflict hopelessly in official reports of the ground held by Germans and allies, yet, according to the careful expert of the *London Truth*, if we compare the existing situation in the east with that in the west, we see that far from being unfavorable to the Russians, the balance is the other way. In the west, he says, all the enemy's territories which the allies have so far occupied is a small slice of Alsace. In the east the Russians have conquered three-quarters of Galicia (the *Kreuz-Zeitung* admits no such thing) and the whole of the Bukovina (a mendacity, comments the *Kölnische*) amounting to twice the territory which the Germans occupy in France, besides a strip of East Prussia which very nearly corresponds in size to that part of Belgian territory which is now in the enemy's possession. (Von Hindenburg has driven the Russians out, notes the *Vossische*.) It is indeed conceded by the expert of *London Truth* that the Germans are in occupation of a great part of Russian Poland, but they have paid dearly for it in lives:

"This is a railway war, and if only the Grand Duke had half the numbers of railways in Poland that the Germans have in the provinces of Silesia and Posen, von Hindenburg's successive attacks would have been checked by superior force before there had been time for them to materialize. That the Grand Duke should have done as much as he has is a testimony to the strategical skill which he has displayed in parrying the attacks made on his position by his redoubtable antagonist. On no single occasion has he allowed his hands to be forced, nor has he ever feared to withdraw from an untenable position, even when by so doing, as in the case of the retirement in the first week of December to the line of the Bzura and Pilitza rivers, his action had the appearance of defeat."

Japan, it is said, would not fake the Philippines as a gift. But that's not what we're afraid of.—*Baltimore American*.

Just at present even the young wife's bread shows a tendency to rise.—*Chicago Herald*.

CONDITIONS OF JAPAN'S APPEARANCE AS A BELLIGERENT IN EUROPE

EFFORTS to obtain from Count Okuma a definite statement on the subject of Japan's possible appearance as a belligerent in the European theater of the war have not yet been successful. Not only is the usually communicative statesman evasive to the newspaper correspondents, according to the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin), but his absorption in the political campaign renders access to him difficult. The election takes place at the end of the present month. Its leading issue, in the light of the comment in vernacular Japanese dailies, seems to concern itself solely with an extension of popular rights. That cause finds its ablest champion in Mr. Yukio Ozaki. Should the Seiyu-kai or constitutional party retain its ascendancy in the house, suspects our German contemporary, Japan will not soon appear as a belligerent in Europe. Indeed, the *Hochi Shim-bun*, a Tokyo paper in touch with official opinion, has outlined the possibilities definitely. Japan, it says, will intervene energetically and without delay in the Euro-

pean theater of the war if a German triumph should threaten to neutralize the effect of the capture of Tsingtau and only then. The logical course of Japanese intervention, we are told, would be by way of Poland. Japan might, however, prefer to take the field against Turkey because the "freedom of the Suez Canal"—that is, its complete control by Great Britain—is a vital consideration to official Tokyo.

Japanese Objection to Japanese Intervention in Europe.

CLAN leaders in Tokyo are debating now the policy of participation in the battles on European soil. France is rumored to have extended an invitation. Japanese officers are said to be actually commanding the Russian artillery in Poland. Other accounts represent these soldiers as merely "observers." Japan, dreading events in China, will remain in Asia. Thus the *Hochi* returning to the subject and thus, too, the *Kokumin*, which says Japan is not India but an independent na-

tion with her own interests to defend. The *Nichi Nichi* can not see how a force really worth while could be sent from Japan to Europe. The financial considerations involved alone make the suggestion impracticable, says *The Japan Weekly Chronicle*, issued in English in Tokyo. These and other Japanese impressions, including that of a high official quoted in the *Paris Temps*, do not alter the belief in certain influential European military circles that Japan at the right time will be a participant in the European field. The *Paris Homme enchaîné*, inspired by Clemenceau, says the project has not fallen through by any means. It is all a matter of terms.

Japanese Press on the War Situation in Europe.

JUDGING from the vernacular press, as the London *Post* remarks, the average Japanese journalist is almost wholly ignorant of conditions in the United States and England. "If the editors are in this condition, the people must be even more grossly ignorant of western life." The remark has special reference to the two thousand or more newspapers published all over Japan in the native tongue. Less than half of the two-score vernacular organs issued in Tokyo are taken seriously in Europe, a fact which must be borne in mind in connection with recent anti-American outbursts in popular prints. The influential *Kokumin Shimbun* (Tokyo), solidly respectable and widely circulated, insists that Japanese relations with the United States are friendly. It sees a grave peril to the future of mankind in German occupation of Belgium. That event is certain to inflame the Jingoos in Berlin, it opines, who will strive for naval expansion. Germany's object is to increase her coast line in Europe, the Tokyo daily argues. Belgium affords an opportunity. It will be held by the Germans to the last moment, even at the risk of compromising the safety of East Prussia. The *Jiji Shimpō*,

widely read by the commercial classes and the exalted bureaucrats, urges the English to expel the Germans from Belgium without delay for the sake of the moral effect. Notwithstanding Japanese faith in the supremacy of the British fleet, it adds, this German occupation of Belgium remains a serious menace to the future of the allies in the war. Their business is to bend every energy to free Belgium from the invader. The *Nichi Nichi* is far from convinced that the progress of the war hitherto is favorable to British arms, and even the *Asahi* (Osaka), altho professing confidence in the might of the British fleet, thinks the Japanese ought to prepare themselves to hear the worst respecting the fortunes of their ally at sea.

Count Okuma Elucidates the Japanese Point of View.

EUROPE should pay no attention to hints that Japan will take advantage of the crisis to create a new yellow peril or to revive an old one, says Premier Okuma, who has been stirred by German newspaper allegations to that effect. It will be Japan's one ambition at this time, he declares over his own signature in *The Japan Magazine* (Tokyo), to prove that she can work harmoniously with great western powers for the support and protection of the highest ideals of civilization, "even to the extent of dying for them." Not only in the far East, "but anywhere else that may be necessary," Japan is ready to lay down her life for the principles that the foremost nations will die for. "She entered the alliance with Great Britain to stand for and die for what Anglo-Saxons are everywhere ready to defend even unto death." Japan's relation to the present conflict is as a defender of the things that make for civilization and a more permanent peace. In writing thus, Count Okuma echoes the sentiments of the leading Japanese dailies, those which are quoted as having authority in Europe. Unfortunately, as the London *Post* laments, a prodigious amount of misinformation on the subject of England and the United States is circulated in the less responsible vernacular press, a circumstance which may have its effect upon the result of the election now only a few weeks off.

French Agitation Over Japan as a Belligerent.

FRENCH opinion has for some weeks past been agitated by reports that Japan is to receive territorial concessions in Indo-China as a reward for the help expected of her in Europe. There have been no negotiations on any such basis between Tokyo and Paris, according to the well-informed *Temps*. Japan's assistance is highly desirable, none the less, affirms the *Petit Journal* (Paris), inspired by former foreign minister Pichon. Emperor Yoshihito, it believes, has given a direct intimation that he favors the despatch of a large force to the western theater of the war without delay. Twelve army corps can be transported with comparatively little trouble from Japan to Europe, and the sooner they come the better, thinks this daily. Numerous French newspapers hint that the arrival in Europe of some half million Japanese troops would facilitate the final extinction of German militarism. Without such aid the cause of the allies may languish. Such utterances are deprecated by the influential *Paris Débats*. It confesses its wish for Japanese cooperation in Europe, but it urges these considerations:



REACHING OUT
—San Francisco Chronicle

"To begin with, from a military standpoint, nothing justifies the inference that Japanese aid would produce, in a relatively short time, the result desired. Other aid may be afforded sooner without sacrifices on our part. It can even be affirmed that such aid will be given, not because we will have succeeded in securing it, but because, apart from any consideration of sympathy or diplomacy, there are in Europe two nations who will be compelled by regard for their own interests to come into line against Austria-Hungary. Whether the present governments like it or not, they will be forced to come in. Their intervention will precipitate almost at once the crash of the Austro-Hungarian military machine.

"Now, for various reasons, this intervention will not be delayed beyond a date at which it would be possible for the first Japanese army corps to be landed on our continent."

Tokyo and London in Negotiation for Japanese Aid.

NEGOTIATIONS between the foreign offices in London and Tokyo have for the past six weeks had in view the defense of Egypt by a Japanese force, or so the Berlin dailies tell us. Japan longs to enter the field against Turkey, thinks the *Vossische Zeitung*. The British troops in Egypt would make way for an army now in Korea. Constantinople has just experienced a Japanese scare, arrests of alleged Chinamen as spies from Tokyo taking place by wholesale. Japan contemplates the protection of the Suez Canal by a force of at least two hundred thousand men. The English could then concentrate their energies in Flanders. Japan would collect an indemnity from Germany. These details have inspired much comment in Russian newspapers, which make much of American objection to any such procedure. The Washington government, thinks a writer in the *Novoye Vremya*, might not like the

emergence of Japan in the capacity of savior of the white man from his own brother. The *Russkoye Slovo* admits the importance of the military effect if Japan came to fight in Europe. The Germans would be in a panic, it opines:

"One can not help agreeing with those influential French publicists who tell us that Japanese intervention in the European war would render a great service to the cause of peace and civilization. To be sure, the Franco-Anglo-Belgian army can without aid prevail over the presumptuous foe. But the most humane war is that which is over the soonest. From this standpoint, there should be no false pride and no consideration of purely chimerical yellow perils.

"Nevertheless, the despatch of Japanese troops to Europe is not a matter calling for discussion at this time. The sending of such troops over the immense distance involved would present great technical difficulties. Altho the Indian, Canadian and Australian troops have been brought across the ocean, it must not be forgotten that they belong in a special sense to the military organization of Great Britain and that their real headquarters would be in London. The Japanese army, on the other hand, would have to depend upon Tokyo for supplies and arms, for its ammunition and artillery are of special home design. These technical problems could, indeed, be solved through efficiency.

"More serious would be the political problem involved in Japanese intervention. The extension of the world obligations and responsibilities of Japan must entail certain conditions, for no great nation will consent to shed the blood of its children solely to vindicate the principles of international justice. Japan can get no compensation at German expense, for the African colonies of Germany are too far away and her Pacific islands are too insignificant, to say nothing of the suspicions that would arise in the American mind."

If San Francisco is wise she will make the Pacific coast eliminate all anti-Japanese agitation until after Congress has paid the bills for the customary exposition deficit.—*Boston Transcript*.

There shouldn't be any trouble establishing a popular government in Mexico, considering the sort of government that seems to be most popular in that country.—*Chicago Herald*.

GROWING IMPORTANCE OF THE POPE AS A FACTOR IN THE EUROPEAN CRISIS

WITH the approach of the day upon which Italy must decide whether to remain a neutral or to become a belligerent, Rome is occupied more and more with rumors concerning alleged negotiations between the Quirinal and the Vatican. One or two conversations or alleged conversations between the pontifical secretary of state, Cardinal Gasparri, and an exalted Italian official, form the subject of editorial conjecture in Italian dailies so important as the *Stampa*, the *Perseveranza* and the *Corriere della Sera*, which agree that Italy's appearance as a belligerent must place the Vatican in a very extraordinary position. The ministerial *Tribuna* confirms these rumors after a fashion. High Italian officials and exalted Vatican ecclesiastics, it says, study with anxiety the grave problem sure to confront both the civil power and the church should the Quirinal declare war. The famous "law of guarantees" whereby Italy assures territorial sovereignty to the Vatican precincts, besides recognizing the Pope's right to govern the church with independence, raises delicate questions relative to a state of war. There are at the Holy See envoys from powers to whom the Pope sends his am-

bassadors. With some of these powers Italy may be at war to-morrow. Their representatives at the Vatican are inviolable. They can correspond with their governments secretly. They enjoy the immunity of accredited diplomatists.

Benedict XV. as a Sovereign in Rome.

BENEDICT XV. has been invited to dismiss the envoys at his court from the powers with which Italy may find herself at war before long. In their place he would be permitted to receive ecclesiastics from the countries involved, provided those ecclesiastics were already Vatican functionaries. What the Pope thinks of the suggestion is not known, but the *Tribuna* hints that were his Holiness conciliatory in his attitude the Vatican would be allowed to send a representative to the peace conference, whenever it assembles. Italy, that is to say, would not object. France, it is assumed, would not object either. The Viviani ministry, indeed, offered no objection whatever to the reception by the Sultan in Constantinople of the envoy from the Pope.

Mahmoud V. received the representative of Benedict XV. with every assurance of his desire to protect Roman Catholics within his dominions. The diplomatic corps accredited to the Vatican has, since the arrival of the Servian and British representatives, become a highly important feature of the international situation. Cardinal Gasparri has a delicate task, notes the *Paris Figaro*, between the envoy from Prussia and the envoy from Belgium, who fill his ears with their complaints.

Delicacy of the Position of the Vatican.

IN VIEW of the events of the past month, the embarrassments of the Vatican seem to the *Paris Temps* well calculated to tax the capacity of Benedict XV. and his advisers. The church is an international institution, we are reminded by the organ of the French foreign office, and the Pope must strive to adjust the balance between his warring children very nicely indeed. His efforts to maintain a strict neutrality involve him now with the Belgians and again with the Germans. Moreover the Austrians regard or profess to regard with stupefaction the relations between Servia and the Vatican. The cry in Vienna is that the Vatican is going over to the Slavs. It seems to the *Temps* that Austria-Hungary and Germany enjoy on the whole a preponderating influence at the Vatican. This is the result of Emperor William's assiduous cultivation of the papal power. Naturally, this state of affairs is not pleasing to Roman Catholics in Belgium and in France, who are continually urging the pontifical secretary of state to open the eyes of the Holy Father to the true character of Emperor William. The faithful in Latin countries are scandalized because the Pope, in a letter to the German sovereign, used the phrase: "placing my reliance upon your sentiments of Christian charity," and so forth. This was a mere matter of style, explains the *Paris Figaro*, for his Holiness has long made up his mind, it ventures to think, regarding the true character of the "imperial bandit."

The Pope in His Relation to an Italian War.

DIFFICULT as is the Pope's position between the German powers and the Latin ones, his special embarrassment in Italy seems to the *Paris Temps* the greatest of all. Anticlerical organs and Socialist dailies have been accusing the Roman Catholic faithful in Italy of deserting the cause of their own country in favor of the international policy of the Vatican. One of the accredited leaders of the Roman Catholic party in Italy, the Count della Torre, gave the lie recently to these charges. The Catholics, he said, are for neutrality, but not for absolute neutrality. The Catholics, he said, are true to the highest interests of their country. Neutrality for Italy is desirable only as the highest interests of Italy do not appear to be menaced by the situation as it exists. This assertion was authorized by the Vatican, says the well-informed *Temps*. Clerical organs in Italy highly approve of it. They agree with the Count della Torre that when Italy declares war, the faithful in Italy must accept the verdict loyally. In ordinary times, notes our French contemporary, a Vatican declaration that the Catholic party in Italy would yield obedience to the King in any-



THE CARDINAL WHO DIRECTS THE NEW VATICAN
DIPLOMACY

Monsignor Gasparri, pontifical secretary of state, is said to be negotiating with the Italian government for at least a qualified recognition by Pope and King of one another officially as sovereigns.

thing would create a profound sensation. To-day the episode is lost in the general European uproar but it reminds Europe of the fact that Benedict XV. is a great diplomatist of the school of Rampolla and Leo XIII. and that he was made Pope for this very reason.

How the Pope Would Rule if Italy Went to War.

ONCE Italy had severed diplomatic relations with Germany, Austria and the powers ranged with Emperor William, a peril would confront the Roman government in the shape of the Pope's diplomatic corps. Envoys to the Pope would be corresponding with their respective chancelleries, says the *Temps*. They must be granted immunity from search and seizure. These privileges do not harm Italy when she is at peace. How admit, on the other hand, that in the very capital of the Italian nation, there shall be envoys from the lands with which its government is waging war? Italy could not permit the correspondence of these envoys to pass through her post uncensored, seeing that information of the greatest consequence to an enemy could thus be transmitted safely. There have been no official negotiations between the Vatican and the Quirinal on this subject for the reason that Italy will not openly acknowledge contemplation of the possibility of war. When and if war comes, however, a new code for the

regulation of Vatican ecclesiastics must be put into effect, or so the French daily infers. The situation is exploited by the papal diplomatists, we read, as a fresh argument in favor of that total independence of the Holy See which they favor so ardently.

**Attitude of the Roman Catholic
Belgians to the Pope.**

NEUTRAL as he has been in fact, the diplomacy of Benedict XV. is not quite pleasing to the German government, says a correspondent of the *Petit Parisien*, a paper well informed on the subject. Official Berlin is displeased because the Vatican still accords recognition to Belgium as a nation. Germany deems Albert a deposed King and his dominions a part of the fatherland. At the same time the Roman Catholics of Belgium are said to think the Pope might have gone farther in behalf of the European nation which with Spain is unalterably true to the Holy See. There are villages in Germany, says the French paper, which do not permit a priest to show himself publicly in his gown. There are provinces in Germany which require a priest to procure official permission before saying mass. The German universities in which a few Roman Catholic professors are tolerated restrict profession of their faith rigorously, or so the French daily charges. Furthermore:

"As the reward of their secular devotion, of their constant and unshakable fidelity, Belgian Catholics receive today the eloquent but Platonic lamentations of Benedict XV. and permission not to beg among the ruins of their country for the annual tribute of Peter's pence. The Belgian people immolated itself on the altar of honor. It is a martyr to its sworn faith. It has sacrificed itself for the eternal principles which are the basis of civilization and which Christianity has caused to triumph upon earth. If the papacy be no longer the champion of the right, if the most flagrant attacks upon the liberty and independence of peaceful nations wring from it no protest at all, if it be unable, either from motives of diplomacy or prudence, to lift a voice in favor of a martyred people—martyred for remaining faithful to its international obligations—with what countenance can it henceforth assume the part of moral defender and spiritual arbiter?"

"A wave of savagery has rolled over Belgium. In one diocese alone, twenty-eight priests were massacred by Prussian soldiers. One was hanged. . . .

"The sack of the University of Louvain has moved the whole world. Learned men of every nation and of every faith, Germany and Austria excepted, have denounced this act of vandalism, coolly accomplished in an open city which for some days had been evacuated by the army. What they said, what they did, in the name of science, no one in Rome could say in the name of Catholic faith, of which the University of Louvain was a citadel in western Europe! A phenomenon unique in the world and one quite unknown in Germany, where professors of Catholic theology are themselves the agents and the servants of official power, Louvain formed freely, under the authority of the bishops and the Pope alone, the spirit and the conscience of millions of

young Catholics. It is to the University of Louvain chiefly that Rome is indebted for our fidelity to the faith during the convulsions of the Reformation, and it survived. Now the Germans have destroyed it. Its library is in ashes, its pupils dispersed, its professors exiled in heretical England and in anticlerical France, where public authority and the kindness of their brethren bring them their daily bread.

"Rome alone has not made a gesture, not said a word to console, aid or avenge them!"

**Cardinal Mercier as the Incarnation
of the Martyred Belgium.**

CARDINAL MERCIER incarnates in his own person, as the *Paris Débats* remarks, the agony of Belgium. His fate is at this moment a subject of contradictory reports. An animated correspondence proceeds between the Vatican and Berlin on the subject of his future. The tall, slender figure of his Eminence has become familiar to readers of illustrated journals all over the civilized world, while the suppression of his pastoral on the war merely assured it, as the French daily says, a wider circulation than ever. Until some nine years ago, as the Bishop of Salford writes in the Manchester *Guardian*, Mercier was known exclusively as a student and professor, and seemed destined to spend the whole of a brilliant career entirely in academic circles and literary labors. His sudden promotion by Pius X. from a university chair to an archiepiscopal see and the primacy of Belgium came as a surprise to his country. In another year he found himself in the college of cardinals:

"Not only was his promotion unexpectedly rapid, but as a bishop he developed qualities which astonished even those who had known him long and well. If St. Thomas Aquinas had hitherto been his model, he now seemed to model himself on St. Charles Borromeo as a great and indefatigable bishop. His activity was amazing. For the first two or three years he himself conducted the retreats for both the clergy and the ecclesiastical students of his vast diocese, which numbers over two million souls. These admirable retreats, subsequently published in two books—'Retraite Pastorale' and 'A mes Séminaristes,'—have become favorite ascetical treatises all over the world, and have since been published in Flemish, English, German, Spanish, and Hungarian versions. In them, as in all his pastoral writings, a notable feature is the marvelously skillful manner in which he paraphrases, rather than translates, his citations from Holy Writ, combining a completely accurate rendering of the precise meaning of the text with a felicitous and intelligible phrasing in excellent French. It has been a reproach, often well merited, to the French school of pulpit oratory that it takes too great liberties with its adaptation of scriptural passages to suit its immediate purpose, often involving a real 'wresting' of the words from their sense. Mercier avoids this fault entirely, but gives us always a charming, tho notionally accurate, rendering. The famous Pastoral, now causing so much excitement, is but the last of a long series of remarkably telling episcopal letters of the same kind, some of quite special merit, like the one on Patriotism in 1910."

Spain is the most peaceful spot in Europe. She had her war in '98 and got through with it.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Citizenship tests are well enough in their way, but an illiterate patriot can stop as many bullets as a highbrow.—*Washington Post*.

Knit and the world knits with you; darn and you darn alone.—*Toledo Blade*.

Modern war motto: "Trust in God and keep your airship high!"—*Washington Post*.

Germany proposes to make Belgium a garden of the world. The ground is already furrowed.—*Baltimore American*.

"Will civilization endure?" asks a contemporary. Well, enduring seems to be its long suit just at present.—*Washington Post*.

The "Made in U. S. A." campaign is to extend even to husbands—American girls are agreeing to marry the home product. But doesn't this amount to an unneutral rule against exporting the munitions of matrimony?—*N. Y. Evening Sun*.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

THE AMERICAN WHO ACTS AS EMERGENCY MAN IN BELGIUM

STARVING people can't eat Hague Conventions," said Brand Whitlock, in Brussels. Committees of Belgians were pouring in from Louvain, Liège, Namur and other war-stricken places pleading that the people were within four weeks of starvation. There was a lot of discussion as to who was responsible for taking care of these sufferers. Had German soldiers in occupation the right to requisition food intended for civilians? Had Great Britain the right to stop supplies from coming in? What do the Hague Conventions have to say regarding such a situation? How like a practical American, — temporarily deposited as United States Minister by the hazards of political fortune in the very center of the world's greatest drama, untrained in and as yet unimpressed by the niceties of international usage and diplomacy, — to blurt out, 'Starving people can't eat Hague Conventions!' The appeal to America for help, and the organization of Belgian Relief work which Whitlock considers "almost scientific," are well known to everybody now.

One suspects that the chief inducement which led Brand Whitlock to accept President Wilson's appointment as Minister of the United States to Belgium was the quiet opportunity which the capital of such a small neutral state would afford for writing novels. There is plenty of precedent in our diplomatic history for the expectation. And we draw upon the self-revelations of Whitlock's delightful autobiographical story of "Forty Years of It" (Stokes) for our infer-

ences, as well as for various recorded matters of fact back home. He insists that, altho of course people never believe it, at the end of four strenuous terms as Mayor of Toledo, Ohio, he deliberately declined to run again be-

cause he never could get time to write what he wanted to. Behold, he is caught by that "great law of the contrariety of things" which, he insists, obsessed "reformers"—with whom he has had much to do, and vice versa—

are forever forgetting, and according to which "the expected never happens, at least in the way it was expected to happen, and nothing ever turns out the way it was planned."

He, the first occupant, moved into the new United States legation in Brussels, established at the end of Rue Belliard, one of the best residential streets of little Belgium's capital. One thinks of an internationally protected retreat for migratory novel-writing birds. Whitlock can write. His newspaper reporting in the days of Seymour's *Chicago Herald* was realistic and characterized by the turn of phrase which catches the attention of the reader. "Human interest" stories appealed to him. Books to his credit include "Her Infipité Variety," "The 13th District," "The Gold Brick," "The Turn of the Balance" and others. Well, what happened at Brussels was War. King and Cabinet and all the state paraphernalia of the capital moved away from over his head to Havre, France. But he did not diplomatically follow after; he has stayed where he was, tho hardly in retreat, under German occupation and administration to date.

Just how many foreign governments U.S. Minister Whitlock still represents unofficially to the German military authorities at Brussels, or officially to the detached seat of Belgian government, we need not inquire. It is reported that he believes he broke



OUR MINISTER TO BELGIUM

Appointed as diplomatic representative of the United States at Brussels, December 2, 1913, war has given Brand Whitlock the opportunity to become chief minister to the suffering Belgian people. He was mayor of Toledo, Ohio, at thirty-six and will be forty-six this month.

the diplomatic record by being eight Ministers at once. The New York *Times* correspondent tells the story:

"At one time he was representing Germany, Austria, Great Britain, Japan, Serbia, Denmark, and Liechtenstein. When he told a German officer that he represented Liechtenstein—which is said to be a small sovereign State somewhere, dependent on Austria—the officer laughed and said: 'Theoretically, Germany is still at war with Liechtenstein and has been since 1866, it having been overlooked in the peace shuffle.' The reason for representing Denmark, which isn't at war with anybody, is that the Danish Minister is equally accredited to Belgium and The Hague, and had no secretary to leave behind when he departed Hageward. Of course the American flag does not fly over the Danish legation here. In addition, the French and Russian interests were offered to Mr. Whitlock, but he was so full of responsibility that he had to ask to be excused."

Newspaper stories have intimated that Whitlock assumed unaccredited authority in negotiating the terms of German occupation of Brussels when the army approached its gates. It is not necessary to believe them. He has broken his old Toledo rule of never replying to misrepresentations, by denying various reports of his hyper-activity circulated in the Allied press. The German governor-general, he declares, permits the United States to establish any kind of control it wishes to facilitate American relief work for the civil population. Without such assistance famine must prevail. Germany is glad of American assistance to the people and is respecting our work. And it may be noted that for the emergency committee first organized, of which the American and the Spanish ministers were patrons, Whitlock secured a guarantee in writing from Field Marshal Von der Goltz that food would not be requisitioned.

The magnitude of the task of the Belgian Relief Commission is indicated by the feeding in Brussels alone of 175,000 out of 600,000 people daily in the bread line, one day's food at a time and no more. And back in turbulent Toledo, the scene of our kind of never-ending municipal war over franchise privileges, industrial organization, and "moral" reforms, Whitlock had dreamed of a free and happy city! "One evening in Brussels," he wrote, "hearing the strains of a band, I looked out of my hotel window, and saw a throng of youth and maidens dancing in a mist of rain down an asphalt pavement that glistened under the electric lights. It was a sight of such innocence, of such simple joy and gayety as one could never behold in our cities, and it occasioned no more remark, was considered no more out of place or unbecoming than it would be for a man to sprawl on one of our sidewalks and look for a dime he had dropped."

Dean McClenahan of Princeton University, returning from Belgium, declares that on all sides one hears unrestrained expressions of praise for Brand Whitlock. Richard Harding Davis reported the same fact. He remarked that altho not a trained diplomat, Whitlock knows French, and while Mayor of Toledo must have learned the way to handle men, "even German military governors." Davis illustrates Whitlock's direct way of going at things:

"One day while the Belgian government still was in Brussels and Whitlock in charge of the German Legation, the Chief Justice called upon him. It was suspected, he said, that on the roof of the German Legation, concealed in the chimney, was a wireless outfit. He came to suggest that the American Minister, representing the German interests, and the Chief Justice should appoint a joint commission to investigate the truth of the rumor, to take the testimony of witnesses, and make a report.

"'Wouldn't it be quicker,' said Whitlock, 'if you and I went up on the roof and looked down the chimney?'"

"The Chief Justice was surprised but delighted. Together they clambered over the roof of the German Legation. They found that the wireless outfit was a rusty weathervane that creaked."

Brand Whitlock is a confessed civic disciple of Tom Johnson of Cleveland and "Golden Rule" Jones of Toledo. Johnson admittedly had wonderful executive ability, for which Whitlock has admiration and reverence. But Johnson confidentially told him: "It's the simplest thing in the world; decide every question quickly and be right half the time. And get somebody who can do the work. That's all there is to executive ability." To "Golden Rule" Jones he attributes his lessons of belief in *all* the people, disbelief in the "reformer" who forever assumes that he is always right and that other people should be forced by the police if necessary to practice the reformer's theories, hatred of the appeal to force for righting wrong, faith in helping people only to freedom to help themselves grow in democracy.

When Mayor Jones died Whitlock spoke at his funeral out-of-doors, since no building would hold the people. Thereafter speaking at funerals of common folks became part of his mayoralty practice. Somehow, strikes were fought out under rules of maintaining public peace, which pleased neither party but increased his vogue as an arbitrator. Fighting special privileges and class exploitation, he could not become a Socialist because "they provided for everything in the world except liberty" and "there was no allure in the proposal to take away even the dream of liberty"; and if he leaned toward the single tax, that "would not do away with mosquitoes—possibly not

even reformers." He was elected and re-elected as an Independent non-partisan Mayor. Almost in despair at times he cried, "Why is it so constantly considered necessary to do something to people? If we can't do anything for them, when are we going to let them alone?" After all, he concludes that it is life in which we are all interested. The great American problem is to make the government of a city human. Fundamentally the people want a life that is fuller, more beautiful, more splendid and, above all, more human. And nobody can prepare it and hand it over to them. They must get it themselves. What irony of fate plunged this lover of human-kind into the European maelstrom of man's inhumanity to man?

Even back in Toledo Whitlock thought responsibility brought troubles enough. He wondered at the strange, inexplicable belief of citizens in the almost supernatural power of a mere mayor. People asked him to prohibit their neighbors from talking about them. A poor foreign soul couldn't understand why he could not get her husband out of prison; "you are the father of all," she pleaded. Native Americans insisted on holding the mayor responsible for all the vices in the community. On weary days he recalled what Jones had said, "I could wash my hands every day in woman's tears." Of course, records Whitlock, the main thing was not to wash one's hands of them or their difficulties.

"There are no rigid distinctions of good and bad, of proletarians and capitalists, of privileged and proscribed; there are just people, just folks, as Jones said, with their human weaknesses, follies, and mistakes, their petty ambitions, their miserable jealousies and envies, their triumphs, and glories, and boundless dreams, and all tending somewhat, they know not where nor how, and all pretty much alike."

Puritans, conservatives, critics there have been who never see how good could come from Brand Whitlock. But even the New York *Sun* considers him highly fit for the hour in Belgium and quotes an experienced observer of Whitlock in Toledo as saying: "Day and night he bears the town's welfare on the back of his regard. Sometimes when I see Whitlock sweating in the treadmill of other men's destinies, as no one would sweat in his own, I feel that honesty, tho admirable, is still a fearful thing. Whitlock has a conscience, and it gores him." William Dean Howells wrote: "His rare and manifold gifts have never been meanly or selfishly employed. I am proud to be his friend." And yet, on the other hand, if we remember rightly, did not Brand Whitlock early attempt to bring to light what he discerned to be gross injustice to John P. Altgeld? Does not Mrs. Whitlock go whenever and wherever her husband goes? And is he not a preacher's son!

BARON BURIAN: THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN STATESMAN WHO UNDERTAKES TO FOIL RUSSIA

UPON the retirement of that most elegant of living diplomatists, Count Berchtold, from the direction of Austro-Hungarian policy, his living antithesis, Baron Stephan de Burian, emerged as his successor. The event created a sensation in Europe, indicating as it did to the press of the allies, especially in England, the development of a fresh phase in the diplomacy of the supreme crisis in history. The dual monarchy has no cabinet in the western European sense. Baron Burian, as foreign minister, incarnates, nevertheless, the purposes of Austria-Hungary in world politics, and to the press abroad his arrival at the Ballplatz heralds an anti-Russian development of importance. Baron Burian has, throughout his long career, stood for opposition to Russia. He has foiled her successfully in nearly every Balkan capital. He is the European statesman, as the *London Post* admits, whom she fears most. An event of first consequence must be maturing behind the scenes of diplomacy, as the *Paris Débats* conjectures. Burian is far more important personally than Berchtold. Burian is chosen always to do the big thing quietly as Berchtold invariably did the perfect thing smilingly. Berchtold had the polished manner, the insinuating smile, the brilliant phrase. Burian is heavy, hard, slow. Berchtold is the man of talent and Burian is the genius. Vienna and Berlin may have agreed to bring him forward because the time has come to drive the diplomatic wedge between the allies in east and west. Thus runs the rumor.

Physiognomists who analyze Baron Burian in the press of Paris find a clue to this character in the well-developed mouth, with its rolled lower lip. This is the mouth of an even-tempered man, opines a writer in the *Figaro*, a man of shrewdness, unusual caution, prone to conceal his thoughts, wary, of the soundest judgment. These are, indeed, we read further, the traits most conspicuous in Burian's character. He has the chess-player's propensity. He ponders a move long before he ventures to make it. There are lines of purpose about the mouth. Tenacity is his

shining characteristic. He sat at the feet of Goethe in his youth, a phrase which means to our contemporary that Burian loves German literature of the great period, although he has nothing of the dreamer in him. His passion is all for facts and the face indicates that. There is honesty in every feature, but never does it light up with inspiration, and a smile is rare. The blinking, my-

recreations are pursued systematically, as if from a sense of duty, for at the court of Austria one must be "elegant" and Burian manages to be that, in his fashion. He does not look the part at all, to the malicious satisfaction of the military men, who accuse him of sacrificing by his diplomacy the victories they have won with the sword. He is too true a plodder to let himself be hur-

ried, a circumstance which, as the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse* once charged, led to the defeat of Austrian policy in Bulgaria. A cherished object with him was a commercial treaty over which he toiled night after night, delving into figures with his habitual thoroughness. When signatures were asked, Baron de Burian found that the British minister had got ahead of him with a highly "unscientific" convention written in an hour.

Russian dailies like the *Novoye Vremya* (Petrograd) interpret Burian from a very critical point of view. They charge him with a propensity to trickiness, and certainly no diplomatist in Europe is more distinguished for dislike of all things Russian. He studied Russia at first hand while Austrian consul-general at Moscow, traveling for purposes of observation to every commercial center of importance. His despatches to the Ballplatz were for a long time the basis of that Austro-Hungarian dread of Russia which has had such effects in the Balkans. In both Vienna and Budapest Burian was trusted as a

man who, while loathing Russia, knew her well. When the revolution in Bulgaria put the Hapsburg candidate, Ferdinand, upon the throne, Burian was despatched to keep an eye upon the Prince who is now a Czar. Burian's task imposed infinite drudgery upon him, and the organization of an elaborate spy system, but the experience imparted additional firmness to his character, besides clarifying his judgment of men and things in the Balkans. He had the honor, as the *Vienna Zeit* deems it, of ranking in the Nevsky Prospect as the most dangerous man in Europe.

Burian's success in diplomacy is ascribed by the *Matin* to traits which at first sight must seem fatal to a di-



THE GREAT HUNGARIAN STATESMAN WHO NEITHER WRITES
NOR SPEAKS HUNGARIAN

Stephan de Burian is at the head of the Austro-Hungarian foreign office by reason of his well-known success in foiling the plans of Russia.

opic eye is seldom fixed upon anything but the floor, owing to the extreme sensitiveness of the sight. Burian has wandered from one great oculist to another in vain quest of relief from a trying affliction, endured with perfect patience.

Like most men who are born plodders, Burian amazes his intimates by displaying accomplishments for which temperamentally he seems unfitted. Thus patience and long practice have made him a tolerable fencer, despite the awkwardness of his figure, and he will play cards by the hour without once opening his mouth. He has gone in for horseback riding, notes our French contemporary, and for billiards, dancing and ever so many outdoor games. His

plomatist. He lacks charm and he has no magnetism. These comprised the stock in trade of his predecessor, Count Berchtold, the most polished personage who ever signed a protocol. Burian disarms at the first glance, because he looks too dull to be dangerous. The gorgeous uniform of his rank at the court of Francis Joseph accentuates the heaviness of a figure that rolls in a chair and plods through a waltz. Burian has no small talk, either. His head is too full of statistics relative to economic conditions. His private life is pronounced spotless even by his enemies. He works from morning until night, employing many secretaries because of the dimness of his vision. His evenings are given to diplomatic dinners at which he eschews all heavy viands. Thanks to his abstemiousness, indeed, Burian at sixty-four enjoys good digestion and is comparatively healthy, although somewhat deaf. The disability is slight and his facility in lip reading helps him to conceal it. He promised Francis Joseph some years ago not to write any memoirs, a pledge extracted because he knows so many Hapsburg secrets.

Misinformation on the subject of Burian has been circulated so persistently, as the *London Post* notes, that many conjecture him to be of plebeian birth. He happens to be a Hungarian nobleman with a long line of Magyar ancestors, although, oddly enough, he does not speak Hungarian. On his father's side he springs from a family of great capitalists that had invested heavily in Russia. The Grand Duke Nicholas—now commanding the Czar's armies in the field—contracted a morganatic alliance with the widow of a Burian. Her millions promoted the ambitions of the Grand Duke, who at this

moment is fighting Hungary and Austria. An obscure feud has raged between the Russian aristocrat and the present Austro-Hungarian foreign minister for years. Paris papers derive from Russian sources, we read, their impression that Baron Stephan de Burian is not of good birth. He had to be well born to enter the training school for diplomatists in Vienna and to marry later the daughter of that Baron Géza Fejérváry who ranks as Hungary's proudest and greatest nobleman. Burian lives on terms of intimacy with all the territorial lords of his native land—the Tiszas, the Károlyis and the rest. They treat him as one of themselves, altho his grandfather was a mere capitalist. Burian's own private fortune is estimated at a prodigious figure for central Europe.

Burian fell violently in love with the elder daughter of Baron Fejérváry, who retained for years after her marriage the exquisite blonde beauty which was her "genre." She was a familiar figure on the Andrassy Avenue at Budapest, observes a chronicler in the *Martin*, and to her impeccable tact Burian owes the social successes of his career at such courts as Athens and Sofia. The pair lived splendidly wherever they were sent. The former King and Queen of the Hellenes seemed dazzled by the Baroness de Burian, who lives to discredit Russia and fill the Balkan world with reports of the designs of the Romanoffs. Baron Burian himself has striven to ingratiate himself with the Slav element outside the dominions of Nicholas II. Nevertheless, as administrator of Bosnia, asserts the *London Chronicle*, he gave all the "pickings" to Budapest, allowing a free hand in fleecing the peasants to a syndicate of Magyar usurers. The story is de-

nounced in the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* as a fresh piece of English mendacity.

In his own native Hungary—he was born in the Pressburg district—Baron Burian has long been deemed "too Austrian," to say nothing of the feeling excited by his ignorance of the Magyar tongue. The detail is not pardoned in one of the best linguists attached to the Hapsburg diplomatic establishment, for Burian speaks and writes fluently German, French, English, Russian, Greek and Italian. He is not helped at home, either, by his intimacy with Count Tisza. Tisza's influence as Hungarian Premier is described in the *London Post* as a result of the "dread and awe" he inspires in both countries of the dual monarchy. "He is feared both in Austria and in Hungary, but he is neither influential nor a genius, only a stubborn Magyar, a thick-necked Calvinist." Now everyone knows that Burian is what the British and French dailies call him—Tisza's own. Burian is thus made out a representative of Austrian military Junkerism, and in essentials no Hungarian at all. On the other hand, nobody of weight disputes his iron will, his high ability beneath a very forbidding exterior and the capacity he has shown at every stage of his long career to foil the diplomacy of Russia.

Baron Burian once compared himself with a street artist who works all day with his colored chalks only to find his picture obliterated by the rain. The comparison is felicitous to the *Temps*, but the French daily concedes that with effective patience the artist begins all over again. Persistence, in short, is the secret of his great success—Burian is a great man, thinks the French daily's informant, because he knows how to keep everlastingly at a thing.

GENERAL FOCH: THE MILITARY GENIUS WHO HAS EMERGED IN FRANCE

SO QUIETLY did the war ministry in France relieve General Joffre of the greater part of his responsibility in the Aisne region that the very name of the new commander in the north remains unknown to the general public. General Foch has long enjoyed among military experts, nevertheless, a solid reputation as a teacher of the art of war. He is ranked by the *Militär-Wochenblatt*, organ of the Berlin general staff, among the few strategists of high capacity in the ranks of the allies. He was such a stranger to the French when he took his place of supreme command at the front that the Paris *Temps* had to correct a serious misapprehension regarding his origin. Despite his German name and his birth

in Metz, Foch is no Alsatian. His ancestors have lived in the Basque country for generations. He does not displace Joffre. He commands in the field, using the word to denote the theater of war in the north of France and Flanders. Pau was incapacitated by weight of years and illness for the burden and he had not shown the initiative expected by the ministry. Foch, much criticized as a bookish strategist, was, in the field, surprisingly practical.

The age of General Foch is given in the official bulletin as sixty-three, but the descriptions of his liteness, his leanness and his horsemanship in the *London World* suggest a man of forty. His achievements in holding the northern line when the German pressure grew steadily last January quite amazed

the pundits in the capital, report the Paris correspondents of British periodicals. Foch has long, we read, been sneered at as a "professor," one who read and read again the campaigns of Caesar and Napoleon, writing books on war and sleeping in luxurious châteaux during maneuvers. He taught strategy at the war academy for years, being rated there a pedant, slightly fantastical, with an obsession on the subject of Napoleon. His active years were thought to be over, for he saw service in the campaign of 1870 and he has been troubled with rheumatism. Every ten years or so Foch would bring out a new volume on some technical aspect of strategy—his specialty. He does not seem to have given himself forth as a tactician, despite his minute study of

artillery. Foch went about the Creusot works for a long time in a workman's blouse, for he had been commissioned to make the official report on the gun that has since done so much to the Germans along the Marne and the Aisne.

Foch seems to impress all students of his character as nervous, not to say impetuous, out of touch with all reality apart from army life, and a typically southern Latin in temperament. He thinks much more of the essentially Gallic qualities, says the Rome *Tribuna*, than does the cool, careful Joffre. Foch will go in for grand charges, tremendous surprises, daring strategical conceptions—what they know in France as the Napoleonic gesture. He thinks the French genius lends itself to this, and Napoleon thought so too. Not that Foch is flamboyant, our contemporary warns us. He has lived very simply always, mostly as a professor at the Ecole de Guerre and commander of a division at home. His people were poor and when he was a student at the Polytechnic, one story runs, he lived on black bread. One of his brothers was then in training for the priesthood. The parents of General Foch were thrifty in the French sense, but they found it difficult to educate their sons liberally. His abstemious habits, acquired in youth and maintained ever since, have kept him thin and robbed him likewise of the ease and self-confidence displayed by his own subordinates, General d'Urbal and General de Maud'huy. The pair were Foch's pupils when he taught strategy at the war school, as was Grossetti, now commanding an army corps at the front. They all acquired from him his peculiarly dramatic conception of war—to surprise the enemy by strategy and secrecy, to operate rapidly and with suddenness.

Foch is credited by the *Débats* with knowing the human element in the French army better than any man living. When he taught at the war college, ambitious captains tried hard to get a diploma there, for the sake of a staff position. Foch weeded out all shirkers remorselessly. His private life has always been somewhat dreary and monotonous, and it is alleged of him that he makes the laborious days of his staff dull and insipid. Foch has always lived very much alone and his face and manner show that. He has known no social career except formal calls on the reception days of garrison hostesses. He was in the habit of giving dinners about twice a year to his staff. "The French officer," he might remark, when the soup came on, "should resolve to perish with glory." The observation would be received with the utmost respect, for intercourse between officers of different ranks is unusual in the French army and carefully ordered by etiquette. Foch's remark had to be caught

up and repeated as a profound and original idea. "Find out the weak point," he would say solemnly, at dessert, "and deliver your blow there." This was all the conversation Foch could make at one grand banquet in a very sleepy provincial town between the first course and the last. "Suppose,



THE SOLDIER WHO LEADS THE FORCES OF FRANCE IN THE FIELD

The comparatively little-known Foch is the right-hand man of General Joffre and in his sudden emergence from complete obscurity into renown as the supreme tactician among the French becomes the man of the crisis in Flanders. He will have to execute whatever strategical conception has for its object the expulsion of the Germans from Belgium.

General," an artillery officer ventured to say, much to the horror of the staff, "suppose the enemy has no weak point?" "If the enemy has no weak point," Foch answered, "make one." The retort was delivered in the crushing class-room manner, accompanied with a flash of the eye and the characteristic cock of the chin. There is no staff officer in the French army under forty who is not afraid of the Foch eye and chin or who would risk one of his retorts. The general was so long at the war college that nearly every officer trained since the present century began has the Foch stamp on him.

As a writer on the art of war, Foch is given high rank by Ernest Dimnet in the London *Saturday Review*:

"During his two terms of service at the Ecole de Guerre he produced two considerable works, 'Principes de la Guerre' and 'De la Conduite de la Guerre,' which give a high idea of their author's character and talent. There is nothing in them that ought to scare away the average

reader. Their style has the geometrical lucidity which is the Polytechnician's birthright, but in spite of the deliberate impersonality generally attached to that style of writing, there emanates from it a curious quality which gradually shows us the author as a living person. We have the impression of a vast mental capacity turned to the lifelong study of a fascinating subject and acquiring in it the dignity of attitude and the naturalness which mastery inevitably produces. War has been the constant meditation of this powerful brain. In 'La Conduite de la Guerre' this meditation is the minute historical examination of the battles of the First Empire and 1870. 'Nothing can replace the experience of war,' writes the author, 'except the history of war,' and it is clear that he understands the word 'history' as all those who go to the past for a lesson in greatness understand it. 'Les Principes de la Guerre' is more immediately technical, yet it strikes one as being less a speculation than a visualizing of what modern war was sure to be. If the reader did not feel that he lacks the background which only the contemplation a million times repeated of concrete details can create, he would be tempted to marvel at the extraordinary simplicity of these views. But a good judge who was very near the General until a wound removed him for a while from the—to him—fascinating scene tells me that this simplicity and directness—which marked the action of Foch at the battle of the Marne as they formerly marked his teaching—are the perfection to which only a few can aspire. Everybody can be told that the whole secret of strategy is to place superior forces before the enemy's weak point, but to see as Foch did on September 9 that there must be a gap between the Prussian Guard and the Saxon Army, and to be able to bring from all the country round artillery enough to crush the Guard as it was crushed in the Saint-Gond marshes, is the action of genius."

Foch appears greatly perturbed by the blaze of European publicity into which he has emerged, for unlike Joffre he has no arts of manner and no adaptability to civilian standards. "Foch," said Joffre to a correspondent of a London periodical, "is the greatest strategist in Europe and the humblest." To this the Paris *Figaro* adds that Foch has knowledge, energy and experience. He sets souls afire as well as trenches. He is a "temperament" as well as a "character." No sooner had he appeared at the front than every commander received a visit. Foch cultivated no splendid isolation. He could call each colonel by name, while every corps commander without exception had attended his lectures. His knowledge of the French character is likewise profound and he will know, it is predicted, how to get out of it in battle all that Napoleon did. He has taken to the Napoleonic habit of first-hand contact with the men in the ranks, not a jovial comradeship but a quiet, comprehending contact, in which boots are inspected and food tested.



"UNDER COVER"—A MELODRAMA OF GRAFT IN THE NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE

THE SMUGGLING of a two-hundred-thousand-dollar necklace through the New York custom house affords Roi Cooper Megrue the pivot around which to balance four acts of melodrama exciting enough to delight the New York critics, who agree that his "Under Cover" has the best third act staged in New York for many a day. The smuggling is done, as eager audiences find in the very first act, by a certain finely set up young man named Steven Denby. He bought the precious thing in Paris, it appears, the person who waited upon him in the jewelry shop being in the pay of the United States Customs. The fact of the purchase is cabled to Uncle Sam's agents here. They are waiting for this Steven Denby to arrive on the *Mauritania* and they have an idea that he will not declare the necklace, but smilingly smuggle it in. He does so.

Now that subtle surveyor of customs, Mr. Daniel Taylor, is up to all the tricks of this smuggling Steven Denby. He has no knowledge of the past of the man who is cheating the customs, but he has what is called a "hunch." Hence his request beforehand to the beautiful society girl, Ethel Cartwright, to call upon him at the customs house. Surveyor Taylor has a "hold" upon Ethel Cartwright. Her sister had cheated a burglar alarm company by pretending that her jewels were stolen. They were not. Ethel's sister, Amy, had collected money on a false claim. Ethel is informed of this by Surveyor Taylor, who threatens to have this sister arrested unless aid is given him in trapping the smuggler. Ethel, to save her sister, agrees to assist in trapping Denby, altho she hates such spy work.

Steven Denby is returning to the United States with some friends—Mrs. Michael Harrington, young wife of the great millionaire, has met Steven Denby aboard the steamer on her way home and is so delighted with him that he has an invitation to come out to her country home on Long Island for a brief visit, there to meet her husband. It happens, that Ethel Cartwright is to be of a little house party at the millionaire's home. Altho the customs inspectors are sure Steven Denby has the necklace, they will run no risk of spoiling their case by a pre-

mature arrest. Steven Denby is allowed to leave the pier with his booty in the company of his pal, Monty Vaughan. Surveyor Taylor instructs Ethel Cartwright to trap Steven Denby in the Harrington home with the necklace in his possession and to "tip off" the vigilant Taylor, who will be lurking in the shrubbery. Ethel is told that if she does not obey these directions implicitly she will be the cause of her sister's imprisonment on a charge of fraud.

Under such auspices are we introduced to the large living room of the Harrington country home on Long Island, over which presides the convivial millionaire, Michael Harrington. Steven Denby has already met Ethel in Paris. They are mutually de-

lighted with each other. In the party is the clever young Miss Nora Rutledge, besides Alice Harrington, Michael's wife.

MICHAEL. (*Rises.*) Time to dress, good people.

ALICE. Come, Nora; come, Monty. You'll have to amuse yourself, Ethel; you can't depend on Michael. (*Monty exits.*)

MICHAEL. Quite right, my dear.

NORA. I think I'll go strum a bit. (*She exits.*)

MICHAEL. I'm going for my one solitary cocktail.

ALICE. And only one.

MICHAEL. You know me, my dear.

ALICE. That's why I said only one—and wait for Mr. Denby—tell him we'll be down in a minute.

MICHAEL. I'll send him in to Ethel. (*Alice exits.*)

ETHEL. Yes, do. (*Michael exits.*) Confused murmur heard off of Michael welcoming Denby. Steven Denby. Denby is a young man of thirty or thirty-one, charming, good-looking.)

DENBY. Why, how do you do, Miss Cartwright?

ETHEL. How do you do, Mr. Denby?

DENBY. Mr. Harrington said there was a surprise in here for me, but I had no idea it would be so delightful—how are you?

ETHEL. Splendid—and you?

DENBY. Grateful to be here—

ETHEL. I didn't think you'd remember me.

DENBY. Remember you? Why, it was only day before yesterday we were in Paris.

ETHEL. What are you doing in America?

DENBY. Oh, I thought I needed a run over to see if New York was finished yet.

ETHEL. Are you still doing—nothing?

DENBY. Still—nothing.

ETHEL. Ah—I did have hopes of you.

DENBY. And I of you.

ETHEL. I'm afraid I don't admire idlers—Why don't you do something?

DENBY. It's so difficult to get a thrill out of business.

ETHEL. And you must have thrills?

DENBY. Yes, it's such a dull old world nowadays.

ETHEL. Why don't you take to crime?

DENBY. Ah, the stake's too high—a thrill against prison!

ETHEL. Oh, you want little thrills?

DENBY. No, a big one—life or death—but not prison. And you? You are still doing nothing, too?

ETHEL. Nothing.

DENBY. Still Miss Cartwright?

ETHEL. Only Miss Cartwright.

DENBY. Good! By George, it doesn't seem a year since that week in Paris.



THE TENSE MOMENT

Denby has the necklace for which they are all looking and he knows they have detected that. His revolver is his last reliance.

ETHEL. No, it doesn't.

DENBY. What made you disappear just as we were having such bully times?

ETHEL. I had to come back to America suddenly; I had only an hour to catch the boat—didn't you get my note?

DENBY. Of course I didn't. I thought you'd dropped me. I tell you I hit with an awful crash.

ETHEL. No, I hadn't dropped you—in fact, I thought it was just the other way.

DENBY. I should say not. I did try to see you when I was over here six months ago, but you were at Palm Beach. I can't tell you how often I've sent you telepathic messages—ever get any of 'em?

ETHEL. Some of them, I think. . . . And now we meet on Long Island. It's a far cry to Paris.

DENBY. Oh, it's people who make places—the places themselves don't matter—you and I are here.

ETHEL. Still, Paris is Paris.

DENBY. Rather! Do you remember that afternoon in front of the Café de la Paix? We had Vin Gris and watched the Frenchman with the funny dog, and the boys calling La Presse (*piano starts "Un Peu d'Amour"*) and the old woman with her news-stand?

ETHEL. And there was a hole in the tablecloth!

DENBY. And wasn't it a dirty tablecloth? And we had tea in the Bois at the Cascade, and the Hungarian Band played "Un Peu—Un Peu d'Amour." (*They listen to it for a second; she hums.*)

ETHEL. And the poor skinny horse in our fiacre fell down and we walked all the way home out of pity.

DENBY. You were tender-hearted.

ETHEL. Do you remember dinner at Vian's that night—wasn't the soup awful?

DENBY. Ah, but the string-beans?

ETHEL. The string-beans were an event.

DENBY. And afterward I can remember a moon over the Bois as we sat under the trees, can you?

ETHEL. Yes. (*Piano stops.*)

DENBY. And the day we went through the whole Louvre in an hour—and the loveliest picture I saw was you! (*Enter Lambart.*)

LAMBART. Pardon me. (*Denby coughs, embarrassed, and walks away.*) There is a gentleman to see you, Miss Cartwright. (*He hands her card on tray.*)

ETHEL. To see me? (*She takes card; looks at it, startled.*) Ask him to come in. (*Turns to Denby.*) Will you forgive me?

DENBY. Surely—I must dress, anyhow.

LAMBART. Your room is at the head of the stairs, sir. (*Lambart exits.*)

DENBY. (*On stairs.*) Till dinner?

ETHEL. Till dinner. (*Denby exits, upstairs. Ethel shows great anxiety. In a moment Taylor enters.*)

TAYLOR. Good evening, Miss Cartwright. (*He puts hat on small table near French window.*)

ETHEL. My sister? Nothing's happened? She's alright?

TAYLOR. Sure, sure, I haven't bothered her—the little lady's alright.

ETHEL. What are you doing here?

TAYLOR. I thought I'd drop in in reference to our chat this afternoon. (*He looks about.*) Ah, nice place here.

ETHEL. Yes, but—

TAYLOR. I suppose you remember our conversation?

ETHEL. Of course, of course.

TAYLOR. You said when I needed you, you would be ready. Well, I need you now.

ETHEL. Now? But I don't understand.

TAYLOR. A man smuggled a two-hundred-thousand-dollar necklace through the customs to-day. For various reasons we allowed him to slip through, thinking he'd fooled us. Now that he believes himself safe it ought to be easy to get that necklace. In fact, we've got to get it—through you.

ETHEL. Through me? But I wouldn't know how to act—what to do.

TAYLOR. You're too modest, Miss Cartwright. I'm quite sure you'll be very successful.

ETHEL. But I'm spending Sunday here—I couldn't very well make an excuse to leave now.

TAYLOR. You don't have to leave.

ETHEL. What?

TAYLOR. The man who smuggled that necklace is staying here—his name is Steven Denby.

Everything now hinges upon possession of the tobacco pouch in which Steven Denby carries that necklace. Ethel is to get possession of it. The wily Denby, for all his infatuation with Ethel, of which he has not as yet told her openly, is not too much absorbed to avoid his suspicion. He gets a distinct impression that the customs men are on his trail, that they have followed him to the Harrington home in order to catch him with that necklace in his possession. The great scene now takes place in the room assigned to Denby at the Harringtons'. Ethel has been given the room next to that occupied by Denby. The moon is sending its beams through the window of Denby's room when a key rattles in the lock and Ethel enters. She rummages about the desk, but hearing footsteps she retreats precipitately. Denby enters his room with easy confidence. A knock is heard at the door. He goes to the desk, gets the necklace, puts it in his pocket. Michael comes in with his wife and her friends. They talk and then go, except Monty.

DENBY. (*He goes to door to make sure Michael has gone—then turns to Monty.*) By George, it was that girl.

MONTY. Are you sure?

DENBY. She tried to pry open that drawer with this paper knife. You can see the mark. I found the knife on the floor where she dropped it, when she heard me coming down the hall and hurried back to her own room.

MONTY. Gee! That's pretty tough, old man.

DENBY. It's hard to believe she's the sort of woman who'd try to take advantage of my friendship to turn me over to the police, but that's just what she tried to do.

MONTY. I'm sorry, old man—mighty sorry.

DENBY. But I don't want to fight her.

MONTY. What are you going to do?

DENBY. If she'll tell me who it is that sent her here—the man who's after me—I'll fight him and leave her out of it, but if she won't, I'll play her own game—only this time she follows my rules.

MONTY. What's that?

DENBY. Sssh.

MONTY. Is she there?

DENBY. (*Nods.*)

MONTY. Has she heard us?

DENBY. No, I heard her close the window and then she came over to the door.

MONTY. What are you doing?

DENBY. (*Writes and hands paper to Monty.*) Here's my plan—read it. (*As Monty reads, Denby goes up to door, reaches out in hall and turns off light switch, leaving hall in darkness.*)

MONTY. (*In whisper—reading.*) Jumping Jupiter!

DENBY. (*Low.*) Do you understand?

MONTY. Perfectly.

DENBY. (*Goes over near Ethel's door; speaks loudly for her benefit.*) It's a pity Miss Cartwright's gone to bed; I might have risked trying to learn bridge if she'd been a player. She's a bully girl.

MONTY. Don't talk so loud—in these dictagraph days the walls have ears. We can't tell who may be listening. Let's go out on the lawn, where we're surely safe.

DENBY. Good idea. (*They leave Ethel's door and go to door beside which is light-switch. Denby switches out light as he speaks loudly.*) Well, Monty—What's your scheme?

(*The door closes, the room is in darkness. Audience thinks Denby has left room, but he hasn't. Monty's voice is heard as he goes down the hall. His voice and footsteps fade away. There is silence for five seconds, then the sound of a key turning the lock of Ethel's door. Ethel enters, she hurries to desk, and gives one pull at drawer. The lights go up. Ethel gives exclamation and turns. Denby is standing inside door center.*)

DENBY. So, you've come for the necklace—why do you want it?

ETHEL. I am employed by the government—I was sent here to get it.

DENBY. What?—the charming Miss Cartwright a secret-service agent—it's quite incredible.

ETHEL. But it's true.

DENBY. Who employed you?

ETHEL. I can't tell you—

DENBY. Then I must refuse to believe you.

ETHEL. But it's the truth.

DENBY. Was it John H. Bangs of the secret service who engaged you—

ETHEL. Yes—yes—

DENBY. You lie, Miss Cartwright, you lie—

ETHEL. Mr. Denby!

DENBY. I've no time for politeness now. There is no Bangs in the secret service.

ETHEL. How do you know?

DENBY. It's my business to know my—opponents.

ETHEL. I can't tell you who it was, but if you'll just give me the necklace—

DENBY. And if I refuse, you'll call those men out there and have me arrested?

ETHEL. I don't know—what else can I do? I can't fail.

DENBY. Nor can I. Do you know what this means for me?—prison—gray walls

—and iron bars—solitude—to be caged like some beast. Do you know what that means? I do—I've seen it—I've feared it—I've gone sick at the thought of it. No, Miss Cartwright, you are not going to send me to prison.

ETHEL. But I don't want to. I don't want to do that to any man—

DENBY. (*Quickly—coming near to her.*) Then there is a way out of it for both of us.

ETHEL. What?

ETHEL. Tell them you've failed—that you couldn't find the necklace—and I'll give you ten thousand dollars.

ETHEL. No—no—

DENBY. Twenty thousand—no one but you and me would know—

ETHEL. No—

DENBY. Twenty thousand's all I can afford.

ETHEL. I can't accept. I've got to get that necklace—It means more than any money to me.

DENBY. Ah, they have some hold on you.

ETHEL. No—no—

DENBY. Then why should you be in the secret service, unless it's for money or you've been forced into it?

ETHEL. I can't explain—what difference does it make to you who sent me here?

DENBY. Because I don't want to fight a woman—any woman—I'll fight the man behind you—I'll beat him—will you tell me who he is?

ETHEL. No.

DENBY. You're going to make me fight you?

ETHEL. I've got to fight—

DENBY. Very well. (*Going to door, he opens it, locks it, and puts key in his pocket.*)

ETHEL. What do you mean?

DENBY. I'm going to keep you here.

ETHEL. (*She tries to open hall door, but it is locked.*)

DENBY. I feared we might be interrupted—

ETHEL. Open that door—

DENBY. You don't leave until I am ready to let you go.

ETHEL. You wouldn't do that—

DENBY. I regret the necessity of using such methods—to you of all people—but you leave me no choice—

ETHEL. But I don't understand—

DENBY. (*Coming to her as she shrinkingly backs away.*) Only—that you are a beautiful woman and I am a man—It's nearly three—you are in my room after asking that your apartment adjoin mine—your insistence that a key be found is only incriminating—you are frankly en négligé and very charming. Inevitably you must be found here—I'm afraid there can be only one construction put upon it.

ETHEL. I thought at least you were a man.

DENBY. I am—and you are a woman—that's the point.

ETHEL. I thought you were my friend.

DENBY. You dare talk of friendship! You knew I liked you—liked you very much, and because you knew it you tried to wheedle me into betraying myself. You smiled and lied, and pledged our friendship, until I'd told you the truth—and all the time you were only trying to trap me—hunt me down—send me to prison.

ETHEL. I wasn't—I wasn't—

DENBY. And when I'd told you the truth, you asked me to go in the garden, knowing that those men out there were waiting for me—

ETHEL. I couldn't help it.

DENBY. When you thought I was sending the necklace here you trumped up a flimsy excuse to leave so you might sneak in here to get it—is that friendship?

ETHEL. I wasn't trying to trap you—I thought you were innocent—I wanted to make sure so I could convince them.

DENBY. Yes, you proved that. When you found out I was guilty you still tried to save me, I suppose, by asking me to walk into their trap?

ETHEL. After all, you had broken the law—you were guilty—

DENBY. If you'd only played fair—but you didn't, you used a woman's last weapon—her sex. Well, I can play your game, too—I can use your methods—and I will. You stay here until morning.

ETHEL. You don't dare—

DENBY. Oh, yes, I do.

ETHEL. And you think the possible loss of my reputation is going to frighten me into letting you go?

DENBY. I do.

ETHEL. Well, you're wrong. I have only to tell them the truth about the necklace and what I'm doing here—

DENBY. But the truth is so seldom believed—especially when there is no evidence to support it.

ETHEL. All the evidence I need is there in that locked drawer.

DENBY. Quite so. I'd forgotten—(*He goes around to back of desk*) only it's not in the drawer! (*He takes it from his pocket and shows it.*) It's a beauty, isn't it? (*He writes quickly.*)

ETHEL. What are you doing?

DENBY. Manufacturing evidence.

ETHEL. Meanwhile I propose to leave this room.

DENBY. How, may I ask?

ETHEL. If you believe you've frightened me, you're quite wrong. (*She moves toward bell on wall left of center door.*)

DENBY. And what are you going to do?

ETHEL. (*Pushes bell violently.*) I've rung for the servants! (*Triumphantly.*)

Now, Mr. Denby.

DENBY. What a pity you did that—you'll regret it so very soon.

ETHEL. Oh, shall I? When the servants come I shall send for Mr. and Mrs. Harrington and tell them exactly who you are—and I shall take that necklace from the room with me. (*Denby comes to window. Whistle off stage.*)

DENBY. (*Throws necklace wrapped in note he has just written out at window.*) But, you see, the necklace won't be here.

ETHEL. (*Runs down by desk, as if almost to stop him, but the necklace is gone. She stops.*) I shall tell them it's on the lawn where you just threw it.

DENBY. Wrong again. If you'll stand here, you may see that my friend Monty was waiting below—he has it.

ETHEL. But your friend Monty can't get away from those men out there.

DENBY. Perhaps you heard a whistle. That was Monty's signal, telling me the coast was clear. For the moment your friends of the secret service have gone.

ETHEL. But I'll tell the Harringtons about Monty, too; that he's your accomplice.

DENBY. And who would believe Monty Vaughan, of the Washington Vaughans, the accomplice of a smuggler?

ETHEL. Oh!

DENBY. (*Coming to her.*) You see? And since you've forced me I've had to play my last card, and a very low one, I'm sorry to say. The note I wrote that I threw to Monty he'll leave on the floor of the living room—it was a note to you.

ETHEL. To me?

DENBY. It contained the suggestion that you try to get the room next to mine—that you come to me here to-night—it was the invitation—of a lover!

ETHEL. You beast! You coward!

DENBY. It's certain to be found where you apparently dropped it—its evidence is conclusive. They all know we are not new friends. If you are still in this room in the morning—as you will be—what other explanation can you offer? (*She doesn't answer.*) I think the episode of the necklace remains as between just you and me.

ETHEL. You—cad!

DENBY. The servants seem to be sleeping soundly—I fear they are not coming.

ETHEL. But they will! They will!

DENBY. If they don't, may I suggest that you ring that burglar alarm—it will serve your purpose even better—it will wake up everybody. Why don't you ring it? I dare you! Well, why don't you answer?

ETHEL. No, no, I can't.

DENBY. Ah! Who is it?

LAMBART. (*Off stage.*) You rang, sir?

DENBY. Yes, I forgot to tell you that Miss Cartwright wishes to be called at seven.

LAMBART. Very good. Anything else, sir?

DENBY. Call me at the same, that's all. Good night.

LAMBART. Good night, sir. (*He is heard departing down the hall—Denby listening at door.*)

DENBY. (*Mockingly; he comes down to her.*) So you didn't dare to denounce me, after all?

ETHEL. Oh, I knew it was all a joke—that you couldn't be so contemptible.

DENBY. A joke, eh?

ETHEL. Yes; if you'd meant what you said, you'd have called in Lambart just then. That would have answered your purpose—I knew you wouldn't—that you couldn't.

DENBY. I'm not ready yet.

ETHEL. You really mean to keep me here?

DENBY. I've no other course.

ETHEL. But you can't do it. (*Clock off stage strikes three; Denby looks at watch and crosses to back of desk.*)

DENBY. It's four hours till the maid goes to call you and finds the room empty, so meanwhile—won't you sit down, Miss Cartwright?

ETHEL. Oh, I can't face it—I can't—I learned that just now—the disgrace—the humiliation—I can't face it.

DENBY. You've got to face it.

ETHEL. I tell you I can't—it's unfair—it's horrible—if you'll just let me go I'll promise I won't betray you.

DENBY. You don't dare keep silent about me—how can I let you go?

ETHEL. I'm telling you the truth.

DENBY. Then tell me who sent you

here. If you don't it means prison for me and dishonor for you—if you do tell, it means your safety—perhaps mine—now choose.

ETHEL. I can't—I can't—oh, please, please—

DENBY. (*Crosses to her and grasps her in his arms.*) By God, I'll make you tell—

ETHEL. Don't touch me—let me go—let me go—don't—don't—

DENBY. Who sent you here?

ETHEL. I'm afraid. I'm afraid. I hate you; I hate you! Let me go—let me go—don't—Oh, you are a man, after all.

DENBY. (*Hurriedly crosses to window, and half hiding behind curtain, looks out.*) The devil!

ETHEL. What is it?

DENBY. Your friends of the secret service have come back—they mustn't see us together. (*He lowers shade on window.*)

ETHEL. Oh, my God, what have you done? That was the signal that I had trapped you—that was the signal to bring Taylor here—

DENBY. Ah, then it's Taylor who's after me?

ETHEL. Oh, I didn't mean to tell—I didn't—I didn't.

DENBY. Now it'll be a fight to a finish!

ETHEL. Go, go, before he comes!

DENBY. And leave you to face him alone? (*A pause—he bends his head, and touches his lips to her hand.*) No. . . . I love you.

ETHEL. Please, please—while there's time—he mustn't take you—he mustn't—Oh, I couldn't bear that—I couldn't!

DENBY. (*Realizing.*) Ethel?

ETHEL. (*In his arms, tenderly.*) I love you—Oh, my dear—I love you.

DENBY. (*Triumphantly.*) I can fight the whole world now, and win.

ETHEL. No, no, for my sake go—let me see him first—let me try to get you out of it.

DENBY. No, I stay here. When he comes, say that you've caught me.

ETHEL. No, no, I can't send you to prison, either.

DENBY. I won't go to prison. I'm not done for yet, but we've got to save your sister. Taylor mustn't think you've failed him; do you understand?

ETHEL. But then he'll take you away—

DENBY. Do as I say; tell him the necklace is here somewhere.

ETHEL. No, no—

DENBY. It's for your sister. We're going to save her. (*Sound of Taylor's approach off stage.*) He's coming. (*Denby starts to door.*)

TAYLOR. (*Coming in at window with revolver in his hand.*) Hands up, Denby! (*Denby's hands go up.*) Well, congratulations, Miss Cartwright—you landed him—I thought you would.

DENBY. What's the meaning of this? Who are you?

TAYLOR. Oh, can that bunk. (*To Ethel.*) Where's the necklace?

ETHEL. I don't know.

TAYLOR. You don't know?

ETHEL. I haven't been able to find it, but it's here somewhere.

TAYLOR. He's probably got it on him.

DENBY. All this is preposterous.

TAYLOR. Hand it over.

DENBY. I have no necklace.

TAYLOR. I'll have to search you. (*Comes to Denby, gun in hand, and searches him.*)

DENBY. I'll make you pay for this.

TAYLOR. Will you give it to me—or have I got to search this place?

DENBY. Oh, well, if you'll let me take my hands down I'll get it for you.

TAYLOR. Well, you haven't got a gun on you—take 'em down.

DENBY. It's right here. (*He grabs match-safe off of bookcase and smashes burglar alarm—and switches off lights. Stage is entirely dark.*)

(*Taylor utters an ejaculation; there is the steady murmur of a deep gong off stage; they struggle in the dark. Ethel goes up to light switch at door. The revolver is fired in the struggle. Ethel screams. Ringing of burglar alarm ceases.*)

DENBY. Turn on the lights. (*Ethel switches on lights and comes down to couch. Denby is seen in possession of revolver, just thrusting Taylor away from him.*)

TAYLOR. Damn you!

DENBY. (*To Taylor.*) Sit down!—sit down! (*Taylor sits. Knocking and clamor of voices at door. Denby keeping Taylor covered, backs up to door, fishing in his pocket for key, reaches behind him and unlocks and opens it. Michael, Alice and Lambart enter.*)

MICHAEL. What's the matter?

ALICE. Good heavens, what's happened?

DENBY. That man tried to break in here—he's a burglar—I caught him.

MICHAEL. Good Lord!

ALICE. How splendid of you.

TAYLOR. The man's crazy—don't believe him—he's a crook, I'm an agent of the United States Customs—I came here to get Denby—

DENBY. That's a pretty poor bluff. This is one of the men who were in the garden to-night.

ALICE. I told you they'd break in.

MICHAEL. Good work, Denby.

TAYLOR. I tell you I came to arrest him.

ALICE. Arrest that charming man? Why, that's absurd.

TAYLOR. Absurd, eh? You won't think so when you learn who I am. That girl can tell you.

ALICE. Ethel can tell us? (*They all turn to look at her.*)

ETHEL. I never saw the man before.

TAYLOR. You didn't, eh? I guess you'll remember me when I serve a warrant for your sister's arrest. I've got it in my pocket and papers proving that I'm working for the United States Government. (*He reaches hand toward inside coat pocket to get them.*)

DENBY. (*Poking gun under his nose.*) No, you don't! (*Denby moves his hand toward Taylor's pocket to get them. Ethel sits on couch.*)

TAYLOR. Here, don't you touch 'em!

DENBY. Certainly not—Mr. Harrington will get them. (*Michael crosses to Taylor and feels for papers.*)

TAYLOR. (*Holding coat open.*) In there. (*Harrington takes papers from Taylor's pocket, starts to look at them.*)

DENBY. (*Grabbing papers from Harrington's hand.*) Keep out of range, Harrington. (*He backs to door, hastily glancing at papers.*) It's alright, Miss Cartwright—it's alright. (*Exits.*)

TAYLOR. Grab him, I tell you! He's a crook. (*He blows whistle.*) Don't let him get away. (*He runs off, Michael,*

Alice and Lambart after him, screaming, down hall. Ethel goes up to door and looks anxiously down hall. Denby having fooled them and disappeared, runs on from door left, locks it and motions Ethel to follow others.

In the last act we find Denby offering a bribe to the clever customs officer Taylor. It is a bribe of thirty thousand dollars. Taylor is a poor man and he accepts the sum in large bills. When his assistants come in, it is made by Taylor to appear that everything is a mistake. Denby, says Taylor, is an honest man. But a disagreeable surprise is in store for this very same Taylor. We learn for the first time just who Denby is.

DENBY. I'm not Denby—my name is Jones.

TAYLOR. Well, who the hell is he?

DENBY. Oh, yes—I'd almost forgotten—you and the boys don't know who I really am—here's my commission. (*Handing Gibbs parchment.*) That's my photograph—a fairly good likeness, isn't it?

DUNCAN. Yes.

GIBBS. Sure. Why this thing's made out to Richard Jones.

DENBY. Well, do you get the initials, boys?

DUNCAN and GIBBS. (*Reading initials without realizing their significance.*) R. J.

DENBY. That's me, R. J., of the United States secret service.

GIBBS. (*Shakes hands with Denby.*) Are you really R. J.?

DENBY. I am afraid I am.

TAYLOR. It's a lie!

DENBY. (*Pointing to paper.*) You can't get away from that signature—it's signed by the President of the United States.

TAYLOR. I tell you it's a fake.

DENBY. They don't seem to think so.

DUNCAN. This is on the level alright. (*Gibbs, looking at it with him, takes it.*)

DENBY. Taylor, for three years the government has been trying to land the big blackmailer in the customs—we set a trap for him with a necklace as bait. The whole thing was a plant—from Harlow's tip to my dropping the necklace just now—and you walked into it.

TAYLOR. (*Coming to him threateningly.*) Say, you can't get away with this.

DENBY. Wait a minute. You've been in the service long enough to know that the rough stuff won't go—you'll only get the worst of it—so take it easy. (*To Duncan and Gibbs; taking commission from Gibbs.*) Take him along, boys—I was mighty glad to find out just now that you fellows weren't in on it—keep the necklace for me—exhibit A—they're fakes.

GIBBS. And I've been working for a crook for two years and never knew it. (*Gibbs and Duncan cross over near windows.*)

TAYLOR. (*Goes down to Denby furiously.*) Damn you, you've got me alright, but I'll send that girl and her sister up the river. I'll get even—you're stuck on her and she goes with me.

DENBY. Oh, I think not. You forget that Mr. Harrington's vice-president of the New York Burglar Insurance Company, and a very good friend of Miss Cartwright's. I saw him upstairs.

MUSICAL RISKS INVOLVED IN PUTTING THE GREAT NAPOLEON INTO GRAND OPERA

THAT brilliant Italian composer, Umberto Giordano, had qualms about putting the great Napoleon into grand opera. For Giordano, as we read in *Musical America*, fascinated by the brilliant success of Sardou's comedy, was struck with the idea of using the piece operatically. In this he was abetted, it is said, by Verdi, who was enthusiastic over its possibilities. Giordano pointed out the risks involved in putting Napoleon into grand opera. This objection was overridden by the composer of *Aida*. No living opera-goer had known Napoleon. It might be incongruous to provide him with romanzas and cavatinas, but Napoleon could legitimately vent dramatic recitatives. "If," added Verdi, "I could make Rhadames sing, why can not you do the same for Napoleon?" Whatever may be the facts of the case, adds this organ of the musical public, it must be confessed, it thinks, that Giordano's scruples were much better founded than Verdi's arguments.

"It is not Napoleon's well-known insensibility to the finer elements of music and his utter lack of anything approaching a singing voice that renders his operatic representation objectionable, but that he stands embodied in the popular consciousness of all nations as so familiar and well-defined a personality invested with attributes of such absolute conciseness. To essay the idealization of such a figure is to make it ridiculous. The attempt to personify him operatically is as foredoomed to failure of this kind as would be the endeavor so to present George Washington or Abraham Lincoln. As Frederick H. Martens most pertinently remarked in a recent admirable article on Napoleon in this journal: 'Rhadames is an operatic lay figure, just as Alexander or Julius Caesar or Charlemagne would be. They are personages, not personalities. But Napoleon is still near enough our own time for us to feel humanly in touch with him. . . . Rhadames no more appeals to us in the same sense than does Cleopatra's Needle or the Sphinx.' On the other hand, granting Verdi's premise, there is a singular childishness about Giordano's fear of putting 'romanzas and cavatinas' in Napoleon's mouth—for song in opera is never to be interpreted in terms of itself but as the *speech* of the personages concerned, quite as the complex metric forms of the Greek

tragedians, the blank verse of Shakespeare and the rhymed Alexandrines of Corneille and Racine are not primarily poetic formulae but the deputed means of conversation sanctioned by a basic convention.

"But where' his understanding of aesthetic principles failed, Giordano most notoriously was in his conception of Sardou's play as a vehicle fundamentally suited to operatic treatment. To be sure he was not alone in his error, for the fashion of forcing successful dramas into lyric molds was extremely widespread for a long time. There has seemed to be a marked disregard for the fact that the very elements which contribute most conspicuously to the success of a theatrical piece—particularly of the modern type—are the very ones most subversive to the fortunes of an opera. It is needless to inquire deeply at present into the nature of the principles involved. The matter may be dismissed with the statement that the cardinal requirement of a truly successful opera libretto is an emotional element susceptible of musical expression, set in a milieu wrapped in an atmosphere of poetic remoteness and so cumulatively developed and sustained as to allow the upbuilding of an organic musical structure."

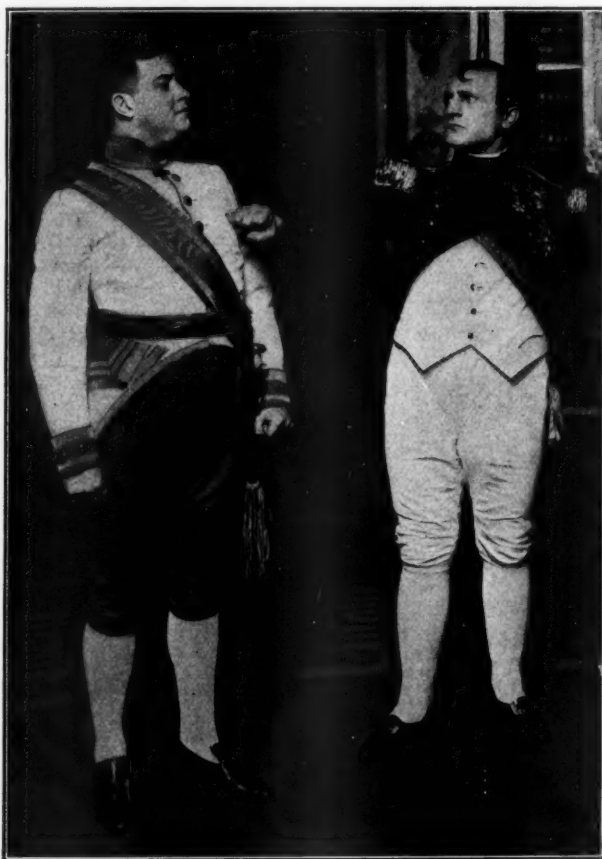
Now "Madame Sans-Gêne," the Giordano opera just produced at the Metropolitan Opera, is, we are invited to believe, deficient in these essential characteristics. It does, of course, contain a brief love scene that affords the composer legitimate opportunity for more or less expansive lyrical utterance, while the revolutionary bustle of the first act and the Duchess's lesson in deportment in the second are likewise amenable to characteristic musical treatment. But beyond this there is little of specifically musical equivalent. The strength of the play lies in the suppleness and glitter of its dialog, the deft wit and the ingenuity of its character drawing. The actual production of "Madame Sans-Gêne" proves to the periodical we quote that Giordano has not conquered the difficulties presented by putting Napoleon in grand opera. Here is the verdict of *The Musical Courier*:

"A number of musicians, including Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, Weber, Wolf, and even Verdi in several instances have shown themselves to be poor selectors of suitable libretto material for opera, and Giordano is to be included in the number so far as 'Mme. Sans-Gêne' is concerned, even tho he showed acumen when he set some of his former works, 'André Chenier,' 'Fedora,' 'Siberia,' etc.

"'Mme. Sans-Gêne' is unoperatic except for comedy purposes. There is no love interest, the chief incidents center about a personage (Napoleon) who is not introduced until the third act, the endings of the acts are without suspense or dramatic force, and the fragmentary incidents throughout the play offer no stimulus to the imagination and no appeal to the emotions, unless the several scenes of conjugal tenderness be excepted.

"Giordano's music is agreeable, euphonious, smooth, ingratiating, but never moving or noble. The attempts at dramatic intensity in the score sound insincere and are palpably artificial. The composer never was stirred deeply, and consequently he fails to stir his hearers. The Napoleon theme is bombastic, even ridiculous."

The action opens in Paris during the French Revolution. Caterina's (Madame Sans-Gêne's) laundry is shown. There is cannon firing. Excited crowds surge in and out of the laundry. The Sardou story, in fact, is followed.



THE GREAT CORSICAN AND THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN

Verdi did not hesitate to put an Egyptian King into grand opera. He advised a friend to do the same with Napoleon. Here is a first result.

WHY A DRAMATIC CRITIC DOES NOT RECOGNIZE ORIGINALITY WHEN HE SEES IT

ORIGINALITY in the playwright manifests itself not through the avoidance of old themes, not in the elimination of the trite, the familiar and the stock subjects, but in his mode of combining his materials. This, indeed, is the only sort of genuine originality that exists in any art, from architecture to miniature painting. It is in his manner of using his material—his synthesis—that the original genius reveals himself, even when his materials are so familiar as bricks and straw.

This point, which was made in ancient Greece, does not impress the dramatic critic of to-day at all, as a patron of the stage laments in the *New York Sun*. The dramatic critics of the metropolis are anxious to show that they know everything. Nothing pleases them so much as to be able to point out, in their notices of a new piece, that such and such a situation was used twenty times in the eighteenth century or that a certain climax is but a repetition from something in Sardou. The truth is, we are reminded, that since the stage must hold the mirror up to nature and since life is in its essence to-day what it was ten thousand years ago, the great playwright is forever using the old materials. The man not in love with his wife, the woman with a guilty secret, the innocence that never suspects, the marriage concealed—these are excellent material if the playwright can synthesize them in some strikingly fresh form that we may derive a new impression from what seems as ancient as Egypt. For originality, to repeat, consists purely and simply in one's new mode of combining the old materials. How irrelevant, then, is the assurance of the average dramatic critic that this particular play suggests that old playwright!

The sort of dramatic criticism of which complaint is thus made flourishes in New York just now, as anyone may see who follows the notices of the new plays. Here is a typical instance of the sophisticated kind of criticism which complains of the materials used by the playwright while neglecting the mode in which they are used. The piece is "Sinners," by Owen Davis, presented by William A. Brady at the Playhouse:

"Owen Davis's melodrama, 'Sinners,' with its repentant prodigals, its contrasts between the vices of the city and the humble virtues of country life—but without the flock of sheep and the hay wagon—was a distinct reminder last night of that old and remarkably successful rural melodrama. Its colors were put on with the same heavy brush and in the same

glaring chromo tints, and all the time-tried tributes to 'home' and 'mother' were rolled out in the same good old tremulous way.

"It remains to be seen how a melodrama of primitive emotions and sentiments such as this, construct in accordance with an elementary formula of play-writing, will prosper in the heart of the Tenderloin, where palates are accustomed to more highly seasoned fare. But it is a fact that these old-style, sentimentalized pieces strangely retain a place in the public's affection. 'Sinners' is surely no worse, even if it is not conspicuously better, than the others of its kind."

This sounds the "note" of dramatic criticism as it is now made. Even so competent a critic as that of the *New York Evening Post* must look to the materials out of which the playwright builds his structure rather than to the structure as a whole. It reminds him so much of what he saw before! He discerns barely a trace of originality. The piece is the "Fallen Idol," by Guy Bolton, produced at the Comedy Theater in New York by Mr. Joe Weber. The play, says the critic just named, is "intensely theatrical, unreal, imitative and futile" and "it suggests the influence of Brieux, Ibsen, Molnar and half a dozen others":

"Apparently, at the outset, the play was intended to be an argument in favor of divorce whenever one of the parties to a matrimonial contract should be incapacitated physically. At all events, this was the theme of the opening dissertation, but, as nothing came of it, present consideration of it is unnecessary. Victor Valdecini, a marvelous pianist and thoroughly unprincipled and selfish profligate, has, at the summit of his career, found the reward of his persistent immorality in a stroke of paralysis. Henceforth he must be crippled hopelessly, largely dependent upon the rich and angelic wife, who hitherto has adored him, altho miserable for the lack of the motherhood that has been denied her. Here, of course, is a potential tragedy. But the lady has at hand a ready lover in the shape of a gifted young sculptor, James Grebble, who worships her devoutly, but,

thus far, has had to be content with sisterly confidence and affection. He wants a large sum of money to execute a commission, which will make his fame and fortune, and she supplies it. After this he discovers that his model, Cara Marx, is the mother of a child by Valdecini—who has treated her with abominable deceit and cruelty—and is determined to sue him for its maintenance. Knowing that the exposure would wreck Christine Valdecini's happiness, he chivalrously buys the woman off with the money with which Christine had provided him, thereby deliberately sacrificing all his own hopes of advancement. This is all the harder because he has declared his passion to Christine, and virtually won her agreement to a later elopement. Unluckily—the triteness of this device is obvious—he leaves the check he has written for Cara where Christine can find it, and the latter, of course, jumps to the conclusion that he has deceived her, and used her money to get rid of an old mistress. Thereupon, when he—lest the play should end too soon—absolutely refuses to explain matters, she peremptorily dismisses him. This crisis is turned, some-



PICTORIALLY PERFECT

But to attain this effect in "The Shadow" both Bruce McRae and Ethel Barrymore must exploit their whole beings—and they do.

what ingeniously, through the agency of Cara, and Grebble is promptly restored to his position of acknowledged lover. But now Christine, fully enlightened concerning Valdecini's selfishness, heartlessness, and perfidy, takes the high moral ground that her marriage vows are doubly binding now that her husband is more than ever in need of her tender and watchful care, and she bids her lover wait until

she is free. If the curtain had fallen here, the piece would have closed upon a high and effective note. But at this juncture Valdecini experiences a sudden change of heart, and, perceiving himself to be superfluous, commits suicide, and the lovers are united.

"This is the barest skeleton of a plot which is filled with minor complications of a familiar kind upon which it is not necessary to dwell. The theatricality of the whole thing—with its extravagances, suppressions, coincidences, and arbitrary devices—is glaring."

A new play by Alfred Sutro provokes an unusual outburst of the type of dramatic criticism which analyzes the materials and totally neglects the skill with which the materials are put together. "The Clever Ones" is the title of the piece in question, which was presented in New York for the first time the other day. Here is how Hector Turnbull writes of it in the *New York Tribune*:

"The comedy aims to be a satire on the snobbery of the British middle and lower classes. It aims, too, we imagine, to out-Shaw Shaw on his own familiar field. We are probably mistaken in this, however, as there are such slight grounds for so presumptuous a suggestion. At any rate it begins with a young son of a wealthy brewer who falls in love with the clever daughter of a clever mother. They are clever in the superficial sense, having but learned to spout lines from the various philosophers of note and to make their home hideous with the 'new idea' in decoration. The young man, to win his suit, pretends to be an anarchist and a freethinker, and adds all the frills that might aid him in capturing the silly girl. When he has won the girl he takes her father, a hard, practical business man, into his confidence and the two contrive to give the girl a real taste of what poverty and the thoughtful life is in actual practice. During the course of this adventure in the slums the young man meets again a girl he has thrown over for the 'clever' one, and, to make Mr. Sutro's tale a bit shorter, it all ends happily, with the youth and his real love together again, and the 'clever' one going back to her former flame.

"Such material in such a set of episodes is rather played out. The wealthy young man in disguise and the college girl who is a silly fool just because she has been in college, may have been all right years ago or may do now for a story in a second-rate magazine, but a playwright of Alfred Sutro's caliber should be above using them without taking the trouble to furbish them a trifle."

Another critic "who has seen it all before" wrote about "The Shadow" in the *New York Evening Sun*. Ethel Barrymore enacts the heroine in this work by Dario Niccodemi, written originally for Rejane and now at the Empire Theater. Our critic finds the story in outline "simple and conventional," adding:

"The central figure is the wife of a

celebrated artist. For six years she has been a helpless invalid. During all that time he has been sympathetic and attentive, but she has by force of circumstances gone out of his life, and suffered in consequence all the mental anguish attendant on doubt. The husband forms a liaison with his wife's most intimate friend, who becomes the mother of his child.

"The invalid is miraculously cured. For devious and none too definite reasons the cure is kept secret from the husband. But one day she surprises him in his studio, where he has been living with the other woman, and learns the truth.

"It is impossible to win him away from his illicit love. So the author, from a number of likelier probabilities, chooses for his last act what seems to be the current obsession of the stage—the dénouement of renunciation. The wife yields to the inevitable and establishes the future relationship of the three in a prospectus that, as nearly as we can remember, reads something like this:

"'You are entering,' she says to her husband, 'upon a broad highway of happiness. I have always been a shadow upon your life. But from now on let me become a restful shadow, where, when the sun of happiness becomes too strong you can come and find comfort.'"

Edward Knoblauch's new play, called "Marie-Odile," that was presented by David Belasco at the Belasco Theater in New York lately, inspires in the critic of the *New York Press* very much the type of comment illustrated here all along. He can detect nothing original in a piece that has elements reminiscent of other pieces:

"The story of Marie-Odile concerns a foundling girl who is brought up by the nuns of a convent in Alsace, and when she grows up is 'permitted to become a novice,' as the text of the play states, tho this is not the church's view of such a matter. It is in the year 1870, and the Prussian troops are invading the peaceful valley of Alsace, in which the convent is situated.

"In terror of what may befall the nuns their father confessor comes to them with news of the advancing Prussians, and bids them desert the convent and follow him to Switzerland, a thing that is accomplished without the company of Marie-Odile, who, in a momentary fit of rebellion against the stern rule of the Mother Superior, has hidden in the loft above the refectory.

"Marie-Odile is thus left alone with old Peter, the gardener, the only man other than Father Fisher that she has ever seen, according to the story of the play. To the convent comes a squad of Prussian soldiers, the first one an innocent young man, whom Marie-Odile takes to be St. Michael, since he is a soldier, much in bearing like the painting of the militant saint on the convent wall. The commander of the squad is a Prussian trooper, seasoned in love as well as war. He discusses with Corporal Meissner the fact that the young soldier has never been in love, and openly discusses the opportunity presented by the presence of the young



"THE CINDERELLA OF THE CONVENT"

Marie-Odile, as enacted by Frances Starr in the Knoblauch play at the Belasco Theater in New York, achieves a totally original effect.

novice alone. An evil scene, evilly done and leaving a queasy sense of physical uneasiness and distaste behind it.

"Marie-Odile knows nothing of men, and she makes love to this shy young soldier like a pagan. She bids him stay longer than the half hour allotted for his purpose by Sergeant Beck to Corporal Meissner—and the soldier stays. After an interval of a year we see Marie-Odile, still living alone in the convent, with only old Peter to help her keep the place and possessed of the physical signs of what she calls 'a miracle.' This is a young baby in a basket for a crib.

"The Sisters return and in her outraged sense of virtue the Mother Superior is about to drive Marie-Odile from the convent, when something happens with a halo around the young mother's head that would seem to indicate a change of heart on the part of the Mother Superior, and a stay of sentence for Marie-Odile. But of this we are not at all sure.

"This piece is a purely theatrical device with two elements in it that are likely to offend Catholics and Germans. Its probability or improbability are quite beyond the question in such a play, for what was poetically beautiful in 'Sister Beatrice' and in the opera 'Le Jongleur de Notre Dame' here becomes nothing more profound or mystic than a theatrical trick to create a situation that in the end is left to the imagination."

Impressions of "Children of Earth" by Alice Brown, staged at the Booth Theater, have to do likewise with what the dramatic critics remember about

the materials in other things. They have no faith in the theory that originality resides in the artist's use of his materials, not in the materials themselves. For instance, the critic of the *Brooklyn Eagle* writes:

"'Children of Earth' is as true to the soil of New England as any native work has been to the section or life represented. In a general way it is a dramatization of the New England conscience, which is admittedly peculiar, and certainly native. As such it is as real and potential as dra-

matic material as Bowery crookedness, Fifth Avenue immorality or 'Wild West' outlawry, and much more subtle. A first-nighter with a quick memory recalled an epigram by the late Clyde Fitch as a sound principle applicable to the action of the characters in Miss Brown's play. Mr. Fitch said that the New England conscience would permit its possessor to do anything but prevent them from enjoying it. This might have been Miss Brown's text.

"The picture of the New England family revealed in the first act of the play was genre in every respect, and the types

were easily recognized by the veteran playgoer among us."

Thus might one go on quoting indefinitely the point of view from which the average dramatic critic writes—namely, that originality must be defined in his peculiar sense. The material is scrutinized with care and the general effect of it ignored. The outcome is not encouraging to criticism as art. Are we to make anything of a passion for analysis that leaves the drama a mass of bits?

HOW AN UNPLAYABLE PLAY WAS MADE PLAYABLE

NOT without misgiving did the warmest admirers of both Thomas Hardy and Granville Barker hear of a projected presentation at the Kingsway Theater in London of a version of the "Dynasts," says William Archer, in the *New York Nation*. It seemed too gigantic a task even for Mr. Barker's energy and scenic skill. As one reads again the Hardy text with its nineteen acts, its 130 scenes and its two or three hundred speaking characters, to say nothing of crowds, parliaments and armies, one was much more impressed by the scenic impossibilities of the great epic in dialog. It was magnificent, but it was not drama. Then, too, there was the supernatural machinery. That hovering chorus of phantom intelligence—the Spirit of the Years, the Spirit of the Pities, the Spirits Sinister and Ironic, the Recording Angels and other fearful wild fowl to whom the poet has assigned the task of turning upon the world the searchlights of his pessimistic philosophy—how were these aerial phantasms to be treated? It might have been possible, no doubt, simply to omit them; but to this Mr. Hardy would hardly have consented. Here is how the problem was resolved by Mr. Barker as explained most lucidly in *The Nation*:

"He had shown admirable tact and ingenuity in grappling with a problem with regard to which he had no precedents to guide him. Reducing Mr. Hardy's text to perhaps one-tenth of its whole bulk, he had given it a species of unity by selecting those scenes in which England and Englishmen are most directly concerned; and for the presentation of these episodes he had invented a new scenic framework and, as it were, a new organ of epic-dramatic expression. Never did producer more truly collaborate with his author than Mr. Barker and Mr. Hardy; yet he has done it without thrusting his own inventions into the foreground, after the fashion of those actor-managers who in-

flict their collaboration upon the defenceless Shakespeare.

"When we entered the theater, we were confronted by a specially constructed proscenium of plain gray, filled in with gray curtains. Against each of the raking panels of the proscenium was placed an elevated throne; while from the narrow apron in front of the curtains converging flights of steps led down to a stone seat with a sort of stone lectern before it. The architectural proportions of the whole structure were very pleasing. Presently the curtains opened in the middle and through them came two stately muse-like ladies (Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Carrie Haase), who proceeded to occupy the two thrones, and Mr. Henry Ainley, in Georgian attire, with a gray academic gown, who stepped down and seated himself at the lectern, facing the audience. To these three personages, the dual chorus and the single reader, were assigned the lyrical, philosophical and narrative portions of the production. The two Muses, as they naturally would, spoke in verse, while the Reader, speaking for the most part in prose, supplied what may be called the connective tissue for the episodes, or the thread on which they were strung. He read, in short, Mr. Hardy's elaborate and characteristic stage-directions."

These lyrical comments and spoken stage directions are established institutions of the Japanese stage, we are reminded by Mr. Archer; but in their application to 'The Dynasts' there resulted an effect of which the critic of the *London Spectator* makes much. Without going deeply into the interesting question of the psychology of acting, he says that an actor who is playing the part of a person actually going through a violent experience on the stage rightly imitates closely a person going through such an experience. When, however, an actor is merely describing the experience as having happened at some other time, whether to himself or to some one else, he ought to be doing or behaving quite differently. This is often overlooked. Thus the excellent reader, in describing a cavalry charge, actually

behaves as though he were actually taking part in one before the very eyes of the audience—which only serves to make all the people present remember that they are in the Kingsway Theater and to render them hot and embarrassed. There is, in short, an important distinction between acting and declaiming, and the sooner this distinction is grasped the better for the "Dynasts." Here, moreover, is the impression of the critic of the *London Times*:

"Before the poetic drama can be properly performed on our stage, whether it be Shakespeare's or any new poet's, actors must learn to say poetry as a good reader reads it in a small room and yet so that it may be heard all over the theater. We can see from Hamlet's advice to the players how much Shakespeare suffered from the actors of his time. He warns them against all those tricks by which the modern actor obscures the sense of verse. They are to speak their speech trippingly to the tongue, and not to mouth it; and, most significant of all, they are, in the very whirlwind of passion, to acquire a temperance that will give it smoothness. This smoothness is essential to poetry if its music is not to be torn to tatters. And wherever there is music in the verse, or in the prose if it be prose, the actor should subdue himself to the execution of that, as if he were playing on the fiddle. But our actors are taught always to act, and if they cannot suit the action to the word, to act in spite of it. Act they must, with gesture and voice; and the poetry must suit itself to their acting as best it can.

"Now Mr. Ainley and the chorus, and the other actors in 'The Dynasts,' were not worse but much better than most actors in this matter; but for all that one could see that they had been taught the wrong way of saying poetry or any kind of beautiful speech. It may be that the right way is far more difficult, and that it would seem tame to a modern audience until they had learned to listen to the words as if they were music. But until actors have learnt to say, and the audience to hear, words as if they were music, it will be impossible for poetic drama to be properly presented on the English stage."

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

ELEMENTS OF CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE COURTSHIP AND MATING OF PLANTS

ONLY within recent years has systematic observation been made of the results consequent upon the division into two sexes of the conspicuous forms of plant life. They have eyes which see, to follow the elucidation of Royal Dixon, a student of what he deems the human side of plants, they have mouths with which they eat and stomachs to digest their food in. The stomachs of plants are in the form of leaves; but they subserve the purpose. Plants have lungs with which they breathe and they actually drink water. They are organisms, and because they are organisms they perform the functions of such things. They actually mate.

Plants have not always had the same manner of eating, drinking and sleeping, nor have they always had the mating customs prevailing among them at present. Plant customs and habits change as do the habits of other organisms. Hence their mating habits have been modified through the ages. Before the mating of any pair of plants occurs, there is at this stage in the evolution of many among them a brief period of what must be called courtship. The happy and gallant wooer adorns himself gorgeously with brilliant flowers, each having powdered faces, calling to his love on every breeze. He must charm or there will be no response. This, of course, refers to matings among the more developed plants.

"When we speak of flowers we rarely stop to consider just what the term means! It means not only the pistil, which contains the undeveloped seeds or ovules; the stamens with their pollen grains; but the petals, or, taken together, the corolla; and lastly the calyx—all these different parts combine to form the flower. The brilliantly colored petals are really used as advertisements. The reds, yellows, oranges, greens, purples and whites are flags that signal to the bees and butterflies to come and feast on the honey—and thus to fill their fuzzy backs with the pollen grains which will readily cling to the sticky pistil of the next flower they visit.

"One of the most brilliant displays of color is that of the flame azalea. It flaunts its gaudy blossoms over the mountain-sides, beckoning to the pollen-bearers to come and taste of its honey. Its flame-colored flowers are produced in great profusion, and, massed together, their blazing splendor gives the impression of the woods on fire. The azalea, because of

its gay blossoms, is becoming very popular as a cultivated shrub.

"Some plants do not care to have their pollen distributed, but fertilize their own flowers by dropping the pollen grains upon their own pistils. But in all such cases their children are degenerates, and only plants which are very low and unsuccessful in life use this means of fertilization. While in a very large percentage of flowering plants the male and female elements both are present in the same flower, if good healthy offspring are to be produced it is necessary for pollen to be brought from another plant, or another flower of the same plant."

It was long ago proved that close interbreeding produces degenerates in the plant kingdom. There are very few instances among high-class plants where perfect seeds have been produced without the ovules having been fertilized in the regular way; that is, by a transference of the pollen from the male to the female flower. Among such plants as begonias, cucumbers, gourds, squashes and the like there are many flowers that are distinctly male or female. If for any reason the proper insects do not exist in the territory where such flowers are to be raised, the flowers may be fertilized by carrying pollen dust from the male to the female by means of a feather or a dainty brush. Plants have various devices for securing a cross-fertilization of their flowers. Some use the wind as an agent, others depend upon the bees, the butterflies, the moths, the snails or even the birds. Bird pollination is a common thing in Brazil, where the abutlon is fertilized by the humming bird. Flowers use their beauty, perfume and conspicuousness to attract to themselves insects that will distribute their pollen.

"And in considering this plant courtship and marriage there is one point which needs especial emphasis—a point which must necessarily be reiterated time and again in the consideration of the human side of plants. It is the existence of some guiding force, too impulsive to be mechanical, too versatile and efficient to be instinctive, which controls the actions and manners of plants in all the stages of their reproductive functions. There is an almost human sagacity in these actions: in the display of brilliant colors and soft perfumes to attract their lovers; in the cunning which they show in imprisoning a bee if he should arrive before the pollen grains are ready to be sifted on his back, and of holding him,

sometimes days at a time, until he can go forth laden with the pollen that is to adhere to a pistil and so find its way to the ovary and perform the great miracle that results in seeds; in the many similar tricks which they use to entice and to hold; all working together towards that one great aim of plant life—reproduction.

"Perhaps one of the strangest and most interesting methods of securing cross-fertilization is that used by certain water plants which have their flower-stalks entirely hidden under the water. The Italian eel-grass (*Vallisneria spiralis*) uses this unique method of fertilization. The female flowers grow on long, spirally twisted stalks, and each flower is enclosed in a small bladder. The male flowers grow in bunches, and each entire bunch is covered with a thin skin-like sheath. The female flower has continued to reach up her head until the flowers rest on the surface of the water; while the male is tied down below by a short stalk.

"Now the miracle happens! The gallant wooer deliberately breaks loose from his underwater position, and arises to the top where his lady-love is peacefully floating! The male flower bursts open his sepals and forms a tiny raft, and, by means of this raft, he is enabled to float around until some kind of wind or wave brings him in contact with his love. Some of the pollen from the male adheres to the female flower; she drops to the bottom of the water, and there remains while the seeds are being developed."*

Plants, as this student of them affirms after his careful investigation of the evidence, possess a psychic sense. There are numerous evidences of it in the plant's power to discover the presence of objects necessary to its welfare. A climbing plant, which needs a prop, will creep toward the nearest support. Should this be shifted to a spot several feet from its former position, the vine will, within a few hours, change its course to the new direction. Is it possible that the plant sees the pole? Such a theory may explain the action in this instance, but if the plant grows between two mounds or ridges and behind the ridge stands a wall which will afford good climbing but is invisible from the position of the plant, while behind the other ridge is no form of support, the plant invariably will bend its course over the ridge which is before the wall. Examples of this may be found wherever climbing or creeping plants

* HUMAN SIDE OF PLANTS. By Royal Dixon. Stokes.

grow. The support is invisible from the plant's starting point. There is no odor which, as is possible in the location of water, might give the plant some clue to the direction in which its support may be found. The only explanation seems to be the existence in a plant of a psychic sense.

There is at least one other sense which is possessed by plants in a marked degree. This may be called the physical sense. For example, most

house plants which in their domestication have assumed more or less artificial forms, will, on being returned to their original haunts, reassume their original forms or natural forms. There must be in the plant some prompting sense which makes it realize any unfitness in its life or being.

"Plants, then, have seven senses: sight, hearing, feeling, taste, smell, a psychic sense, and a physical sense; or six senses

and a reasoning power—if the physical sense be admitted as such. These senses might be termed 'passive' mentality: that is, senses which, to perform their functions, possibly do not require any command of the will, but are merely natural to the plants.

"If, however, these seven senses are but passive powers, and not in any way an evidence of intelligence in the plant, there are certain actual and purposeful motions of the plant which might be called its 'active' mentality."

THE ENERGY LOCKED UP IN THE ATOM THAT MAY YET BE RELEASED

SHORTLY after the discovery of radium Sir William Crookes was able to announce that it had been possible to devise an instrument that did not, indeed, make it possible actually to see an atom, but that enabled the observer to watch the action of a single atom. The spinthariscopes, as the instrument is called, consists of a flat surface of phosphorescent material above which is mounted a needle that has been scratched against the side of a vessel which has contained radium. The observer looks through a magnifying glass and as the speck of radium sends out alpha particles in all directions, he is able to see successive splashes of light as one particle after another is hurled on to the phosphorescent material at a speed about a tenth that of light.

That such a sight would ever be seen must a few years ago, notes a bulletin of the Chemical Society (London), have been thought impossible, as indeed it might well be when it is remembered that if a drop of water were to be magnified to the size of the earth its three-atom molecules would be intermediate between the size of shot and cannon balls. Even this achievement, however, has been surpassed recently by a brilliant demonstration. Making use of a chamber of exhausted air, the experimenter photographs it at the moment when an alpha particle is passing through it. The particle shatters the molecules in its path, moisture is immediately condensed on the shattered particles and it is possible by the streak of fog to trace exactly the course the particle has pursued. The classical mode of demonstrating the existence of emanation is as follows:

"The emanation is got from radium by dissolving it, and is collected in a flask mixed with oxygen and hydrogen. The volume of emanation dealt with is usually about the size of a pin's head. The vessel containing the impure emanation is connected to an air-tight arrangement of tubes. A portion of this is cooled with liquid air, and the emanation is condensed owing to the extreme cold. When

the liquid air is removed the emanation again becomes a gas, and makes its presence seen by causing a piece of phosphorescent material to fluoresce. Such an experiment can be arranged on a large scale for demonstration purposes, and is a striking one, but it is particularly for the experiments which established the facts about emanation that our admiration must be reserved."

The most attractive feature in connection with the work is the way in which recent theoretical results and theoretical assumptions have been verified and confirmed by experiments that have come into more and more exact relation with theory as their degree of accuracy has increased:

"It was assumed, for instance, by Professor Rutherford in the early days that each alpha particle carried a standard charge of positive electricity, known as the ionic charge. It has already been seen that the super-activity of radium is due to the fact that ordinary radium bromide contains entangled with it several decomposition products of radium each of which is itself disintegrating. It was an early observation, reading like a fairy tale of alchemy, that if a radium salt was separated from the products to which it gave rise it lost temporarily a portion of its radio-activity, which was found in the emanation given off, and that the impoverished radium regained its activity just in proportion as the other decayed. The sum of the electric charge on the alpha particles sent out from radium during a unit of time during this period of minimum activity was measured, and this divided by the ionic charge gave the stupendous number of thirty-six thousand million as that of the alpha particles which would be emitted every second by about one-thirtieth of an ounce, or one gram, of radium bromide."

It may be taken as universally accepted that several well-known elements, such as uranium, radium, thorium and actinium and their elementary products, are having their atoms disintegrated into other atoms at a steady rate with which as yet it has not been possible to interfere. It is accepted also that in the phenomenon of radio-

activity we are present at the birth of the comparatively well-known substance helium. There are many who go very much further. Sir William Ramsay and others consider that the evidence is accumulating to show that it has been possible to synthesize helium from hydrogen, neon from hydrogen and oxygen, argon from sulphur and hydrogen, and krypton from selenium and hydrogen. At the Chemical Society of London last year it seemed possible that Professor Collie and Professor Patterson had succeeded in demonstrating that this was so as regards two of them. Only last year, again, Professor Soddy, in opening a discussion before a meeting of chemists in England, drew attention to the view that in the case of those elements whose evolution was still proceeding each of them consisted, on an average, of not less than four substances, the atomic weights of which varied by as much as eight units. He went further than this and suggested that each of the known elements might in reality be a group of non-separable elements occupying the same place—in other words, that each of the so-called elements might, in reality, be a group rather than an individual.

The net deduction from these observations taken together has reference to the stupendous amount of energy locked up within what we call an atom. It has been argued that the future source of the world's energy will be derived by finding a means for artificially breaking up the atom and utilizing the intra-atomic energy. When one considers that a gram of radium gives out every hour enough heat to melt one and three-fifths times its own weight of ice, and that the total amount of heat it is destined to emit is more than a million times as great as that given out in the formation of one gram of water from its constituents, it is not surprising that it should have excited the imaginations of men and led them to hope that a means may be found to unlock the energy contained in other atoms and thus secure an unlimited store of energy.

THE MOST AMBITIOUS SPECTROSCOPIC EXPLORATION OF THE UNIVERSE EVER PLANNED

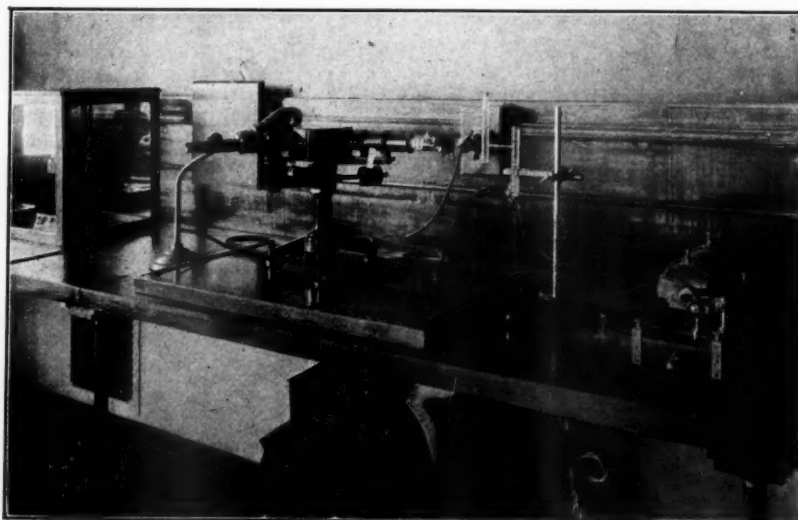
ALL modern spectroscopic progress, as Professor C. G. Abbot observes in the last annual report of the Smithsonian Institution, depends upon the exact knowledge of the wave lengths of the lines of absorption or emission of the chemical elements. Long ago it was discovered that sodium and its compounds, when heated to incandescence, gave out a yellow light which, when examined by the spectroscope, resolved itself into two lines of wave lengths differing by some half dozen units of measurement. It was also found that when sodium vapor was interposed between a source of white light, like the electric arc, and the slit of the spectroscope, there would be found in the place of the bright yellow lines of sodium two dark lines of absorption, where light of the arc spectrum was taken away. Similarly, in the spectrum of iron, a great number of bright lines are found in the green; and if iron vapor be interposed between an electric arc light and the slit of the spectroscope, a great number of absorption lines will be found at the corresponding places. Also in the spectra of the sun and of many of the stars there occur dark lines corresponding exactly in place to the bright lines of the spectra of the chemical elements found upon the earth's surface. From these indications it is clear that these chemical elements exist as vapors in the substance of the sun and stars. The number of chemical elements in the sun and stars is so considerable and the number of their spectrum lines is so great that the solar and stellar spectra are thronged with dark lines. It requires a most exact knowledge of the positions of the lines to insure for them a correct interpretation. Professor Abbot* notes further:

"But in recent years a great deal more has been learned by the aid of the spectroscope in regard to the sun and stars than of their mere constitution, for it is found that altho the spectrum lines occur almost exactly in the same position in the spectra of the heavenly bodies that they do in the spectra of the laboratory, yet there are slight and very significant deviations of position which are attributable to the motion of the heavenly bodies to or from the earth. For, just as in the whistle of a locomotive, there is a sharpening or flattening of the pitch, depending upon whether the locomotive is coming toward the observer or going away from him, so in the light of the stars there is a displacement of the spectrum lines toward the violet or toward the red, according as the star is approaching toward or receding from the earth. One may go

even farther, and say that there is a difference in the position of the spectrum lines of the sun according as we take the light from one edge of the sun or the other. For one edge is approaching the earth by virtue of the rotation of the sun, while the other is receding. It is also shown that the position of the spectrum lines depends upon the pressure of the gases in which they are produced, so that it is possible to determine by exact measurements the pressures under which the gases lie in the sun and stars, altho these are so extraordinarily remote that it takes light minutes or years to reach the earth from them. Finally, it has been shown by Zeeman that the form of the spectrum lines of the chemical elements differs according to whether the light is produced in a magnetic field or not. Accordingly it is possible to determine from measurements of the solar spectrum whether magnetic fields exist in the sun, and, if so, to what intensity they rise."

All these kinds of measurement, which depend upon extremely slight displacements of the spectrum lines, evidently require that great accuracy shall be obtained in the determinations of the positions of these lines in the laboratory. When, about twenty years ago, Rowland completed his famous investigation of the spectrum of the sun and of the chemical elements, it was thought that the last word had been said upon this, and that no greater accuracy of positions of the spectrum lines was necessary or indeed possible than he had obtained. In recent years, however, it has been found necessary to go over the whole ground again and to determine the positions of the lines of the chemical elements and the lines in the spectrum of the sun with a still greater accuracy than that of Rowland. This work has been taken up under the auspices of the International Solar

Union and is now approaching a satisfactory completion. It was resolved at a recent meeting of the Union that only wave lengths which are independently determined with satisfactory agreement by three observers with the most approved apparatus should be accepted as secondary wave length standards. In accordance with this action of the Solar Union, physicists of the highest eminence in this country, in France and in Germany have been determining with the utmost possible accuracy the wave lengths of certain lines in the spectra of iron and nickel, selected at nearly equal intervals of wave length. Nearly ninety such lines have now been measured with satisfactory agreement in three or more independent investigations and have been adopted by the International Solar Union as secondary standards of wave length. The astonishing accuracy of the results obtained may be inferred when it is said that the three independent investigations generally agree to the seventh place of significant figures. It now remains to go over the whole system of spectra of all the chemical elements and determine the positions of their lines with respect to these standard lines of iron, nickel, and barium which have been adopted, and further to go over the whole solar spectrum and to determine the position of its absorption lines with respect to these standards. Altho this will involve an enormous amount of careful work, it is almost beyond question that it will yield unexpected fruits of discovery in addition to those of investigations of the nature of the sun and of the stars for which it is primarily undertaken. The final results will be communicated to the academies of science in all the nations.



A SPECTROSCOPE IN A LABORATORY OF PHYSICS

The object of the device is to make a record of the elements in the distant stars through the medium of a series of lines corresponding to such things as radium, helion, and the like.

* Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1914.

SIR OLIVER LODGE'S INDICTMENT OF THE SCIENTISTS WHO DENY TELEPATHY

THE beginning of the proof that there is survival after death must be sought in telepathy, declares Sir Oliver Lodge. Telepathy in this sense he defines as a "connection" between mind and mind through unknown and apparently immaterial channels. Unfortunately, he laments, contemporary men of science generally will not investigate the subject in a scientific spirit. Not even a paper on telepathy, he writes in the *London Times*, has been accepted by any orthodox scientific society. The whole subject is taboo. Whatever may be said in favor of this attitude as a safeguard—and he is far from denying that many workers are wise to attend to their own business and not lightly to enter upon strange fields of inquiry—the fact is undoubtedly so. Notwithstanding the judicial favor which has been shown by some of the leaders in science to the examination of unrecognized human faculties, the average scientific man has made up his mind that things out of the common are impossible and he will not listen with any seriousness to evidence for them. Consequently the subject has been studied and the evidence partially published by a specially constituted organization, the Society for Psychical Research, with the name of which all are familiar. The society was founded in the face of the opposition and ridicule of eminent scientists. The work has been carried on in a most critical and careful manner. In the official proceedings, says Sir Oliver Lodge, moreover, can be found "a record of facts which to most of those who have studied the subject amount to cumulative proof of the reality" not admitted by orthodox science. Of these facts telepathy is one:

"But, as always happens when a truth is coming to the surface and something is being discovered which was there all the time, the real proofs lie all about one, and are not dependent on records of the past. The facts may be more or less unpalatable, but there they are; they can hardly be apprehended, still less assimilated, without a mind sufficiently open to permit the beginning of an unusual course of study.

"All this is quite in accordance with ordinary scientific tradition; many new subjects have had to run the gauntlet of orthodox hostility. Admittedly only a minority of scientific men are willing to declare that a new class of facts needs investigation and is apparently a prelude to a whole new region of knowledge inaccessible by exclusively material methods.

"In any public utterance of mine I am careful to say some words to the effect that I am expressing my own conviction based upon many years of skeptical inquiry, and that while a few scientific men

more or less agree—having gone through a similar training—the majority do not consider that such a region exists, save in imagination. I do not expect a favorable scientific atmosphere in my lifetime; I anticipate a continuance of strong hostile prejudice; nevertheless, I feel entitled to state the results of my experience for what they are worth, and leave judgment to posterity."

Now all this, retorts that distinguished English scientist, Doctor H. Bryan Donkin, is no statement to make by a man challenged for proof of his assertion regarding telepathy. He merely reiterates his own convictions. Sir Oliver Lodge affirms, for example, that the beginning of proof is telepathy. He thus ignores the whole point at issue which is whether or not the fact of telepathy as described by himself has been established. If this beginning of proof fail, what becomes of the dialogs with the dead?

"Scientific men (other than those of the small group specified above by Sir Oliver Lodge), several of whom are intimately acquainted with the Psychical Research Society's publications from the beginning, and have had personal experience of 'facts' of the kind alleged, fail to recognize any facts which cannot be readily explained, or referred to well-known causes, without recourse to the purely fanciful invention of 'telepathy.' They hold that all the evidence produced in support of telepathy is valueless as proof, not only to hypercritical (or 'orthodox') scientists, but also to men of ordinary common sense who ask for proof of a new 'fact' before they believe in it. To such men Sir Oliver's only answer is that they have 'made up their minds that things out of the common are impossible.' But can Sir Oliver deny that the utmost rigor of scientific proof is justly called for when he makes his confessedly 'tremendous' announcement to the public that he has scientific grounds for believing that he has talked with the dead? Yet he persists in confusing proof of an objective fact with evidence for his own convictions.

"Any fruitful inquiry into this subject must begin, as Sir Ray Lankester has said, with an investigation as to how certain persons, who believe and assert that minds of deceased persons or of persons at a great distance communicate with the minds of living persons independently of the ordinary organs of sense, have arrived at their conclusions. And those who might hold such an inquiry should include amongst them persons well acquainted with physiology, psychology, and mental pathology. It is worthy of note that the large majority of those scientists who assert their belief in telepathy belong to the class of physicists, not to that which deals with the mind or other phenomena of life."

Sir Oliver Lodge and other eminent

men of science who hold similar views, appear to fall between two stools, asserts the well-known English physicist and student of philosophy, Doctor H. S. Shelton, in *London Science Progress*. On the evidential side, Doctor Shelton says he has found nothing which could carry conviction to or even merit serious consideration by anyone not naturally predisposed to some form of "spiritualist" conclusions. On the other hand, if the evidence proves anything at all, it proves far too much.

In all attempts to establish by observation or experiment the existence of survival after death, the would-be investigator has to consider at least the following four explanations of any facts he may observe:

"(1) Trickery, conscious or unconscious; (2) that striking series of facts which psychologists are slowly gathering together concerning hypnosis and dual and multiple personalities; (3) telepathy; (4) ghosts. He will not invoke (3) until he has exhausted (1) and (2) and all other known explanations. He will not invoke (4) until he has exhausted (3).

"Taking these in order, with regard to the first, few will need reminding that a well-known conjuror has never yet failed to reproduce every phenomenon credited to 'spirits' that has been brought before him. Moreover, he is also known to have remarked that, for the detection of trickery of this kind, he would place more reliance on the acumen of two smart school-boys than in the whole Council of the Royal Society.

"The second is, scientifically, a problem of surpassing interest. The curious series of facts constituting multiple personalities, and other allied phenomena, are adding an important province to the realm of psychology, and are, indeed, doing something to redeem that science from the charge of verbalism and futility. But why invoke the 'spirits'? Are not all these phenomena as readily explained in a perfectly natural manner as sleep unconsciousness and dreams? Their evidential value is nil. And, moreover, the very fact of their existence supplies an alternative explanation for many phenomena that might otherwise be taken as supplying evidence of 'possession.'

"The writer is not prepared to admit that there is sufficient evidence for asserting the existence of telepathy. Even this must be regarded as not proven. But even if we grant, for the sake of argument, that such a thing does exist, none knows better than Sir Oliver Lodge that the 'spiritualistic' hypothesis is not advanced one iota. All the materialist would thereby admit as proved would be that, as the larynx can emit and the ear receive the atmospheric waves of sound, as the eye can receive the etherial waves of light, so the undifferentiated nervous matter of the brain has some residual power of emitting and receiving vibrations of a wave-length previously unsuspected."

LESSONS IN MILITARY SURGERY TAUGHT BY THE WAR IN EUROPE

PROJECTILES responsible for the wounds treated after each great battle in Europe are for the most part infantry projectiles, shrapnel bullets, shell fragments, bomb fragments and aeroplane arrows. To these should be added dum dum projectiles, bullets deflected from their original course and what might be termed indirect projectiles, fragments of clothing, coins and other objects from the soldier's pockets which have been forced into the wound. The effect of projectiles depends mainly on their percussive force, size, shape, material, direction and goal, as well as on the number, firmness and tension of the organs struck. The aeroplane arrow is a new weapon which has made its first appearance in the present war. It is a steel rod of the thickness of a pencil, with pointed shaft. The rear end is grooved out square so that the point is heavier than the end. As an arrow such as this falls vertically to the ground, from a great height, it will have the speed of a rifle bullet perhaps by the time it reaches a target. The wounds made by these missiles are very serious.

The lessons in military surgery resulting from the discharge of such varied projectiles formed the subject of a remarkable lecture before an audience of army experts by the celebrated Leipzig surgeon, Doctor Payr, reported by the Berlin correspondent of *The Scientific American*. According to an old classification the lecturer distinguished several categories of shots:

"Ricochets, when the projectile does not penetrate into the body; embedded shots ('Steckschüsse'), when the projectile sticks fast in the body, and piercing shots ('Durchschüsse'), when the projectile pierces the body and comes out at the other end. The degree of harm done to the tissues and organs obviously depends on a number of accessory circumstances. It was thought in former times that blood vessels could bend out of the way of projectiles. However, modern infantry projectiles have been found to penetrate right through the vessels, even small arteries whose diameter does not exceed that of a quill being pierced. This is why a far greater number of artery lesions have to be dealt with in the present war.

"Wounds made by modern projectiles in bones and joints are of especial importance. At short range, bones will be shattered into a number of fragments. As the distance increases there is a growing tendency for the projectiles to pierce the bone, and just to produce one or two cracks in the neighborhood of the hole. The long tubular bones, which are hard as ivory, will be split even at very considerable distance, say 1,600-1,800 meters, whereas bones of a more spongy texture,

such as the joint of the knee, are pierced smoothly. This is why shots through the joints take a relatively benign course."

The possible effects of shot wounds are hemorrhage, pain, shock, mutilation and death. As regards pain, it is obviously among the foremost duties of the surgeon in war to see that the wounded may as soon as possible get the benefit of alleviating remedies. The general practice now is to administer at the earliest possible moment a morphine injection. Warfare as now waged is liable to result in a special abundance of wounds in the head, soldiers, on firing from the trenches, having to advance their heads. There are two distinct types of head shots—embedded and piercing shots, in which the bullet traverses the head directly or sticks fast in the skull or brain, and tangential or "groove" shots, when the projectile, as it were, plows a groove through the skull bone. Tangential shots should be treated differently from embedded and piercing shots, bone fragments severed by the bullet producing practically always serious infection. Most shots through the neck are benign, tho there are some vital organs concerned—blood vessels, nerves, spinal marrow and the esophagus and windpipe. If the windpipe and larynx are affected, operation should be proceeded with as promptly as possible, thus preventing any risk of stifling:

"Shots through the chest are, of all shots dealt with in modern warfare, those most easily treated. The Japanese used

to say that their men, in the case of simple breast shots, could return to the firing line after a week or so. According to German experience in the present war such patients, even in case the lungs have been pierced, will, at least, be transportable after ten to fourteen days. Tho they may for some days go on coughing out blood, they will in no way be inconvenienced as far as their general condition is concerned. If the heart or aorta has been struck, the surgeon's aid, of course, is of no avail, such patients being brought in too late from the battle-field. Whereas in time of peace it is quite feasible to remove a projectile from the heart, saving the patient's life by a heart suture, any attempt at such an operation, in warfare, would be futile. As it is, modern projectiles are doubtless more humane in their effects than the lead bullets of old, and provided the ribs have not been injured the wounded can, after quite a short time, be restored to full fighting ability.

"Shots through the abdomen are an item much discussed in modern war surgery. In time of peace, it is an absolute rule to operate as soon as possible by means of a cut through the abdomen, thus staying the blood, and by opening part of the stomach and the intestines, to make the wound inoffensive and prevent any infection liable to result in peritonitis. Already the South African war, however, has shown such shots to be more benign in case operation is foregone. In fact, there are a number of instances in the present war in which good results were obtained by a very simple treatment, the patient being kept for a week absolutely quiet and without food or drink. When this limit was not observed the condition of the patient would invariably become worse."



HOW WOUNDED GERMANS FARE

The large number of wounds sustained by troops in the head is the result of firing from the trenches, requiring the forward movement of the eye above ground and the projection of the cranium. There are two distinct types of head shots—embedded and piercing shots in which the bullet traverses the head directly or sticks fast in the skull or brain—and tangential or groove shots, when the projectile, as it were, plows a groove through the skull bone.

The lecturer next proceeded to answer the question as to how bullet wounds should be treated. A certain amount of infection should be, in any case, accounted for, which can not be reduced by any measures whatever. If a patient has, for instance, received a shot through the arm, a certain number of microbes have penetrated into the wound, which it would be impossible to reduce. Rinsing the wound with water or rubbing it with antiseptics, so far from being of any avail, has been found to be harmful, the antiseptic liquid diminishing the vital strength of the tissues. However, no new noxious agents should be added to these microbes. Experience shows that healthy subjects will deal with a given number of bacteria, provided no further germs are allowed to enter the wound. This is the principle controlling in the first phase of the treatment of the wounded. The surroundings of the wound are no longer washed and treated with soaps as once upon a time, but a piece of antiseptic gauze is applied to the wound, such as is contained

in the roll of bandage carried by every soldier and officer in the field. The first dressing is then applied, which the men or their comrades are trained to do very cleverly. Another method to prevent the microbes from multiplying is what is termed the arresting process. The parts around the wound are brushed over with tincture of iodine or mastisol. The microbes are fixed by mastix. One advantage of this process is that the aseptic gauze is attached to the wound, thus preventing the dressing from being shifted.

Final treatment of wounds comprises a number of other problems, but a point should be made of avoiding too much zeal:

"The wound being well dressed and covered with aseptic gauze, there is no need for the whole bandage being exchanged, it being sufficient to renew the outer dressing. Wounds on which the first dressing—made from the man's own dressing materials—had been left, were found after a week to be healed. The greatest care should in any case be used in renewing the bandage, lest any mi-

crobes be allowed to penetrate into the wound. Cuts through the windpipe and the tying up of pierced blood vessels should, of course, be made on the very battle-field, whereas the decision as to whether any wounded members should be amputated must be left to the further treatment.

"No importance is now attached to the removing of projectiles, if the latter cause no inconvenience. This is true of infantry projectiles. According to the lecturer's experience, the German steel sleeve projectile, for some unknown reason, is more humane than the French copper alloy projectile, which frequently causes pain. Shrapnel bullets, which are round, have far less impact and percussive force than infantry projectiles. Penetrating into the deeper parts of the body, along with such foreign bodies as pieces of clothing etc., they are apt to produce suppuration. In 70 to 75 per cent. of shrapnel wounds under treatment, suppuration has been observed, a slight quantity of chocolate-colored liquid coming out of the wound as this is opened. Shell fragments likewise carry along foreign objects and thus give rise to suppuration; they must therefore be removed without delay."

DEVELOPMENT OF SYNTHETIC CHEMISTRY THROUGH GERMAN MILITARISM

EVERYONE knows that a nitrogenous fertilizer is an artificial manure which introduces nitrogen into the soil.

The chief material for this purpose is nitrate of soda, which, as saltpeter, is imported into Germany in large quantities from South America. This substance is also the sole raw material for the manufacture of nitric acid and nitric acid is the chief material for the manufacture of all kinds of explosives. The French and British employ picric acid, which is trinitrophenol (lyddite, melinite) and is made by the action of nitric acid on carbolic acid. The Germans are using as their chief explosive trinitrotoluol (tritolyl), which is produced from toluol, a coal-tar hydrocarbon, and nitric acid. Now German militarism, writes the able chemist, Doctor Hugo Schweitzer, in *The Popular Science Monthly*, realized that two great dangers might arise from these applications of saltpeter. In time of war the importation of saltpeter might be stopped by the navy of a foreign nation and it might, therefore, become impossible to manufacture nitric acid and explosives. The feeding of the nation might be interfered with, inasmuch as the soil could not be properly fertilized and hence could not produce enough foodstuffs. Therefore it became imperative that the nation must become independent of the importation of saltpeter. The problem was solved by the utilization of nitrogen from the

air. In this way nitric acid was produced without saltpeter as a starting material:

"Unfortunately, however, the available processes can be carried out economically only in localities where cheap power is available, which to-day means countries where water power is abundant. Since Germany has hardly any waterfalls, and therefore is very poor in power created

in this manner, the plants for the manufacture of nitric acid by utilizing the nitrogen from air were mostly established in Norway—a foreign country. The problem was therefore only half solved. But soon by the direct union of nitrogen and hydrogen, as accomplished by the ingenious synthesis of Haber, an absolutely independent source for nitrogenous fertilizers and nitric acid was created within the German Empire. The raw materials



CONVEYANCE OF THE WOUNDED FROM TRAIN TO HOSPITAL

It has been found from actual experience that too great care of the wounded may defeat its purpose. In the transportation of the wounded, however, speed and gentle handling are imperative. In the first few months of the war many lives were needlessly sacrificed by lack of transportation for the wounded, but the growing importance of numbers in the field has led to reform in this respect.

for the Haber synthesis—nitrogen from the atmospheric air and hydrogen from water gas—are obtainable in unlimited quantities in the country. In the Haber synthesis ammonia is first produced which, in the form of the sulphate of ammonium, is as efficient a fertilizing material as saltpeter. This method, however, has the disadvantage that the ammonia must be converted into nitric acid by processes which are not yet completely worked out. Undoubtedly, however, the economical manufacture of nitric acid from ammonia will soon become an accomplished fact, as recent publications seem to indicate that the problem is almost solved. During the present war all the saltpeter in the German Empire has been requisitioned by the government for the manufacture of nitric acid and the production of ammunition, while sulphate of ammonium obtained by the Haber synthesis and that recovered from the by-product of the coking industries takes its place for fertilizing purposes. The output of the existing Haber plant was doubled at the beginning of the war in order to provide sufficient sulphate of ammonium for the coming crops, and it is said that since that time another unit is in course of construction which will definitely secure Germany's requirements for nitrogenous fertilizers."

The industry for the recovery of the by-products from the coking process—as a source for sulphate of ammonium—has also been highly developed, writes Doctor Schweitzer, because German militarism needed some of the resulting coal-tar products for the manufacture of explosives. Benzol, toluol, carbolic acid, metacresol and diphenylamine are starting materials used in the manufacture of ammunition. Formerly most of these substances were imported from England, where they were produced from coal tar obtained in the manufacture of illuminating gas by the distillation of coal, while in most other countries—for example, in the United States—illuminating gas is made from water gas. By developing the coking industry, that is, by suitably and economically heating coal, Germany has made herself independent of England and now produces all the materials required for explosives and ammunition within her own borders.

Germany, moreover, is the only country which has made itself independent of England as concerns its consumption of carbolic acid, one of the most important coal-tar products. This substance, employed both for explosives and as a disinfectant, is a material of high value. It was not considered wise or profitable to remain dependent on foreign sources for such an indispensable article. Soon the ever watchful and resourceful chemist found artificial methods for its manufacture, employing domestic raw materials. To-day several German factories have equipment to produce carbolic acid by the action of sulphuric acid on benzol and subsequent treatment with alkali.

Whenever the price of coal-tar carbolic acid rises beyond a point at which synthetic carbolic acid can be profitably manufactured, this equipment is put into operation. But even this instance of the development of synthetic chemistry through militarism in Germany is exceeded in wonder by the method of the steelmaker:

"Instead of carbon, which originally was added to iron to produce the iron-alloy called steel, we now use nickel, chromium, tungsten, molybdenum, vanadium, manganese and silicon, which enable us to manufacture refined steel possessing varied properties. Most of these additions in order to give the desired results must be in the state of highest purity. These substances, which at first seemed of no use in any other industry, were produced primarily to fill the requirements of the manufacturers of cannon, projectiles and armor plate, and the largest maker of these elements in the pure state is the firm of Th. Goldschmidt, located in Essen, where it is able to work in close union with the Krupp Works.

"By these modern improvements wonderful materials were placed at the disposal of the industries. The hardness of steel has been so increased that for safety vaults and safes an alloy is made which can neither be drilled nor exploded nor cut by the oxy-hydrogen flame. The chemical industries have been supplied with refined steel which is not attacked by acids, not even by boiling 'aqua regia,' while other modifications are not affected by hot caustic soda. Some of them are non-magnetic, others are unaffected by atmospheric influences, or exhibit great resistance to electricity, while some possess high tensile strength. They are thus of specific value in the manufacture of automobiles, of steam turbines, of electric appliances, of rails for electric tramways, of dynamos, motors and transformers.

"Vanadium steel furnishes our modern tools, which are distinguished by extreme hardness, and here a war on a small scale is going on between structural steel and steel for tools with which to work the former. Every improvement in the hardness of structural steel must of necessity bring about the manufacture of a still harder steel for tools, exactly as in the case of armor plates and armor-piercing projectiles."

German militarism has likewise effected great results in experiments with hydrogen and oxygen. Hydrogen is used in immense quantities for all lighter-than-air flying machines—the filling of Zeppelins and the filling of captive balloons, the latter having an unexpected importance in war for purposes of observation. The cheap production of hydrogen is one of the prominent features in the manufacture of sulphate of ammonium according to the Haber process. The manufacture of oxygen likewise assumed gigantic proportions after it was found that armor plates could be cut almost like butter by the heat of the flame from a burner fed with a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen or oxygen and acetylene gas:

"At present, not only the cutting but also the welding of iron and steel is accomplished by means of such a flame; every machine shop is provided with an oxygen apparatus, and soon every garage will be similarly equipped, as it has been observed that the carbon collected in the cylinders of gas engines for automobiles, etc., can be easily removed by burning it out with the oxygen-flame.

"The oxygen problem also plays an important part in the running of submarine boats, where it is necessary to provide the crew with oxygen for breathing under particularly difficult circumstances. It is stated that nitrogentetroxide, a gas which can be easily compressed to a liquid and which, when appropriately heated, decomposes with the liberation of oxygen, has been employed for this purpose with great success. But for the necessity of supplying oxygen to the submarine boats, this substance—until now largely a chemical curiosity—would perhaps never have been thought of for any technical purpose."

Germany has played only a small part in the inception of scientific truths, according to London *Nature*, altho by organization she has greatly extended their application. This impression is conveyed in various ways in the science press of England by men like Professor Karl Pearson, Professor Sayce and Sir E. Ray Lankester. Huxley and Bywater held this, affirms the London organ of science already named, and it appears to be shared, as regards their respective fields, by geologists, physicists and chemists in England. "Ausarbeiten" is the goal of the Germans, notes *Nature*. The inventive faculty, it thinks, has not been their strong point. On the subject of Doctor Schweitzer's article *Nature* says:

"Naturally, his examples refer entirely to technical applications of science. And here, again, if they are analyzed, it can be shown that the development of which he boasts is due to concentrated and organized effort; of the starting-points of the manufactures which he cites, a few are of German origin. They have been appropriated and worked out, no doubt, in order to place the materials of war at the disposal of the German Army; but it is not proved that the necessities of peace are not more effective as a stimulus to progress than those of war. To take only one instance, it is probable that sooner or later all our railways will be electrified; but that would not suit military exigencies; each train must have an independent motive power; and so long as German militarism persists, we may reckon that German railways, at least, will not be run by the electric current.

"The aims of science are the antitheses of those of war. It is the object of pure science to attempt to know and correlate natural phenomena, and its devotees are inspired by an insatiable curiosity; it is the object of applied science to make use of that knowledge for the benefit of mankind. To degrade its applications to the destruction of life and property is the most unscientific act of which a people can be guilty."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

WHAT NEWSPAPERS SEE IN THE WORK OF EVANGELIST "BILLY" SUNDAY

THE SPECTACULAR evangelistic campaign conducted in so large a city as Philadelphia by the Reverend William A. Sunday, the ex-baseball player familiarly known as "Billy" Sunday, has made news for many metropolitan newspapers even in war times and induced an immense amount of editorial comment. New York and Chicago editors appear to be particularly interested because of the possibility that he may come to those cities soon. Special articles covering his record in smaller places, and full-page character sketches of Sunday and his Philadelphia campaign have been featured. In this connection readers of CURRENT OPINION will recall the interpretation of the man and his methods in our issue last May. We find repeated in the secular dailies the usual criticism of his "extravagant statements," "billingsgate," "vaudeville stunts," and the like, but the disposition to take his work seriously as a force for righteousness prevails.

In Philadelphia Mr. Sunday's sermons are reported in full in the daily papers. To a critic who protested against publishing his "vulgar, scurrilous language," the Philadelphia *North American* replied in part by quoting the biblical report of scorching denunciations by the Great Teacher, such as, "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you. . . . Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

"If Mr. Sunday were to say, 'It would be a waste of good material to preach the gospel to a lot of hogs,' many of us would be shocked. But in the Sermon on the Mount, the most beautiful passage in literature, we read, 'Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine'; and we consider the figure poetical.

"Billy Sunday reviles the faithless Christian as a 'four-flusher,' and we shrink from the 'vulgarity,' but the gentlest of Men blazed into wrath against those who He said had made His temple 'a den of thieves,' and He scourged them from it with whips.

"Frankly, our mind is open on the whole subject. If it appears finally that Mr. Sunday does bring religion into disrepute, if his remarkable actions and words have no other result than to draw throngs of curious seekers after amusement, then he

is assuredly a failure and a menace to Christianity.

"But we must admit that the evidence to date is the other way. It is not convincing to denounce as mere vulgarity and blatant sensationalism a message which changes the lives of men and women, which has rescued thousands from slavery to wickedness and has put a new spirit of brotherhood and right living into whole communities.

"Our view is sympathetic, but it is secular. For a church opinion we look elsewhere. And we find it significant that the very utterances which so offended and hurt the reader whose letter we have quoted were listened to by a great company of clergymen, not one of whom failed to rejoice in the Sunday aggressive-ness.

"A Presbyterian minister, formerly pastor of Woodrow Wilson, declared the evangelist is 'a prophet of God.' Former Bishop Neely, of the Methodist Church, says 'his tendency is wholesome.' And Bishop Garland, of the Episcopal Church, heard 'nothing objectionable.'

"With such testimony before us, from men who we think would be alert to condemn scurrility or irreverence, we are content to await results."

The Chicago *Tribune* recently asked its correspondents in eight cities where Billy Sunday had conducted revivals to report on the results after as well as during the campaigns. In publishing the remarkable results recorded by these reports and supplementary statements from influential citizens, *The Tribune* says:

"The sentiment in the main is strongly in favor of Billy Sunday. The makers of adverse statements declined to allow their names to be used.

"The general impression from these eight towns and cities is that Billy Sunday's work not only had a lasting effect upon the converts made in the communities, but that the political and moral conditions there were permanently improved by his visit. Even among those who are enthusiastic about the work of Billy Sunday, there are some expressions of distaste for his fanfaronade and his use of slang. But others declare that in these things lie the value of Sunday's revivals—that through his extraordinary methods he engages the attention of persons he could reach in no other way."

From the mass of the testimony we reproduce some representative paragraphs:

SOUTH BEND campaign, 1913, seven

weeks, 7,000 converts: "Whether indorsing Mr. Sunday's peculiar methods for effecting conversions or not, it would be silly to deny that his sojourn here had failed to influence deeply and to all appearances permanently religious feeling and morality in South Bend."—J. M. Studebaker, chairman Board of Studebaker Corporation.

"In November, 1913, following the May Billy Sunday revival of 1913, the city elected a complete citizens' ticket which disregarded politics and was based upon a campaign of law enforcement. The ticket was elected throughout, mayor, counsel, and all city offices. The tone of the city—i. e., the popular sentiment of the city—upholds the city administration in the fact that it is following out fully the policy under which it was elected."—Marvin Campbell, president Campbell Paper Box Company.

FAIRFIELD, IOWA, 1907, 32 days, 1,118 converts: "The effect of this meeting is still seen in this city. It brought the churches and the people closer together and made them work in harmony with one another. It is estimated that 90 per cent. of the people that were converted are now working in the churches."—W. C. Merckens,

PITTSBURGH, PENN., 1913, eight weeks, 22,352 converts: "Most of the hostile criticism of Sunday in Pittsburgh comes from those who refused to go to his meetings and study the man at close range; often from those who chose to lead lives of indulgence in questionable pleasures and resent being disturbed. A very small amount comes from excellent citizens, even earnest Christians, who regard the whole revival idea as wrong in principle.

"About 6,000 persons identified themselves with various churches as a direct result of the campaign.

"Of the 350 ministers in Allegheny county, thirty were questioned regarding the final results of the Sunday campaign. Practically all united in saying there had been a great religious awakening, less intemperance, increased interest in church services, excellent attendance by Sunday converts, who gave freely of their means to support the work of the church. A few said some of their Sunday converts had fallen back into former ways, but that for the most part these converts made splendid Christian workers.

"Sunday talked little about celestial crowns and halos. He talked a great deal about the immense importance of pure living and thinking. Right here may be found a reason for the quickened civic conscience observable in Pittsburgh. The red-light district is closed. Gamblers no longer dare to operate openly. Low

characters of all kinds are seeking other fields. This is because the bureau of public morals, formerly sneered at by the underworld and even associated in the public mind with bribery, has become a thing of force and life. Its superintendent is Arthur G. Burgoyne, a former newspaper man, who became converted while reporting the Sunday meetings."—T. F. Smiley, Tri-State News Bureau.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, 1905, seven weeks, 2,500 converts: "Many who are gratified over the results were not pleased with the methods of the speaker. One man who was prominently identified with the movements to bring Mr. Sunday here said he would not favor bringing him here again."—Max E. Poppe.

"Upon the whole, Mr. Sunday's work in Burlington was beneficial to the community in both a moral and an economical sense."—J. L. Waite, editor and publisher *The Hawkeye*.

DIXON, ILL., 1905, four weeks: "A new Y. M. C. A. building, costing over \$30,000, was largely due to the fund raised at the Sunday meetings. Sunday himself gave \$50 to the fund. Sunday converts were from all classes, and every church in the city received a lasting and substantial boost in its membership. The improved home life of many families in Dixon can be placed to the credit of the work."—T. W. Fuller, *Daily News*.

PRINCETON, ILL., 1906, five and a half weeks, 2,225 converts: "The favorable effects of the work of the Rev. Mr. Sunday are felt in Princeton until this day. His lists of converts included bankers, business men, lawyers, and professional men. In the lists were large numbers of elderly men who had never been identified with a church and many who had not even been in a church in a score of years. The lists of converts included about as many men as women, his work seeming to appeal particularly to men. While there have been a good many backsliders and besides some others who are not as enthusiastic in the work now as they were at the time of the meetings, it can be said that considerably more than half have stood firm and of this number many are active in religious work.

"The meetings closed in Princeton early in March. At that time there were eight saloons in the city, paying a license fee of \$1,000. The city election was held in the following month and the town went 'dry' by a majority of 450. This majority was so overwhelming that the saloon proposition has never been voted on here since."—H. U. Bailey.

WICHITA, KANSAS, 1912, six weeks, 5,245 converts: "Sunday's influence is still felt almost as strongly in Wichita as it was when he left here three years ago last Christmas day. He held one campaign here lasting six weeks. The writer reported nearly all the meetings and had an opportunity to watch the man and his work.

"Mr. Sunday is a vigorous campaigner and consistent throughout, tho some persons in the church and out criticize his methods. But he obtains results. . . .

"Two years after Mr. Sunday left Wichita, St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church held a 'Sunday reunion.' Of 213 persons who joined the church as a result of Sunday's work, 197 were present or

accounted for as still active Christians. A few were counted as 'backsliders,' and a small number had moved from town and it was not known what they were doing.

"The force of Mr. Sunday's work is seen in the work of the men's gospel teams that were organized here shortly after his campaign closed. These teams of four to twenty men visited several hundred other towns in Kansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri. The result of their work has been the conversion of more persons than Billy Sunday converted in Wichita, to say nothing of the converts obtained by the teams organized by them in the towns visited. . . . At Emporia about six months ago a gospel team of which Henry J. Allen was a member counted nearly 100 converts as the result of one day's meetings. Among the number was William Allen White, well-known Kansas writer and newspaper editor."—Orman C. Emery.

STEBENVILLE, O., 1913, six weeks, 7,887 converts: "Following the revival the Billy Sunday workers voted the saloons out of this city of 25,000 people. At the recent state election this county went dry by 3,000 majority, showing that the Billy Sunday influence lasts. Assessors who worked last spring state that the difference in the making out of personal returns was noticeable and the returns were more honest. Better clothes and better furnished homes have followed the revival."—Chalmers C. White.

A special writer for the New York *Sun* concludes more than a six-column hunt for the secret of Mr. Sunday's success by attributing it to "psychic force."

"One thing is sure—the men who believe in Billy Sunday are not confined to the ignorant. During the early part of 1914, for example, a wave of suicide swept across the student body at the University of Pennsylvania. What caused it to start is not known. But it grew by that mysterious power of suggestion, imitation, mob spirit, whatever one chooses to call it. Finally the provost, Edgar F. Smith, urged Billy Sunday to conduct a revival in the hope that it would tend to prevent further suicides by students. It should be borne in mind that on Provost Smith some of the most important institutions of learning in this country and Europe have bestowed degrees and that he is a member of a number of the leading scientific societies of the world. Well, Sunday responded to the call, and 'much fervor was shown at the meetings.' Also the suicide wave instantly subsided. Bible classes were organized among various groups of undergraduates, some being formed even in fraternities for carrying on study of the Holy Scriptures.

"How did Billy Sunday accomplish this? His friends say it was because he was imbued with the spirit of God. Others are inclined to think that with marvelous magnetism he works powerfully on the emotions of those who hear him; that audience after audience is carried away by the resistless sweep of his eloquence, crude and shocking tho it be to sensitive ears. . . . Embodied within the man seems to be something of that strange

force which set the Crusaders aflame with what they thought was religious zeal; and this force grips those to whom he speaks. "What is it? Nobody knows. But the invisible fire is there."

Another equally voluminous special writer for the New York *Times* lays it down that "altogether there are four factors to which much of Mr. Sunday's amazing success is due: baseball, slang, calculated eccentricity of platform manner, organization." He asked Sunday point-blank, "What is the secret of your success?"

"The evangelist was in bed, resting after the afternoon meeting, while Mrs. Sunday—'Ma' Sunday, she is generally known—was on watch nearby.

"There isn't any secret," said the evangelist. "A lot of people talk about mob psychology and hypnotism and all that kind of rot to explain things about me, but they don't stop to think what a mighty power the friendship of the Lord is."

"He's a splendid ally," said 'Ma' Sunday, who was sitting on the edge of a nearby bed.

"And then," went on Mr. Sunday, "I may do more with people than some others do because I talk to them in plain language—language they understand and that they're accustomed to hear. Long words they don't understand and never heard before are no good."

Assuming to represent the attitude of New York City, *The World's* editorial, under the caption "If Billy Sunday Comes," remarks:

"To Billy Sunday New York is the bottomless pit. To New York the slang-whanging, boisterous revivalist who has been stirring up Philadelphia is an object of more or less mild curiosity. If he comes here to reclaim us from eternal perdition he should find plenty to do, and on the other hand, this city would have the opportunity to try a new form of entertainment. He is not conducting what is generally known as a refined meeting, but he has the reputation of drawing packed houses wherever he goes. There are a good many people not fastidious even in matters of religion.

"This is a big town, and Billy Sunday would have to face the competition of no end of popular attractions. Dowie, who had also been magnificently advertised, undertook to convert New York in a hurry, but the public soon had heard enough of him. He fell flat. The ex-baseball-player is a more sensational campaigner when he tries than the Zion City prophet was, and he is also a much shrewder and more engaging person. There is no denying that he has manifested extraordinary powers in swaying the emotions of large crowds. But the fickleness of New York is proverbial.

"A revival that will interest 5,000,000 people, or even a considerable proportion of them, is an ambitious scheme of salvation. Still, if the ministers who have indorsed the project feel the need of Billy Sunday's help, it may prove worth while. At any rate, nobody ever heard of one of Sunday's revivals doing any harm."

DISCOVERING MORAL, ETHICAL AND RELIGIOUS COMPENSATIONS IN WAR

IN CONTRAST with prevalent criticism of the Christianity which failed to prevent war between European nations, there are many commentators who already discern incidental moral, ethical and religious compensations in the great conflict. The historical fact is that war makes its own standards of moral values for the time being and throws to the winds others which men ordinarily seek to build up. Nevertheless we are told to observe that in this war it is moral issues which are of paramount interest to everybody—a fact of large significance. *The Churchman*, New York, goes so far as to say that “in none of the previous wars between the Great Powers that have taken place in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has there been such a conscious effort to reach the moral values involved. From all sides it is assumed that the existing warfare is but the outward and visible sign of an inward and invisible type of social morality.” It might be somewhat difficult to cite a war wherein the combatants had not strenuously attempted to justify themselves morally for entering into it. But it is certainly true that the connection between the life of the modern state and primary ethical convictions has been the crux of much of the discussion of this war.

War in itself is a thing indifferent, declares the London *Morning Post*, being either good or bad according to its use and service. Behold the opportunity for a spiritual harvest:

“The war opens out a vast field of usefulness for the Christian Church; as it reminds people of death, so it reminds them of faith; as it destroys their wealth, so it suggests to them spiritual consolations; as it teaches them the folly of sloth and self-indulgence, so it instructs them in the deeper purposes and meanings of life. Therefore war and faith go commonly hand in hand; and war teaches mankind what childbirth teaches women. The spiritual field is plowed and harrowed by such terrible events, and the seed which the Church sows should fall upon prepared ground. And if the Church uses the opportunity well, and scorns all comfortable doctrine, not confusing safety with virtue or war with evil, it should reap a great spiritual harvest.”

With astonishing perversity people have been writing and speaking as if this European war were a proof of the bankruptcy of Christianity, observes the London *Christian Commonwealth*. What it proves, of course, continues this religious weekly, is the bankruptcy of everything that is not Christian:

“Men have tried to conduct civilization without Christ. Men have tried to get

on without his Church. They have neglected its claims and ignored its appeals, turned aside from its worship and sacraments; they have desecrated its Sundays, they have sought their pleasure in sensuous comforts and enjoyments, placed their safety in riches and markets, their peace in reliance on the world's strength, and then, when their falsely founded and fraudulently built House of Life has toppled about their ears, they have the amazing effrontery to put the blame on the very religion they have despised and scorned. They attribute their insolvency to the true gold which they have kicked aside and condemned in order to hoard its glittering counterfeit. Surely there never was a more striking instance of the tendency of men to wreak their resentment on the thing they have wronged and injured! Having tried everything except Christianity, they proclaim the failure of the very faith that would have saved and redeemed them. What we find proved up to the hilt is the colossal failure of materialism and its abundant secularities. What we find established is the inexorable success of the Christianity which materialism has denied. If anything can ever convince the world of the triumphant power of Christianity, if anything can avail to vindicate our faith in the eyes of the nations it is the recurring, unfailing, inevitable collapse of every Christless civilization.”

The world that emerges from this awful caldron of fire and blood will be a different world, far more truly Christian world than the old, predicts the Reverend W. S. Rainsford, formerly rector of St. George's Church (Protestant Episcopal), New York, in the *New York Times*:

“Behind the awful turmoil of struggling, strangling millions the Kaisers and the Czars, the Chancellors and Generals are calling on God to aid them strangle and kill. What sort of a god are they calling on? The merely national god, the tribal god, the god that favors one man as against another, the god that loves his Jacobs and hates his Esaus, a god as unlike the God and Father of all as Juggernaut is unlike Jesus.

“Men are beginning to tire of such a god to-day. After this war they will loath him. . . .

“In the nations of men, in all the nations, unorganized Serbs or highly organized Germans, there are unimagined, undreamed-of springs of unselfishness and of valor but waiting the call of a great emotion. The supreme call of self-sacrifice. Reverently be it spoken, the very same call that led Jesus to the cross.

“We have had it dinned into our ears by essayists, learned professors, and the clergy that our age was given over to materialism, and that the modern man's god, whether he carried a dinner pail or hired a French cook, was his belly.

“We know better now. It is before all preceding ages an idealistic age.

“Jesus said, ‘Man can not live by bread

alone,’ and because this is mysteriously, eternally true, and only because it is true, the nations are steadily trooping forth to-day, old men and boys, nobles and common born, rich men forsaking their riches, and poor men braving deeper poverty. And what for?

“Just to give the best they have to the best they know.

“If that is not religion, then Jesus was deluded, and the wisest and greatest of all races and of all religions were deluded, too. Self-sacrifice may be and sometimes has been misdirected; if so it will fail of its immediate purpose, but it is the root and source of all lasting religion, and so long as it can control the life of men, even in times of crisis, that life cannot fail to be in its essence religious. To-day self-sacrifice is the religion of the embattled world.”

Nobody denies that thinking people everywhere, even in centers of so-called heathendom, have been set to asking fundamental questions regarding God and Christian civilization. William T. Ellis, the religious syndicate writer, reviews some of the remarkable results of the war in this respect which have been the basis of wide comment in the religious press. Everywhere among the warring nations, he says in the *Philadelphia North American*, churches are crowded daily as well as on Sunday; the indifferent are turning again to the houses of prayer:

“France seems to be finding her lost faith. So deep is the mood of religion among the people, and so shining has been the service of the priests and monks, both in the ranks and in relief work, that it is freely predicted that a return of the old relation between Church and State is possible.

“Belgium's quickened religious fervor is the most explicable of all; for adversity ever turns men to God. Germany, whose church congregations had been depleted by what orthodox folk call ‘rationalism,’ is turning again to the simple devotion of its fathers. Russia is sure that this is a ‘holy war’ and that it will result in the sacred consummation of the return of the cross to the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople. The religious fervor of the Russian soldiers is remarked by all observers.

“In this country many persons are declaring that the world-war presages the return of Christ to earth. Everywhere a deepening of religious interest is reported. Revivals have not had such vogue or success for many years.

“‘Billy’ Sunday, the baseball evangelist, who opened a ten weeks' series of meetings in Philadelphia in January, the largest evangelistic project America has known for a generation, is the center of surprising national interest. It is being said by many observing persons that this attempt to awaken cities of the first magnitude is providentially timed, because the war has sobered the thinking of all classes of people.

"In America the churches have shown quick and beautiful sympathy with the victims of war. If 'to visit the widows and fatherless in their afflictions' is, as St. James declares, 'pure religion and undefiled,' then America has been undergoing a great religious experience.

"Christians, as well as Jews, have been deeply stirred by the suffering of the inhabitants of the holy land, and especially the Zionists there. The prediction is being freely made that when this war ends Palestine will be open to the Jews to possess, in fulfillment of their ancient kingdom dream."

Appeals for renewed Christian consecration and zeal have been noticeable features of the religious denominational journals in the United States for some months. The opportunity for a spiritual harvest set forth by the London daily paper quoted earlier in this article is strikingly paralleled over here in "A Message to Methodists," pre-

pared by a metropolitan federation committee and editorially displayed in large type in the New York *Christian Advocate* as follows:

"God's movements are marvelous. He seizes an opportunity which men would not discern, and uses it for spiritual strategy.

"The world is rent by profound grief over a war which is marked by unparalleled devastation. Men speak dismally of the collapse of civilization. Divine Providence finds in the abyss unwonted hope of religion.

"Driven to their knees by the very hopelessness of their estate, millions of Europeans who had almost forgotten how to pray are now supplicating the throne of Grace. Chapels, churches, and cathedrals are thronged with petitioners. Religion is experiencing a unique and unforeseen revival.

"A kindred movement shows itself on this side the globe. An unusual seriousness has seized America. The people of

our land are deeply thoughtful. Their hearts have been opened by pity and compassion for the suffering. They stand in a solemn hush before the Lord of all the earth. They are ready for the truth with a readiness seldom felt before.

"Over various sections of our domain evangelistic tides are sweeping with amazing power. Thousands of souls are turning to God. They represent all classes of society. Religion is having such a hearing as has not been given to it in many years.

"We must not let the critical hour pass without employing it faithfully for God and humanity. We must preach the Word, continue instant in prayer, obey the monitions of the Holy Spirit, draw near to troubled hearts, woo and win relenting souls to penitence, and confirm them in their purpose to serve God.

"Not a moment can safely be lost. God has lifted a curtain to show us our way. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest!"

HAS THE CHURCH LOST ITS SOUL THROUGH ITS LUST OF EMPIRE?

THE CATHEDRAL at Rheims is bombarded. Horror and indignation are world-wide because, forsooth, a world's art treasure has been damaged, while "even the clergy seem to have forgotten that it is a house of God that has suffered disaster." Can we realize that here is the most complete indictment ever made of the Church and plain proof that it has collapsed? Such are the premises and the argument offered by Edwin Davies Schoonmaker in *The Century*, who says: "It has ceased even to be incongruous one day to pray to Jehovah for success for the German guns and the next day to turn those guns upon a cathedral. Something has severed the connection between this building and the high heavens, for the sigh of the world is only that a work of art has been damaged. The beauty of the nave has outlasted the religion of the altar. Apollo has triumphed over the Christ."

Surprise over such an unprecedented tribute to art is less significant than the shock of coming face to face with a profound change in the Christian world of which we are made aware for the first time. What has been happening? Mr. Schoonmaker exclaims: "Only this morning, it seems, the sighing of Swinburne's 'Last Oracle' was in our ears: 'Thou has conquered, Galilean.' And here almost in one lightning flash the pagan world is restored!"

"That which we have witnessed is simply a unique registering of an ancient fact. For, as we all know, it was during years of peace that the spirit of the church was bombarded. That which fell yesterday upon the heart of the world was

merely the beautiful stones of an old Christian temple that, tho we were only half aware of it, had long ago taken its place with Karnak and the Parthenon. It is this splendid isolation, this slow conversion of a sectarian house of worship into a monument of art, that has made possible the world-wide regret that even war should violate this treasure of humanity. At last, after centuries as a shrine of a narrow doctrine, the old building has become a thing of wide human concern. Shintoist and Hindu, Mohammedan and Christian, all these may now in unison cry out as from a personal wound."

Mr. Schoonmaker would have us understand that it is no more discreditable for an institution to die than it is for a man to die. But when death has been hastened by a violation of the higher law, the event is a proper subject for moralists and there is a lesson to be learned. The sum of this writer's indictment is that direction of the moral forces of the world having been left to the Church through the centuries, we find ourselves falling into the same moral vacuum into which the Roman Empire fell. Why? Because the prevailing idea of the Church has been that the spiritual kingdom is not wholly spiritual, that inner perception must somehow be squared with outward authority. In other words, the Church has lost its soul through lust of empire:

"The carpenter of Nazareth was in every respect a complete antithesis of the Caesars, and that which He gave to the world is inherently as opposed to that which Rome gave to the world as one thing can be opposed to another. And Jesus Himself recognized this when He

declared, 'Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's.' If this means anything, it means that the possession of those things which by nature belong to Caesar presupposes a loss of those things which by nature belong to God; in other words, that Caesar is on one side and that God is on the opposite side. If the church has fallen upon evil days, the reason is not difficult to find. Throughout the ages churchmen have tried to reconcile in theory and in practice these irreconcilables, to bridge a chasm that in its very nature is unbridgable and eternal. From the very beginning the church has found herself in the dilemma, Caesar or God, and she has held firmly to both horns. And holding thus fast to a contradiction, she has died."

The Roman Empire was everywhere and always, according to Mr. Schoonmaker, a material kingdom, a denial of the spiritual world. In essence Christianity and Romanism are opposites. But the Church, seeking empire, denied the humanity of Jesus and invented a claim of divinity for Him similar to the claim made for the Caesars as a foundation for outer authority. Through militant Peter, Church empire builder, came material pageantry of the Eternal City rather than a spiritual kingdom. Paul's philosophy turned a religion to be lived into a creed to be believed. Then the Church, with the Roman state model of organization and a creed to serve the purposes of Roman law, had only to put on empire robes of magnificence. Here is where Cathedral art appears to come into Mr. Schoonmaker's analysis. The Renaissance was a classical revival; art served the dignitaries of the Church, but thereby

became no more a Christian movement than modern art becomes a capitalistic movement because the artists are frequently employed by the beneficiaries of capitalism.

"He who thinks that wine or bread or cups or altars or buildings are Christianity or any part of Christianity is, without knowing it, inside a cathedral, and his ideas of Christianity are derived from the paraphernalia which he sees about him, and his conception of the man of Nazareth from the dead figure which hangs in the window. Art has a place of its own, and has nothing to gain from being confounded with religion. On the other hand, religion has much to lose

from being confounded with art. The purpose of art is to refine and ennoble the sentiments, the purpose of religion to refine and ennoble conduct. Any confusion of these aims has a tendency to make religion theoretical; to make unnecessary the transmutation of noble sentiments into deeds."

While the Protestant Reformation assaulted Roman Church imperial authority here and hereafter, Mr. Schoonmaker sees it, too, falling short of divorcement of Christianity and Caesarism. It did not perceive that organization itself, even without such centralized authority, is no part of Chris-

tianity, and has substituted the authority of various creeds, in order to maintain churches, for inner spiritual perception. "Is it any wonder," he says, "that the tide has gone out and left the Church utterly powerless; that the whole vesture of Caesarism with which she once overawed the millions has been stripped off piece by piece; that art has become art, still capable of arousing men to its defense; that philosophy has become philosophy, honorably installed in our educational system; that organization is still active in politics and industry; and that the Church is nothing?"

A PSYCHOLOGIST ON THE RETURN OF THE SOUL IN PSYCHOLOGY

WHEN a psychologist like Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard says that the day of the soulless psychology of the laboratories is about over, perhaps the layman who thought all the while that he had a soul may feel a little surer of his ground. The professor does not mean to say, of course, that the scientific laboratory methods of the psychologists are either fruitless or improper. They have produced a causal psychology, a description and explanation of the mechanism of mental life, from which the idea of the soul is excluded, whereas the more important thing is to get some conception of the meaning and purpose of inner experience. Purposive psychology or soul psychology is coming to the front, according to Münsterberg, and "the stubborn, one-sided, causal psychology which does not admit a soul psychology at its side will be 'dead as a door-nail.'"

This predicted "Return of the Soul" appears in *The North American Review*. Physicians and students of abnormal mental life have seen it in what they have called subconscious mind. Professor Münsterberg considers this an obscure hypothesis for the explanation of conscious facts, and he seeks to show that the same facts can be explained better by another agency which we really know, namely, the brain. "Even if we prefer the subconscious for our explanations," he says, "we remain completely in that psychological world in which everything results from foregoing causes and must be explained from elementary processes. There is no freedom and no unity, and only in the valley of complete confusion some have provided such a hysteric subconscious mind with an attachment for wireless telephony to the absolute."

"May there not be a fundamental error at the bottom of this whole discussion? It seems as if there were only two al-

ternatives open. We understand mental life by explaining it with the help of a soul, or we understand it by explaining it without a soul. But is there not an entirely different, third possibility—namely, that we understand inner life without trying to explain it? Is it not possible that human experience allows an entirely different approach? . . .

"Surely, if there is anything [that is] an actual fact in our mental experience it is that it has meaning for us who live through it and for those with whom we are in contact. To have a meaning and purpose and inner reference and aim is the most fundamental reality of our inner world. We do not propose it by fancy of our imagination, but it is the rockbed of our inner life. Every idea and volition and emotion means something and points to some purpose, and if we leave this out we omit just the concrete fact. We may be doubtful whether our mental life has causes, but we can not possibly doubt that it has a meaning. Even if we were doubtful about it, this doubt of ours would be such an act with meaning and purpose."

This much-neglected meaning aspect of our self, more important than the explanatory aspect, is the only real one. The other is artificial, according to Münsterberg. "It is a scientific construction which is far from our immediate life experience. It has value only as long as we stick to our purpose of getting an explanation of inner life."

"The meaning of inner life will soon be admitted through the wide-open front door of the temple of science. Then we shall have two independent systems of psychology—a causal and a purposive one. In the one, the causal part, the psychologist studies mental life in that artificial setting in which it appears as a chain of causes and effects; and in the other, the purposive part, he studies it in that natural setting of real life in which every pulse-beat of experience is understood in its meaning and in its inner relations. Both are perfectly justified as long as they are not carelessly mixed and as long as neither is pushed forward as complete.

In practical life the two views are intertwined. Thus our neighbor is first of all the personal self whom we try to understand by grasping the meaning of his ideas and intentions, but he may at any moment become to us a mere object of observation which we try to explain.

"As soon as this purposive psychology is acknowledged as a full-fledged science we cannot go very far without discovering that it leads us straight to the old idea of the soul. We understand the meaning of a thought or memory or will act by linking it with the aim toward which it points, and this inner forward movement is understood as the act of a self. What do we know of this self? One thing above all—it is perfectly free. We saw that in this whole world of meaning everything is completely understood as every act is linked with its purpose, hence we have no right at all to ask for causes. It has no subconscious causes, and it has no brain causes. The mere inquiry after its causes would falsify its status. It has not causes any more than it has weight or color. Its whole reality lies in its purposiveness, and this detachment from any possible cause, this completeness in itself, is the fundamental freedom of the self which stamps it as a soul."

"The soul, finally," concludes this psychologist, "expresses itself through the body, and the sense organs determine the selection of objects toward which it takes its attitudes, but the soul is neither in the time nor in the space of the physical molecules. If we curiously ask, 'How can we describe the soul?' we must learn to recognize the absurdity of the very question. Every description refers to an object, but the essential meaning of the soul is that it is never an object, but always a subject, always a self, always an action. We cannot describe and we cannot explain it, not because our purposive psychology is still unfit for this task, but because the task itself would be meaningless. A soul must be understood in its unfolding and in the inner relation of its acts."

IDEALS OF WOMEN ENGAGED IN A CRUSADE FOR PEACE

A NEW TYPE of crusade for peace in the world is seen in the organization of a Woman's Peace Party as the result of a conference of representatives of woman's organizations at Washington, the national capital. By manifesto, platform and resolution adopted in mass meeting of several thousand women, ideals and opinions found remarkable expression. The manifesto, thinks *The Independent*, New York, "is unsurpassed in power and moral fervor by anything that has been issued here or abroad since the Great War began." This declaration of principles reads:

"We, women of the United States, assembled in behalf of World Peace, grateful for the security of our own country, but sorrowing for the misery of all involved in the present struggle among warring nations, do hereby band ourselves together to demand that war should be abolished.

"Equally with men pacifists, we understand that planned-for, legalized, wholesale, human slaughter is to-day the sum of all villainies. As women, we feel a peculiar moral passion of revolt against both the cruelty and the waste of war.

"As women, we are especially the custodians of the life of the ages. We will no longer consent to its reckless destruction. As women we are particularly charged with the nurture of childhood and with the care of the helpless and the unfortunate. We will not longer accept without protest that added burden of maimed and invalid men and poverty-stricken widows and orphans which war places upon us.

"As women we have builded by the patient drudgery of the past the basic foundation of the home and of peaceful industry. We will not longer endure without a protest which must be heard and heeded by men that hoary evil which in an hour destroys the social structure that centuries of toil have reared.

"As women we are called upon to start each generation onward toward a better humanity. We will not longer tolerate without determined opposition that denial of the sovereignty of reason and justice by which war and all that makes for war to-day renders impotent the idealism of the race.

"Therefore, as the mother half of humanity, we demand that our right to be considered in the settlement of questions concerning not alone the life of individuals but of nations be recognized and respected.

"We demand that women be given a share in deciding between war and peace in all the courts of high debate; within the home, the school, the church, the industrial order, and the state.

"So protesting, and so demanding, we hereby form ourselves into a national organization to be called the Woman's Peace Party."

It is explained that the platform contains some items accepted by a major-

ity vote of the conference and more of them accepted unanimously, the whole representing a common desire to make woman's protest vocal, commanding and effective. The fundamental purpose is to enlist all American women in arousing the nations to respect the sacredness of human life and to abolish war. The platform planks demand:

"The immediate calling of a convention of neutral nations in the interests of early peace.

"Limitation of armaments and the nationalization of their manufacture.

"Organized opposition to militarism in this country.

"Education of youth in the ideals of peace.

"Democratic control of foreign policies.

"The further humanizing of Governments by the extension of the franchise to women.

"Concert of nations to supersede 'balance of power.'

"Action toward the gradual organization of the world to substitute law for war.

"Substitution of an international police for rival armies and navies.

"Removal of the economic causes of war.

"The appointment by this Government of a commission of men and women with an adequate appropriation to promote international peace."

Besides an enthusiasm which had in it "a strong note of spiritual distinction," *The Survey* comments upon the constructive quality of mind displayed by these women. Many details of their supplementary program of propaganda and action are interesting. They promise to call a world conference if government does not act. To avoid breeding new wars in settling this one "no province should be transferred against the will of its people; no indemnities assessed save when recognized international law has been violated; no treaty or international arrangement of any sort should be entered upon unless ratified by representatives of the people." International machinery for a league of peace including police force, neutralization of the sea, and reinforcement of the democratic principle of self-government by extension of suffrage to women are demanded. They "make a solemn appeal to the higher attributes of our common humanity to help unmask the menace to our civilization" in the "concerted attempt" to force this country into still further preparedness for war. *Unity*, the Chicago organ of the Congress of Religions, suggests that the word "citizen" might have been used to advantage instead of the excluding term "woman," because that journal believes that "there

are thousands, probably millions, of men citizens as well as women citizens to whom this platform will come as a political prayer, the quest of statesmanship."

Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, president of the organization, is the author of a book on "Newer Ideals of Peace," which was published some years ago, attracted wide reading, and has been used for study by many reading circles and women's clubs. The influence of her suggestive thesis is apparent in the new movement.

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, professor of sociology and ethics at the Meadville Theological School, a vice-chairman of the new party, contributes to *The Independent* a stirring review of special reasons why women should hate war. It plunges woman back into the ruder services to the social need, makes her again as of old the "breeder" and the drudge.

"When women trace their long struggle upward from domestic slavery, through legal but perpetual 'minority' to their present direct relation to the state in 'contract power' and in citizenship, let them not forget the part war has played in their subjection. All the forces which have worked toward the emancipation of women from domestic bondage root themselves in social order, in peaceful industry, in reason and in law made just and regnant. And all these forces are rendered feeble and impotent in the clash of arms. It is for this cause that women should hate war with a peculiar hatred."

Moreover, Mrs. Spencer argues, women should hate war because of its disastrous effects upon their special functions as wives and mothers, protectors of race integrity and culture:

"Women bear the chief burden of personal care of the young, the undeveloped, the frail and sick; the aged, the feeble-minded, the socially incompetent. They have had to bear that burden ever since social sympathy forbade the strong to kill the weak by fiat of the state. This process of social protection of the incompetent has unquestionably lowered the average standard in human quality where it has worked unmodified by some science and art of race culture. War—and all that makes for war—is the worst hindrance to the attempt to relieve women of this overmastering burden of administering philanthropy, and to give her time and opportunity for her organic function of teaching and developing the normal and super-excellent specimens of the race. Not only does it destroy uselessly all the common wealth of humanity so terribly needed for projecting and realizing the social control that can truly advance individual life, but it deliberately and monstrosity aids that 'breeding downward' which is the bane of civilization.

"Economic exploitation, bad as it is, destroys the weakest first. War destroys the strongest first. Not only that, but preparation for war in the form of vast armies and navies on a peace footing increases the social diseases most inimical to family life, unfits men for civic usefulness, and tends in all its influences

away from that devotion of life and treasure to the higher interests of human progress on which future generations depend. It is because of women's peculiar functional relation to the social demand for race integrity and race culture that enlightened women must hate war and all that makes for war."

War, to this writer, is the supreme outrage on the moral nature of humanity. "It sinks under waves of bestiality and passion those ideals on which respect for womanhood and tender regard for the child have fibered the later progress of the race."

IS THE CORE OF RELIGION TO BE FOUND IN SEX MYSTICISM?

IF RELIGION be segregated for scientific study shall we find that it is due to the universality of sexual emotions? Writers on the psychology of religion like President G. Stanley Hall, Professor George W. Coe, E. D. Starbuck, Edward Scribner Ames, and others have touched upon the relations between adolescence and religious emotions, but it is now claimed that scientific psychologists, discarding all emotional concern for the destiny of any particular form of "true" or "false" religion, must look for the origin of religious phenomena in sexuality. This theory, advanced by Theodore Schroeder from a study of Mormon and other religious documents, is elaborated by J. S. Van Teslaar, M.D., of Boston, in the *Journal of Religious Psychology*, a Clark University publication. Dr. Teslaar is convinced that such an "erotogenetic theory of religion" is the most satisfactory working hypothesis for further research in religious psychology.

For this theory a special definition of religion is obviously required to distinguish the religious from the non-religious in the "scientific" sense. Here is Mr. Schroeder's tentative definition:

"Religion is a subjective experience, ecstatic in its nature, ascribed to the so-called 'transcendental' and interpreted as certifying to the inerrancy of some doctrine or ceremonial which through 'superhuman' means serves personal ends, the latter also supposed to be, wholly or in part, of a superphysical order."

It is asserted that every individual religious experience, if genuinely religious, appears to be associated with the sexual centers more intimately than any other. In what has been called the "irradiation" of sex, study should be directed to the particular features which correspond to the mystical, the transcendental in religion:

"The ultimate essence of religion is subjective—it is a feeling-experience entering consciousness by what is called the transcendental path—variously interpreted as 'inspiration' or 'revelation' and testifying to the presence with the ego of some portion of the 'infinite' or 'divine' through which man supposedly becomes linked up to the whole universe.

"Mr. Schroeder thinks that the energy at work in religious manifestations and believed by the subjects to be extraneous, mysterious, superphysical, is in reality nothing more than their corporeally determined erotic emotions and feeling-complex. The 'love' or some other prevailing emotion generated by the 'love state' in accordance with the bodily conditions at puberty and other periods in life, becomes attached to some established set of ceremonials and doctrines, and because of the strong, overwhelming, imperative and intimate character of the emotion back of them, the ceremonials and doctrines in question are assumed to be equally strong, overwhelming, imperative and therefore mysterious, superphysical, divine. The latter symbolize the fundamental feeling with which they have become linked up, a fact well recognized, for instance, in such symbolic ceremonials as the Christian Agapæ (love-feast) and Eucharist. The more important religious doctrines, and particularly the religious ceremonials, answer vicariously to the psycho-physiological urge for bodily union. In spite of its fundamental nature, or, perhaps, because of it, this psycho-physiological craving of sex is misunderstood, hence deemed mysterious, transcendental, and from it religion derives its characteristic atmosphere of mystery and transcendentalism."

Dr. Van Teslaar says of the subjectivity of religion upon which Schroeder lays stress:

"That in its essence religion is wholly subjective is a scientific conclusion on which all classes of writers are coming nowadays to agree. This is one reason why all attempts to establish some criterion of religion on the basis of its objective manifestations alone have proven futile. The working basis was faulty, and could lead to no lasting results. For the elements of unification underlying the diversity of religious manifestations we must look back to their experiential, inner, psychic aspect—in a word, to their subjectivity. It is its essentially subjective character that makes religion a problem primarily of the mind and the concern, chiefly, of psychology."

The intimate connection between subjective religion and sexual emotions, according to Schroeder and Van Teslaar, accounts for the underlying sameness of all religion in spite of the phenomenal diversity of manifestation.

"The connection between some form of

religion and sex has been long known and recognized. Phallic worship as an early form of religion has been studied extensively. Dulaure's classic work on this subject, for instance, antedates by more than a half century psychologic interest in religion, and Knight's 'Worship of Priapus' was published over a century ago. But whereas this connection had been recognized in the case of isolated, unpopular religions, or of certain early stages of religion, Schroeder was sufficiently detached from any personal interest in or concern for present religions to be able to see this connection holding true in all religion. He found that the universality of religion is due to the universality of sexual emotions, of which it is admittedly an 'irradiation'; its mysticism is due to the old mystery and sacredness which still attaches to sex; its sacredness, to the sacredness of procreation as the fountain or source of the only kind of immortality with which man was acquainted in his earlier stages.

"Religious conversion is largely a phenomenon of adolescence for obvious reasons. The sexual urge blooms forth during adolescence in all its mysteriousness and imperativeness. The innateness and imperativeness of religious feelings and emotions, to which all so-called religious convictions are reducible, is derived from the subjective and immediate character, the complete mastery over mind and body of the fundamental sex urge, particularly as it breaks forth during certain periods of life. The sexual feelings are the levers which control religious emotion, and so-called religious convictions are but a cryptic, mystical, dogmatized elaboration of them. 'The religious person knows because he feels, and is firmly convinced because strongly agitated.'

"That man in the long past has ascribed to the generative powers in him a spiritual entity and a designing intelligence of its own is well known. That the attributes of his early divinities are those, fancied or real, actual or desired of his sexual powers; that his sex life represented at once his most intense pleasures, the chief incentive (alongside the food urge) to his activities and struggles, the inspiration for his fancies of paradise and life everlasting, is also beyond question. In view of the well-known psychobiologic law of the persistence of fundamental types, would it be too much to suspect that in its differential essence, in that which represents its survival value, religion must have remained the same throughout? Are we not justified in holding that at its very core religion to-day is exactly what it was in the very beginning—sex mysticism?"



LITERATURE · AND · ART



A Cynical Satirist of the
New York Newspaper.

JAMES L. FORD has written a novel of metropolitan journalism that will suggest to some readers Guy de Maupassant's satirical and cynical exposé of Parisian newspaper life—"Bel Ami." "The Great Mirage" (Harper's) is cheerfully cynical, benignly satirical, filled, as the *New York Tribune* admits, with such infectious high spirits that even its victims cannot forbear a grin. The great mirage is that mythical New York that is created by the yellow journalists of Park Row—a distorted, misrepresented, highly colored and impossible city of extremes. Mr. Ford reveals the lives of those engaged in the creation of this mirage—their ignorance, their stupidity and their cupidity, not unrelieved, of course, by occasional intelligence and idealism. But the latter qualities have a bitter struggle for life in those "treasure houses of mendacity," as this satirist characterizes the "cook shops of Park Row." The *New York Tribune* notes much exaggeration in this novel, "but the burlesque unfolds many kernels of hard truth."

"Here is a whole world that does not exist, of wealth and fashion, and intellectual aristocracy and 'movements' and poses, most ingeniously invented and most alluringly presented. Mr. Ford shows us how reputations are made—for leaders of woman's cause, for 'highbrows' and clergymen and actresses—the way in which sensations are manufactured and exploited, the artificial birth of absurd schemes advocated with portentous gravity—the whole mass of shams that forms the mirage which looks so alluring from afar."

Truth and the Newspaper
Mind.

MR. FORD'S analysis of the American newspaperman differs radically from that found in another new novel of newspaper life, "The Clarion" (Houghton Mifflin), written by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Mr. Adams has depicted the reporter and the editor consumed with a passion for the truth but rendered powerless to print it by the sinister and diabolic influence of the great American advertizer. Mr. Ford is not so optimistic. Of his hero he writes: "Edward Penfield was what city editors call a 'born reporter,' a term generally used to characterize that peculiar blend of ignorance and enthusiasm which can

be found in its finest flower in the offices about Park Row." Writing with "an eye on the object," Mr. Ford infers, is a liability rather than an asset in yellow journalism. Moreover, as depicted in "The Great Mirage," the conflict of interests and ambitions of journalists and the very aim of newspaper owners, who worship only the god of Circulation, are fatal to any orientation toward the truth. Not the advertizer, not a lack of intelligence in the public, are to blame, but the false assumptions of the newspaper mind itself. Mr. Ford puts into the mouth of his heroine, Kate Craven, a sharp warning to owners and editors of newspapers:

"Ever since I've been in Park Row, I've been hearing that we who write the newspapers know a great deal more than those who read them, but I've long since ceased to believe it. In fact, I'm beginning to think that it's just the other way and that the readers know more than the writers. Anyway, I'm tired of trying to fool them. It's sure to prove a losing game in the long run. You can always get a certain following by simply telling people the truth. That's the way men build up big reputations. . . ."

Ezra Pound Declares
a Literary War.

EZRA POUND, the Imagist poet, has openly declared war on the American magazine. He has sent his first blast from London to the *Chicago Dial*. He is particularly bitter against *Harper's Magazine* and *The Century*, declaring that "there can be no truce between any of the honest men of my generation and these magazines." He is of the opinion that the public ought to arise and drive out that army of editors who have set themselves "against all invention, all innovation and all discovery." There is no culture that is not at least bilingual, exclaims this angry poet. "We find an American editor . . . who in 1912 or 1913 writes of Henri de Regnier and M. Remy de Gourmont as 'these young men.' The rest of his sentence is to say that their work is unknown to him. Note that this lacuna in his mental decorations does not in the least chagrin him." The tone of Ezra Pound's grievance against the country in which he is not a prophet is undisguised in his final paragraphs:

"Ask whether the younger genera-

tion wants America to produce real literature or whether they want America to continue, as she is at the present moment, a joke, a byword for the ridiculous in literature, and the younger generation will answer you.

"Investigate the standards and the vitality of the standards of the 'best editorial offices,' and see what spirit you find there. See whether they believe that art is, in any measure, discovery. See whether there is any care for good letters, even if they care enough for good letters to be in any way concerned in trying to find out what makes, and what makes for, good letters. . . ."

"Is a man less a citizen because he cares enough for letters to leave a country where the practice of them is, or at least seems, well-nigh impossible, in order that he may bequeath a heritage of good letters, even to the nation which has borne him?"

"It is not that the younger generation has not tried to exist 'at home.' It is that after years of struggle, one by one, they come abroad, or send their manuscripts abroad for recognition; that they find themselves in the pages even of the 'stolid and pre-Victorian Quarterly,' before 'hustling and modern America' has arrived at tolerance for their modernity."

Mr. George and Mr. Wells.

ADMIRERS of the novels of H. G. Wells will undoubtedly like "The Second Blooming" (Little, Brown & Co.), by W. L. George. This novel by the author of "A Bed of Roses" places him now in that distinguished group which includes Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Wells. At least it does for the critic of the *New York Globe*. Helen Bullis, who reviews this book in the *New York Times*, believes that it contains rather more of H. G. Wells than one desires in a novel by Mr. George. "It would be impossible not to ignore Mr. Wells's influence upon Mr. George, for the latter not only flaunts his master at us in a eulogistic dedication, but frequent passages through the book remind one of the dissertations in 'Marriage' and 'The New Macchiavelli.'" The second blooming is that period in the lives of women who, tho in the flood of emotional life, have ceased to find adventure in marriage and begin to search for it elsewhere. One of the three sisters in this novel finds it in a romantic intrigue; another in vicarious political activity; and the third, who typifies

those women who are satisfied with the present régime, "drugs" her inarticulate yearnings by a process of continuous child-bearing. The conclusion is that the two unconventional sisters have reached a happy equilibrium after far swinging. Comparing the work of Mr. George with that of his master Wells, Helen Bullis notes:

"In the inevitable comparison with H. G. Wells which he forces upon us, it cannot be denied that Mr. George lacks some of the qualities which made 'Tono-Bungay' a great novel. Yet we believe Mr. George to be fundamentally a man of stronger individuality than Mr. Wells. For Mr. Wells has in his recent work shown a disposition to become the Mrs. Barclay of a 'little group'—to quote a current wise jester—'of advanced thinkers,' while Mr. George is, as his latest novel shows, still growing."

An American Language and Literature.

IN HIS introduction to "The Oxford Book of American Essays" (Oxford University Press) Brander Matthews notes that American literature is a part of English literature, being of the same—or nearly the same—language. "The works of Anthony Hamilton and Rousseau, Mme. de Staël and M. Maeterlinck are not more indisputably a part of the literature of the French language than the works of Franklin and Emerson, of Hawthorne and Poe are part of the literature of the English language."

This suggests to the editor of *The Dial* the possibility of a new American language, a possibility which strikes him as inevitable with the increasing influx of new races and new tongues. This foretells an alloy that can not be preponderantly British or Anglo-Saxon. An interesting light is thus thrown on the American literature of the future:

"Biology does not promise that the result will be a composite type in which the characters we call Anglo-Saxons will predominate. We in America may remain descendants of British ancestors in those characters which we care most about, we may continue our present institutions—tho it is to be hoped that we shall be able to exchange some of them for better ones—but we have no guarantee that this is in the nature of things. Indeed, we know that there is no assimilation of races without modification. We cannot be certain that so much as the language will remain to us. Our vernacular may be so modified that there will be more difference between the speech of an American and an Englishman than there is now between the speech of an Italian and a Spaniard.

"But long before that happens we shall have begun to produce an American literature distinct from English literature."

North Carolina and O. Henry.

WITH the recent unveiling of a statue of William Sidney Porter in the new State Administration Building in Raleigh, North Carolina, "O. Henry" was officially made a son of South Carolina. Writing to *The Nation*, Archibald Henderson defends this tribute of the southern state from the attacks made by critics of other states. Thus, Dr. Henderson quotes the *Times-Herald*, of Waco, Texas, a paper which exclaimed:

"O. Henry would never have been heard of had he remained in North Carolina."



HE DISPELS THE GREAT MIRAGE

There is one New York that is created by the yellow journalists of the magazine sections of the Sunday newspapers, and another one that is real, according to James Lauren Ford. This sketch of the author of "The Great Mirage" is by James Montgomery Flagg, and appears in a volume of impressions entitled "The Well-Knowns" (Doran).

He had to feel the thrill of Texas history and get the inspiration of the Texas prairies for Fame to find him. . . . O. Henry doesn't belong to North Carolina, but to the Lone Star State. Where one is born is accidental; where one finds one's self is where one belongs."

Any and all localities, retorts Archibald Henderson, have the right to claim O. Henry and to erect a memorial to him. He insists, however, that the short-story writer loved his "mother state" in a tenderly intimate fashion. He was instinctively and essentially a child of the South. Dr. Henderson presents sufficient proof of this and notes in conclusion:

"One note, one quality, in his stories bespeak his Southern origin—the chivalric note, the quality of inextinguishable romance. It was here in North Carolina that he found the sweetheart of his youth; here he found surcease from metropolitan care in the enfolding shelter of the Blue Ridge; here he sleeps; here his fame is memorialized. As a Southerner he loved the South; as a true artist, he realized her amiable vices, her lovable weaknesses. Many of his stories—'The Guardian of the Accolade,' 'The Emanci-

pation of Billy,' 'Thimble, Thimble,' 'The Rose of Dixie,' 'A Municipal Report,' 'An Adventure in Neurasthenia,' for example—testify to his strong and tender feelings for his native section, his admiration for the finer qualities of the South, his faculty of kindly raillery at foibles that are passing with a passing age. Like another great humorist, Alphonse Daudet, who amused a world with delicate satire of his beloved South, 'O. Henry' let his shrewd raillery play with kindly light over the South of his own birth—her manners, her customs, and her people."

Charles Louis Philippe's Rodinesque Fiction.

AMY WELLINGTON, writing in the *New Republic*, compares the novels of Charles Louis Philippe to the statuary of Rodin. Philippe was perhaps the great modern fictionist of Parisian poverty. But his work received adequate recognition only after his death in 1909. "Bubu de Montparnasse," Miss Wellington writes, is a terrific study of prostitution, "as unflinching in its ugliness as 'The Old Courtesan' of Rodin." Philippe dreamt of writing things "substantial and compact, like certain statues of Rodin." Apparently he accomplished this ambition. "Charles Blanchard," a posthumous and unfinished work, appeals to the American admirer as "a study of poverty which rises out of submerged human life like a figure of Rodin's from the roughhewn block." Philippe's poverty provided him with literary material, and really sustained his high ideals in literature. "He was never obliged," as Miss Wellington points out, "to degrade his art for money. The literary poseur, the sensationalist and the decadent were equally the objects of his detestation." Philippe had little in common with the literary *arrivistes* of Paris, but associated instead with a group of proletarian writers which included Marguerite Audoux, the literary seamstress of Montparnasse, and Lucien Dieudonné. It is not without significance that a picture of Dostoevsky, the supreme novelist of the despised and rejected, adorned the walls of his study, as did those of Dickens and Tolstoy.

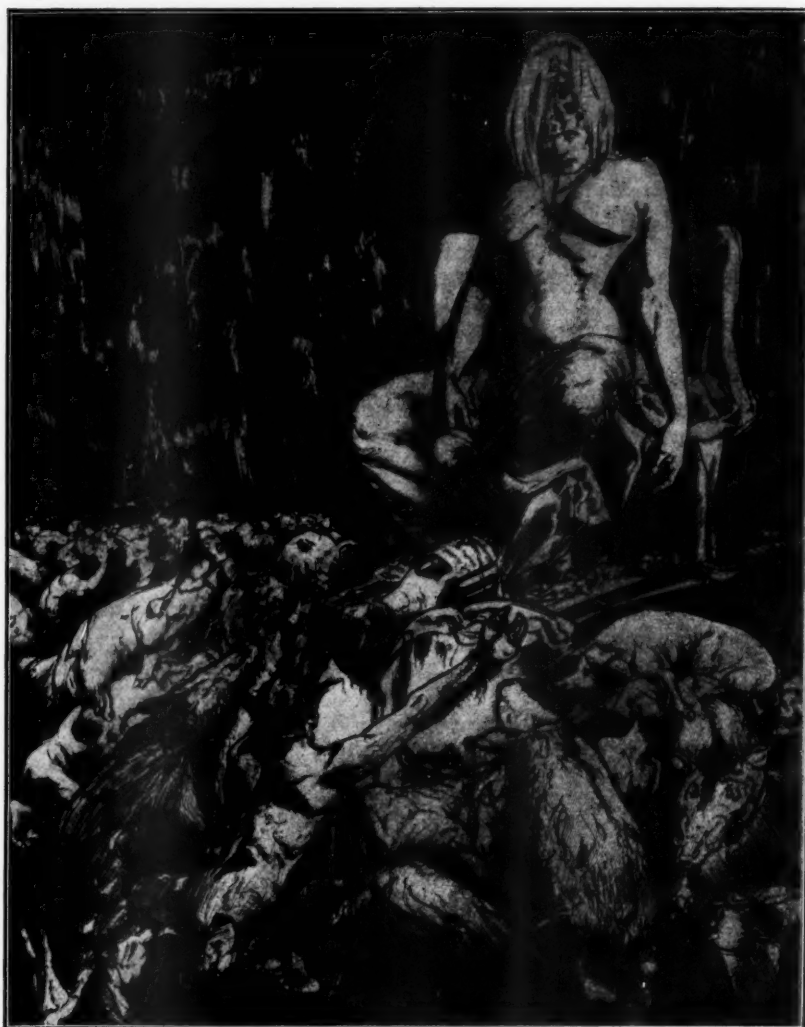
Novels of and for the Working Class.

ALTHO *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, the most fastidious and "highbrow" of Paris periodicals, devoted an entire number to an appreciation of the art of Charles Louis Philippe, altho Paul Claudel and André Gide paid eloquent tribute to his memory, the author of "Bubu," Amédée Dunois tells us, is an immortal only of the working-class, of the poor and for the poor. He brought class-consciousness into French literature. Four years before his death, Philippe

wrote: "My deepest feeling is this: I have the impression of my class. The writers who have preceded me are all of the middle class. I am not interested in the same things that they are. All the moral crises of literature have been the moral crises of the middle class. . . . I have rather to think of the workingman and of daily bread." But he was not interested in creating propaganda for the proletariat. His books were written, says M. Dunois, out of his own instincts and his own experiences. They were not the result of a program, but of human life—particularly his own. There is something in his work that will always bother the Gides and the middle-class *littérateurs*, says this radical critic. That is this profound class-consciousness with which his entire work is animated. "With Philippe as with Guillaume it is the world of labor, so different from the old *bourgeois* world, which is creating a literature in its own image. The curiosity of the lettered and of the snobs may be momentarily excited by the work of a Philippe; but only the working-class will ever possess the power to understand it and to love it."

The Culture Cartoons of
Will Dyson.

WILL DYSON, whose vigorous labor cartoons were a striking feature of the now extinct London *Daily Herald*, has recently been exhibiting his anti-militaristic pictorial satires in the British capital. A critic in the London *Athenaeum* compares the art of Dyson with its trenchant force and "idea'd vitality," to that of Hogarth. H. G. Wells wrote an appreciation of these war cartoons in the catalog of the exhibition, expressing his conviction that no medium could be more graphic than Will Dyson's to express the horror and degradation of war. Dyson's pen is facile but sword-like in its cleanness and cruelty. In one of the most striking of his drawings, he depicts Militarism as a modern Circe, turning men and nations into bloodthirsty swine by the intransigence of her all-pervading logic. Unlike the work of many of the British cartoonists, Dyson's work is not merely anti-German but preeminently anti-militant. Dyson is a native of Australia, who developed his artistic idea from extremely modest beginnings by drawing Syndicalist and strike cartoons during the three years he contributed to the *Daily Herald*. His anti-war satires, no less fiery and inflamed than his earlier work, have so strongly appealed to the English public that Stanley Paul is publishing them in a volume prefaced by Mr. Wells, under the title of "Kultur Cartoons."



CIRCE

Of the vigorous anti-militaristic cartoons of Will Dyson, H. G. Wells has written this eulogy: "Mr. Dyson perceives in militaristic monarchy and national pride a threat to the world, to civilization and all that he holds dear, and straightway he sets about to slay it with his pencil." "Circe" is acclaimed as the greatest anti-war cartoon yet inspired by the great European conflict.

Improving Upon William
Shakespeare.

ATTEMPTS which have been made to simplify or popularize standard works of literature furnish material for an instructive study in things which are better left undone, notes the London *Spectator*, commenting on "Macbeth: Told by a Popular Novelist," a book recently published in London. "Paradise Lost" was improved upon some years ago by a gentleman named Mull. "Canned" versions of Scott have been published. Chaucer has been modernized—evidently upon the advice of one of our humorists who declared that the author of Canterbury Tales was a great poet but could not spell. Shakespeare has always been a victim of these literary criminals, but the present case, according to the *Spectator*, is too flagrant to pass uncondemned. Here is an "improvement" on Shakespeare's text, the musing of Lady Macbeth awaiting the arrival of Duncan:

"With hasty steps she began to pace

up and down the room, whispering to herself, in broken ejaculations—"Glamis thou art—and Cawdor. And . . . shalt be what thou hast promised. Yet do I fear thy nature. It is too full of the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way. . . . Thou would'st be great . . . art not without ambition . . . and yet would not dare to the uttermost to attain it. What thou would'st highly, that would'st thou nobly. Would'st not play false—and yet would'st wrongly win. Ah!—to what wasted opportunities will such weak-kneed procrastination lead? Yet—were he here . . . were he here. . . ." Pausing, the muser leaned her arm against the bare stone-work of the embrasure, from which the oval orifice looked out over the low-lying marshes. And in the white curve of her elbow she rested her throbbing temples."

This "popularization" of Shakespeare suggests startling possibilities for energetic "popular" novelists, but fortunately this book has not been published in the United States. It is to be hoped that our own popular novelists will not discover in it a new field of activity.

THE RENAISSANCE OF INTEREST IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE

RUSSIA is to the young intellectuals of to-day what Italy was to the Victorians," notes Rebecca West in *The New Republic*. And practically all of the leading periodicals of England and France have admitted the debt of European literature to that of Russia. "The wonder of Russian literature is now as indisputable as the glory of Rome," enthusiastically exclaims the usually critical Rebecca West, and Norman Douglas, Hon. Maurice Baring, and Gustave Lanson, all call attention to its cultural supremacy over the literary products of all the European nations during the past century.

Gustave Lanson, the distinguished French savant, contrasts, in the *Revue de Paris*, German culture and "Russian humanity." The victorious charm of Russian literature has conquered Occidental Europe, according to Lanson, because it has renounced the literary modes of the Occident, and has assumed the task simply of reflecting the Russian soul—"to reclothe with the beauty of art the aspirations of the national consciousness. Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Gorky, to cite but three names, wrote only in order to diminish human suffering. All their work is a crusade against evil, an invitation for all men to throw aside egoism, wickedness, hardness, greed. They pity the people, but without indulgence for its vices. They are severe toward the great and the wealthy, but without prejudiced calumny. Nothing in German literature, nor in any other literature, is comparable to this great wave of humanity with which the Russian novel has inundated Europe."

"The spread of the Russian novel throughout the Occident marks an epoch in European civilization: it has transformed, for us especially, art and literature. Realism, naturalism, for French writers, used to mean pessimism, irony, cruelty. Goodness and idealism were ridiculed as the relics of the romantic virus. The Russians have revealed to us, have taught us anew, if you prefer, that one might be true, exact, and close to life, that one was even truer, more exact and closer to life in expressing pity, tenderness and, in a word, in being 'human.'"

Supreme realism of Russian literature is for Maurice Baring, whose "Outline of Russian Literature" has just been published in the Home University Library (Holt), one of its most distinguishing characteristics. Russian literature begins in the nineteenth century—"there is in Russian literature no Middle Ages, no Villon, no Dante, no Chaucer, no Renaissance, no *Grand Siècle*. . . . In spite of its being the

youngest of all literatures, it seems to be spiritually the oldest."

"In some respects it seems to have become overripe before it reached maturity. But herein, perhaps, lies the secret of its greatness, and this may be the value of its contribution to the soul of mankind. It is—

'Old in grief and very wise in tears' and its chief gift to mankind is an expression, made with a naturalness and a sincerity that are matchless, and a love of reality which is unique,—for all Russian literature, whether in prose or verse, is rooted in reality—of that grief and that wisdom; the grief and wisdom which come from a great heart; a heart that is large enough to embrace the world and to drown all the sorrows therein with the immensity of its sympathy, its fraternity, its pity, its charity, and its love."

Norman Douglas presents an interesting explanation of the prolixity which has rendered some of the greatest Russian novels, like Tolstoy's "War and Peace" and Dostoevsky's "The Brothers Karamazov," so difficult for Occidental readers. "Those whose ancestors have been accustomed to roam over endless plains may be supposed to have acquired a wider vision, a more restless mind." This is reflected, Mr. Douglas points out in the *English Review*, in Russian literature. "They like a wide grasp of their subject; they reach out too far and yet must perforce include it all. . . . It is not wilful prolixity; it is an irresistible hereditary straining after spaciousness and wide dimensions."

"Whoever takes the trouble to delve a little into the imaginative writers of Russia will be astonished at many things: at their sense of technical *justesse*, for example. That there are vignettes in the scenery of life which look best in the microscopic setting of a sonnet or even epigram; that fleeting emotions will befit the prose poem, compact entities the short tale, while whoever wishes to delineate the teeming markets of mankind and all the geographical complexities of continents must call for the Gargantuan canvas of *Anna Karenina*: these are surely very obvious rules. But how often are they violated by English writers! Take up the last ten novels published here, and you may wager that half of them are merely short stories which have been padded out by all sorts of preposterous methods so as to make up the requisite number of pages for a six-shilling book. A baroque, incongruous structure, this novel of ours. It is not only that we are a nation of shopkeepers, even in products of the imagination. We have been fed too long upon the literary beefsteak pies and batter-puddings of the Victorian epoch to savor the delicacy of the simple tale; moreover, writing as we do for a mythical young person—not from any scruples

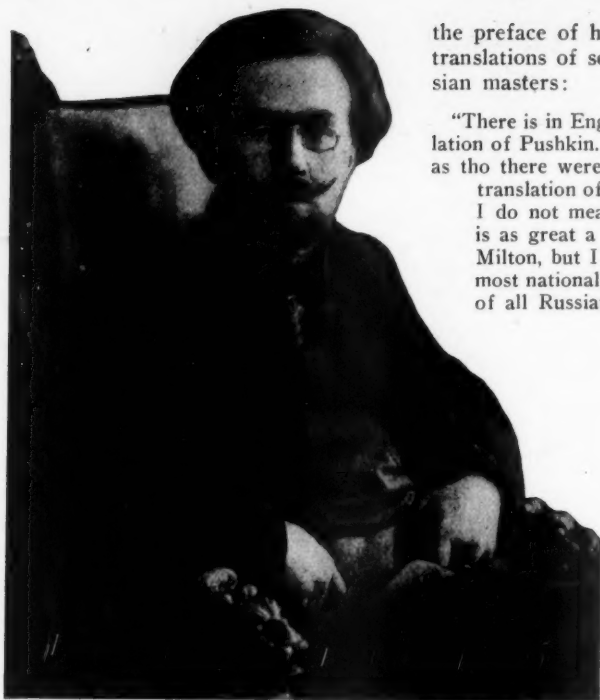
of conscience, but simply with a view to a big provincial circulation—we are naturally restricted as to choice of subject."

"There is a note of vigorous appetency in this literature; of experimentation and unconventionality—so novel that it sometimes gives us a 'shock (we hate being told what we did not know before); a full-blooded and warming element absent, for instance, in that of another young country, America; the joy of roving (Gorky: the typical nomad) in unexplored domains of the mind. Only a small percentage of these authors draw their inspiration from traditional Western themes, the rest are non-derivative in their work; only a very few are of wealthy stock or born in the capital, the rest are from obscure country places, poor in worldly goods but not in heart, their mentality clarified and intensified in the school of suffering. Literary Russia is not yet centralized, like France; not yet commercialized, like England."

One of the chief values of the Russian novel, according to the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, is that it possesses the strange power of "shaking up our ideas." "It leaves the ordinary reader disagreeably disturbed and not quite sure if for his own comfort it would not have been better to have left alone these disquieting authors who describe such an unpleasant world." The same critic declares the Russian novel to be more pessimistic than Ibsen, "more pessimistic than contemporary French literature." Yet, in spite of these startling generalizations, the Scotch paper admits that behind the disturbing realism of Russian literature there glows a fair and beautiful spirit. Despite all the pain and anguish in the writings of Tolstoy, the *Scotsman* discovers "no more gentle and winning doctrine in the world of letters." And this spirit seems to pervade the work even of the most desperate of the Russian writers.

"In the history and genesis of the Russian novel is to be found the explanation of this uniformly compassionate sentiment. There is no gainsaying the fact that Russian fiction is the outcome of the sufferings of the people. Only recently has it been written by men who themselves belonged to the masses. Tchekov was the son of a serf and Gorky the son of a laborer; but Tolstoy and Turgenev belonged to the higher social ranks. Notwithstanding this, it was from considering the misgovernment of Russia, now happily awakened to a new life, that the impulse to write came, and the common purpose was to contribute by the symbolism of the novel to an appreciation of social problems.

"The Russian school of fiction is, in fact, the most democratic in Europe. It may seem strange that this should be the case in a country which up to the present time has been the most despotically gov-



THE AUTHOR OF "SANIN"

Mikail Artzybashev is one of the younger and most revolutionary of Russia's novelists. His sinister masterpiece has just been published in this country.

erned of all European States; but it is, of course, for that very reason that Russian novelists have turned to painting the miseries of the poor, and the sufferings of the innocent."

One reason why the English-speaking world has only recently awakened to the beauties of Russian literature is the lack, as Maurice Baring notes in

the preface of his valuable outline, of translations of some of the great Russian masters:

"There is in England no complete translation of Pushkin. This is much the same as tho there were in Russia no complete translation of Shakespeare or Milton. I do not mean by this that Pushkin is as great a poet as Shakespeare or Milton, but I do mean that he is the most national and the most important of all Russian writers. There is no

translation of Saltykov, the greatest of Russian satirists; there is no complete translation of Leskov, one of her greatest novelists, while Russian criticism and philosophy, as well as almost the whole of Russian poetry, is completely beyond the ken of England. The knowledge of what Russian civilization, with its glorious fruit of literature, consists in, is still a sealed book as far as

England is concerned."

England's belated tribute to the supremacy of Russian literature is not without a phase of irony, in view of the fact that Germany was the first of the Occidental nations to welcome this literature, through a wealth of immediate translations of all the Russian

masterpieces. A manifesto from "leading English men of letters" has recently been addressed to Russian authors, embodying an expression of the "inspiration which Englishmen of the last two generations have found in your literature." But among the signatories of this manifesto, the names of some of those most active in the attempt to create an interest in Russian letters and art, George Moore, Stephen Graham, Dr. W. L. Courtney, Rosa Newmarch, and a number of others, are strangely missing.

Efforts to supply the missing translations of some of the more recent novels are numerous. Artzybashev's "Sanin" is published in this country by B. W. Huebsch. The short-stories of Anton Tchekov will shortly appear in new editions. Fisher Unwin (London) has announced a cheap edition of Andreyev's "The Red Laugh," which is said to contain some of the best descriptions of war which recent literature has produced. Concerning this masterpiece of Leonid Andreyev, Wilfred Harvey notes in the *London Globe*:

"Andreyev seems, indeed, to be most at home in a region of horror, tho it is very much psychologized horror, a horror full of fine shades. He sets forth the anachronism of war as that anachronism is felt by a writer of genius. His tale is a story of war with the mask off, war as it is waged to-day. Andreyev makes no attempt to palliate, to refine. The title was suggested by a horrible incident when a shell carried off the head of an officer as his lips were twitching into a smile."

A NEW GLIMPSE AT THE MYSTERIOUS AUTHOR OF "CYNARA"

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE once remarked that Ernest Dowson had the distinction of having written in "Cynara" the finest poem of passion which English poetry had produced in half a century. In his memoir, published as an introduction to "The Poems of Ernest Dowson" (John Lane Company), Arthur Symons declared that in this lyric Dowson has epitomized himself and his whole life. "In a lyric which is certainly one of the greatest lyrical poems of our time, 'Non sum qualis eram bonæ sub regno Cynaræ,' he has for once said everything, and he has said it to an intoxicating and perhaps immortal music. Here, perpetuated by some unique energy of a temperament rarely so much the master of itself, is the song of passion and the passions, at their eternal war in the soul which they quicken or deaden, and in the body which they break down between them."

But Victor Plarr, an old friend of the unfortunate poet, is of the opinion that the Dowson legend which has grown up since his death in 1900—a melancholy and lurid myth—has been too greatly influenced and colored by the atmosphere of that matchless lyric, the atmosphere of "madder music" and "stronger wine" of the "bought red mouth," and the riotous roses. In "Ernest Dowson, 1888-1897. Reminiscences, Unpublished Letters, Marginalia" (Laurence J. Gomme, New York), Victor Plarr, who is librarian of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, attempts to dispel this myth and to depict the true character of his friend. Victor Plarr first met Dowson when the latter was about twenty-one years old; and their friendship continued until a few years before Dowson's pathetic death. Of Dowson's "last period," when the unhappy poet, in his death struggle with tuberculosis, avoided his comrades, Victor Plarr has

little information. But he is emphatic in denying that Dowson legend which shows him in the light of "an unpleasant sort of wastrel," and is not slow to accuse the American, Talcott Williams, as well as Arthur Symons and Holbrook Jackson of presenting Dowson in a derogatory light. The myth, according to Mr. Plarr, was born while Ernest Dowson was still in his youth. "In the years of the formation of the Dowson myth, which has now grown half diabolic, the pet was modest, charming, a boy. The Devil, a spirit of imperfect education, a rebel angel, who had refused to go through the mill, threw his shadow over our beloved poet's fame. And we, who are on the side of the Angels, refuse to give him up to the Demon, and shall die, some of us, still contesting the Dowson myth."

Dowson is depicted in the intimate portrait of Victor Plarr as a charming boy, embodying the spirit as well as

the faults of youth. We are informed that Dowson received no regular education "unless we count his one half-mythic year at college."

"He had learned Latin from an Italian priest in a mountain village in Italy—possibly Senta, a place beloved by him. At least this is the tradition as it came to me from him. In many ways he was surprisingly and refreshingly ignorant. Quite gravely once he averred to me that he supposed the Red Indians in the United States greatly outnumbered the white men, and that he hoped the natives in their war-paint would soon march on New York, destroy it, and thus break the back of transatlantic civilization! Yet he had many charming American acquaintances, and perhaps his truest admirers are in the States."

Of Dowson's unhappy love for the daughter of an innkeeper, Victor Plarr refrains from speaking. And during Ernest Dowson's "last phase" (1897-1900), he met the dying poet only a few times. Mr. Plarr describes one of these meetings.

"Once he passed me on the London pavement. . . . So ill and absent-minded, so pale and, to me, forbidding did he look, that I could not summon up courage to address him. *Cui bono?* Of course I am quite wrong, but we all know this state of feeling. It is useless to accuse me of being of the irritable genus. I am not unduly morbid, and who does not know what it is to slacken pace behind someone who has failed in cordiality towards one and has seemed bored by one's advances and reminders? I had no idea that Ernest Dowson was then in London or how long he would stay. He had received a facial injury, easily remediable, which may have partly accounted for his unwillingness to revisit old and faithful friends. He was musing as usual, and seemed to see nothing, his eyes almost bulging from his head. He was wrapped in a heavy coat and had a larger cigar than of old in his mouth. . . ."

Already myths had begun to cluster about him. Dowson visited the Plarrs only once after that. He disappeared from the Plarr home in abrupt and singular fashion. Mr. Plarr infers that it was only in his last period that Ernest Dowson could have appeared as described by Guy Thorne in recently published memories of the author of *Cynara*: "a youthful ghost strayed amongst the haunts of men. . . . Pale, emaciated, in clothes that were almost ragged, poor Ernest flittered about in search for some one with whom to talk. When he found a friend, his face would light up with a singular and penetrating sweetness that made one forget an untidiness—to use no other word—that verged upon offence."

This is not the Ernest Dowson Victor Plarr knew and loved, and he infers that it was scarcely the real Ernest Dowson, who has been described so sympathetically by Edgar Jepson.

Holbrook Jackson, whom Victor

Plarr criticizes for his view of Ernest Dowson, has retaliated in the pages of *T. P.'s Weekly* of which he is editor, announcing that "Mr. Victor Plarr plunges us once more in bewildering mists." The Dowson myth has grown up out of suppressions, declares Holbrook Jackson, "clumsily supported by its latest antagonist."

If Victor Plarr had thrown new light on the mysterious death of Dowson's parents; if he had revealed what he knew concerning Dowson's love affair—"the dominant incident in his life"—and if he had printed all of the poet's letters instead of excerpts, he would have contributed something of real value concerning the decadent poet, asserts Holbrook Jackson, in a challenging tone. Victor Plarr does not clear Ernest Dowson of his reputed decadence, according to the author of "The Eighteen-Nineties," who again points out in what qualities this decadence resided:

"To kill a desire, as you can, by satisfying it, is to create a new desire. The decadents always did that, with the result that they demanded of life, not repetition of old, but opportunities for new experiences. The whole attitude of the decadence is contained in Dowson's best-known poem: *Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae*, with that insatiate demand of a soul surfeited with the food that nourishes not, and finding what relief it can in a rapture of desolation:—

"I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished, and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion!"

In that poem we have a parable of the decadent soul. Cynara may be taken as a symbol of the unattained and perhaps unattainable joy and peace which is the eternal dream of man. The decadents of the Nineties, to do them justice, were not so degenerate as either to have lost hope in future joy or to have had full faith in their attainment of it. Coming late in a century of material pressure and scientific attainment, they embodied a tired mood, rejected hope, beyond the moment, and took a subtle joy in playing with fire and calling it sin; in scourging themselves for



Courtesy John Lane Co.

MYTHS CLUSTER ABOUT HIM

This drawing of Ernest Dowson is by Will Rothenstein. Instead of being a decadent wastrel, Victor Plarr declares that Dowson incarnated the spirit of eternal boyhood.

an unholy delight, in tasting the bitter-sweet of actions potent with remorse. They loved the cleanliness in unclean things, the sweetness in unsavory alliances; they did not actually kiss Cynara, they kissed her by the proxy of some 'bought red mouth.' It was as tho they had grown tired of being good, in the old accepted way; they wanted to experience the piquancy of being good after a debauch. Dowson had not all the symptoms of decadence, he had by no means the worst, but he had the stigmata of spiritual desolation, apart from the degradation to which it reduced him, and the inherited bodily degeneration which destroyed him at the age of thirty-three, after giving to literature half a dozen poems which must live because they are faultless interpretations of moods peculiar but real.

"It may be urged against Dowson's fame that his muse was not robust, and there is no answer to such criticism. But that does not destroy the artistic value of his poetry. Poems of temperament must stand or fall by their truth to moods, however fitful and strange, and by the inevitability of their art. By such a test Dowson's poetry takes rank among permanent, if limited, verse."

Like Aubrey Beardsley, Dowson had one supreme virtue, notes *The Dial*:

"If they were not true to everything to which we demand allegiance they were true to the best thing in them. It is no piece of rhetoric that furnishes the refrain to Dowson's poem:

'I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion.'

It is the precise truth. He was faithful to an ideal of art. And so was Beardsley. They literally died for it."



A PANEL FOR A RESTAURANT

One of the striking results of cooperation in mural decoration, this panel is said to have been subtly designed to awaken the spirit of gaiety and gustatory emulation.

COOPERATIVE MURAL DECORATION—AN ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH DEMOCRACY IN ART

IN THE great days of painting, the *bottega*, school, or shop represented a number of assistants working under the direction and inspiration of a single master. "Art has always had the great masters and their pupils—the founders of the great schools and shops," so we are reminded by Katherine Dreier, who calls attention to Cimabue, Bellini, Veronese, Titian, Tintoretto, Rubens and other masters of the past. "These men were leaders and their pupils or assistants had to carry out their ideas of art." But in the continuance of this system, in Miss Dreier's opinion, a great injury has been done to Art. "In modern times this (system) has grown to the extent that it is rarely that Art is considered. Instead there is taught the successful mannerisms of the successful painters of the day. But such training is detrimental to all progress in art."

In March, 1913, a small group of decorative artists, under the leadership of Miss Dreier, decided to seek the principles of art along the lines of democracy, and to make a vigorous attempt to bring democracy into the realm of art. "In place of the older empirical ideal of leadership heretofore held," these decorators decided to found a shop the work of which was to be based on cooperation. The first panels of the group have just been exhibited, and, to Charles H. Caffin, of the New York *American*, they are the work of real decorators. "No work so truly decorative, in principle as well as in accomplishment, has hitherto to my knowledge been produced in this country."

In the catalog of the exhibition, Miss Dreier has explained the method of the cooperative decorators. The plan generally runs thus:

"To band together a group of earnest painters who desired to express themselves in decorative art.

"To take a problem—whether it be panels for a church, school, restaurant, private or public building, and to discuss it in its various phases. To study what form would best express the need of that special problem, whether abstract decoration or a more realistic form.

"After discussing the problem thoroughly and agreeing on the form, the group disbands, to meet again with sketches for the problem under consideration.

"The merits of these sketches come next under discussion. In case no one had succeeded in carrying out the idea to the satisfaction of all, they disband to meet again.

"Should, however, several sketches meet the need, a discussion would arise as to the relative merit of each sketch, and one would be chosen or a composite made.

"After the sketch had been decided on by vote, it would next be placed in the hands of the person who had the most knowledge of the construction of a wall panel. From there it would pass into the hands of the one with the finest color sense, until each member had contributed his best to the whole.

"The sketches being complete, the final panels would be begun, everyone working on them, never losing sight of the beauty and *oneness* of the whole, which is the underlying principle of all good art."

Frederick James Gregg, in a note on the general question of decoration in America, which is also published in the same catalog, compares mural decoration in this country to a drudge

and a kitchen maid, altho decoration is, he believes, actually the twin sister of architecture. "This would be quite different if our best painters had any chance." There are plenty of buildings to be decorated. But, as Mr. Gregg analyzes the situation, imagination and talent are neglected, in order that dullness and mediocrity may not be inconvenienced. "The politics of the studio is rampant. So able artists stick to easel painting, being tired of struggling against those who are entrenched in power and influence." The value of the new movement for cooperative mural decoration, this critic believes, is that it will tend to emphasize the essential and not the casual and makeshift; the opportunity is great, he notes, "and even to disturb the stupid and make them uncomfortable is no mean end in itself."

Regarding the actual result of the group which is now exhibited, Charles H. Caffin writes that an absence of leadership and consequently of unity is evident in the panels. He admits the presence, as we have noted, of the truly decorative spirit and principle. This critic notes in the *American*:

"As to the principle involved in this new departure, it is pertinent to ask whether democracy has ever yet accomplished or ever will accomplish anything great without a leader. The voice of the people is confined to registering a 'Yes' or 'No.' It is the absence of leadership, in the sense of a single mind conceiving and controlling the whole, that one is conscious of in these panels. The composition is not unified; nor do the lines and masses flow freely into one another. They suggest a compromise between slightly different motives of feeling."

VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

A SCIENTIFIC department conducted as a literary department is conducted, with no consideration of the achievements of the last thirty years, would be a disgrace to any college." So writes some one who signs simply the initials "A. C. H." in *Poetry*. It is a harsh saying, and the writer proceeds to make it harsher by adding: "College students in literary courses remind one of rows of bleaching celery, banked and covered with earth: they are so carefully protected from any coloring contact with the ideas of the living present." This is one of the penalties every artist has to pay for the glorious permanence of art. Each painter and sculptor and musician, and, to a less degree for some reason not quite clear to us, each dramatist is in direct competition with all those who have gone before. But the poet is in closer competition with those of the past than are any of the other artists. Colors will fade and stone will crumble. The art of Praxiteles has become a memory. But the poems of Horace and even of Homer remain with all their pristine charm. Thirty years is a very brief period in the history of the poetic art, and the universities can easily be judged too severely for not dwelling too strongly upon the last thirty years. Nevertheless it is the duty of a university as well as of an editor to add directly to the recognition and appreciation of what is new as well as what is old, and we think that "A. C. H." is right in criticizing American universities for coming short of their duty in this respect. If Art is to be a living thing and to have a message to living men and women, it must be taught as something belonging to our own day and our own country. In their professional schools our universities are very much awake to the claims of modern achievement. In their schools of art and literature most of them can see nothing nearer than a generation ago.

Several months ago, to change the subject, we printed a stirring "Chant of Hate," by a German poet, Ernst Lissauer, who has recently been honored by the Kaiser. It was a chant of hatred for England. Below is a worthy reply by an American poet. We find it in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

A SONG of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song:
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love,—
England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragic glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not,—
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The Spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's,—
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor,—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?

Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground,—
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea,—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free:
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal,
ENGLAND!

Another war poem that conveys a striking effect in an almost crude way is the following in *The Masses*:

BUTTONS.

BY CARL SANDBURG.

I HAVE been watching the war map
slammed up for advertising in front
of the newspaper office.
Buttons — red and yellow buttons —
blue and black buttons—are shoved
back and forth across the map.

A laughing young man, sunny with freckles,
Climbs a ladder, yells a joke to somebody
in the crowd,
And then fixes a yellow button one inch west
And follows the yellow button with a
black button one inch west.

(Ten thousand men and boys twist on
their bodies in a red soak along a
river edge,
Gasping of wounds, calling for water,
some rattling death in their throats.)
Who by Christ would guess what it cost
to move two buttons one inch on the
war map here in front of the news-
paper office where the freckle-faced
young man is laughing to us?

The "Spoon River Anthology" seems to be making some stir. Vachel Lindsay, in a speech at the Poetry Society dinner in New York several weeks ago, spoke of it with enthusiasm, and Ezra Pound, writing in *The Egoist*, begins a long review of it—characteristically jaundiced as to America in general—with the ejaculatory sentence: "At last! At last America has discovered

a poet!" Despite Mr. Pound's liking for the Anthology we also like it, and find in it a wonderfully vivid series of transcripts from real life. We printed a number of these many months ago, when the series first began to be printed in the *St. Louis Mirror*. They can hardly, it seems to us, be styled great poetry, or even fine poetry; but they are real literature, very original in conception, and come nearer to being poetry than anything else. Webster Ford, by the way, is a pen-name. The author is a lawyer in Chicago. Here is one of his "poems" that excites in Mr. Pound especial admiration. For that reason, if for no other, it must be counted remarkable:

THE HILL.

BY WEBSTER FORD.

W HERE are Elmer, Herman, Bert,
Tom and Charley,
The weak of will, the strong
of arm, the clown, the boozier,
the fighter?
All, all, are sleeping on the hill.

One passed in a fever,
One was burned in a mine,
One was killed in a brawl,
One died in a jail,
One fell from a bridge toiling for chil-
dren and wife—
All, all are sleeping, sleeping, sleeping on
the hill.

Where are Ella, Kate, Mag, Lizzie and
Edith,
The tender heart, the simple soul, the
loud, the proud, the happy one?—
All, all, are sleeping on the hill.

One died in shameful childbirth,
One of a thwarted love.
One at the hands of a brute in a brothel,
One of a broken pride, in the search for
heart's desire,
One, after life in far away London and
Paris,
Was brought to her little space by Ella
and Kate and Mag—
All, all are sleeping, sleeping, sleeping on
the hill.

Where are Uncle Isaac and Aunt Emily,
And old Towny Kincaid and Sevigene
Houghton,
And Major Walker who had talked
With venerable men of the revolution?—
All, all, are sleeping on the hill.

They brought them dead sons from the
war,
And daughters whom life had crushed,
And their children fatherless, crying.
All, all are sleeping, sleeping, sleeping on
the hill.

Where is Old Fiddler Jones
Who played with life all his ninety years,
Braving the sleet with bared breast,
Drinking, rioting, thinking neither of wife
nor kin,
Nor gold, nor love, nor heaven?

Lo! he babbles of the fish-frys of long ago,
Of the horse-races of long ago at Clary's Grove,
Of what Abe Lincoln said
One time at Springfield.

Vers libre will not down, tho it is going to take a long time, we fear, for it to become as popular with the readers of poetry as it seems to be with the producers. Here is something interesting in that line from *The Little Review*:

LITTLE FLOWERS FROM A MILLINER'S BOX.

By SADE IVERSON.

I HAVE been making a little hat;
A hat for a little lady.
Red and brown leaves edge it,
And the crown is like brown moss.
If I might, I would say to her:
"Pay me nothing, pay me nothing—
I have been paid in full, lady—
I have been paid in memories.
Ah, the sweep of the sun-burned meadow
Rising above the woodland!
Ah, the drift of golden beech-leaves,
Fluttering the still hour through!
I can hear them falling, softly,
Softly, falling on the tawny ground.
The nuts, too, are falling, pad-pad,
Mischievously on the earth.
Never was sky so blue, so deep,
So unbearably perfect!
I throw up my hands to it,
I fling kisses heavenward,
To Something, to Somebody,
Who made beauty—who made Youth!
Take your hat, little lady,
Wear it smilingly;
It is all sewn with dreams,
And looped with memories.
Little dead joys, like mists,
Float about it invisibly,
Making it miraculous.
You lack the money, to pay for these things.
It is I who owe you for the little hat
You commissioned, made of red and of brown leaves,
With a crown like sun-dried moss
In the woods where I once wandered."
But I cannot afford to be kind,
Or strange, or mad, or merry.
She will give me purse-worn bills
For the little dream hat, the fairy-sewn hat,
And I shall say with formality:
"Thank you, madam; I am glad
You are pleased with the little hat."
Stale, stale, flat, flat!

Will there never again come a day
When I shall be throwing kisses to the sky,
Hoping they will reach up to Him
Who made beauty, and little golden leaves,
And brown nuts falling in the Autumn woods?

A volume of "Poems," by Katherine Howard, the author of that adorable little "Book of the Serpent," has recently appeared (Sherman, French & Company). It is full of poetic stuff, tho the author's pen and fancy are both too facile to take as much pains as

should be taken with any particular poem. Her fancy races ahead too rapidly for that, and her pen seems to hurry in order to keep up. Here is one of the best things in the book:

TO LITTLE THINGS.

By KATHARINE HOWARD.

THEY are the little rains that slowly seep
To roots of flowers, which comfort and renew,—
Even as the flower is fed by morning dew,
And quiet night puts the young blooms asleep,
Rocked by the little wind—most dear of all.
Dear little things, with little tender ways
That are not known, that have no lauds of praise,—
But when we turn to go—they softly call.

O dear caressing littleness that clings,—
The little crying wind, the little rain,
That calls us when we may not come again—
Tender and sweet as are all gentle things—
The clinging hands, the sound of running feet
To bid farewell,—so dear, so sobbing sweet.

All the Celtic poetry is by no means produced in London and Dublin. No one—with the exception of Yeats and Fiona McLeod—has woven into pleasing rhyme more of the Celtic wistful longing and mystery than appear in "A Hosting of Heroes," by Eleanor Cox, which, tho printed in Dublin (Sealy, Bryers & Walker), is written in America. Here is a sample of her work:

THE LAST OF THE FIANNA.

By ELEANOR COX.

"They lay down on the side of the hill
at Teamhair, and put their lips to the earth, and died."—*Gods and Fighting Men*.

TO the dewy earth they turned their faces,
Sweet, green Mother of their old delight;
They for whom in Erin no more place was—
They the once strong bulwarks of her might;
Scarce a good man's stone-throw from where Tara
Reared its shining splendor on the height.

Golden-shod the hours in that fair palace
Danced like maidens to a festal song,
But for them who drained Life's bitter chalice
There upon the hill the day was long:
Till sweet Death came down in the gray twilight,
Death, whose kind kiss heals all human wrong.

Kissing now their lids of drowsing vision
With a Dream of Life as it had been,
Glowing with the joy of swift decision,
Radiant with the flash of sword-blades keen,

Ringed with the songs of Nature's Springtime,
Crowned with love of goddess and of queen.

Calling to them through the trooping shadows,
Beautiful, undimmed of Age or Fear,
Those who with them through the golden meadows,
In their morn of Manhood cloudless-clear,
Long ago behind the peerless Fionn,
Rode to hunt of foeman or of deer.

So Night set her seal upon their dreaming,
Of brave days and deeds for ever gone,
So they passed, the men of god-like seeming,
With their faces set towards the Dawn,
They whose like in all her future story,
Nevermore their land should look upon.

One of our Chicago subscribers, on reading Mr. Oppenheim's poem, "A Handful of Dust," printed in this department in October, was moved to send us a poem with the same title which he finds in "A Book of Poems," by Wilbur D. Nesbit, published in 1906. Tho Mr. Oppenheim uses the same theme and title, his treatment is so different as to arouse no suspicion of imitation. The theme, indeed, has been a public property for poets ever since Shakespeare reminded us that "Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away." Mr. Nesbit's poem is worth reprinting:

A HANDFUL OF DUST.

By WILBUR D. NESBIT.

A HANDFUL of dust, that is blown by the wind
That is sporting with whatever thing it may find,
It goes swirling and whirling and scattering on
Till it puffs into nothingness—then it is gone—
A handful of dust.

It may be a king who of old held his rule,
O'er a country forgotten—it may be his fool
Who had smiles on his lips and had tears in his heart;
But the king, or the fool—who may tell them apart
In a handful of dust?

It may be some man who was mighty and proud,
Or a beggar, who trembled and crept through the crowd;
Or a woman who laughed, or a woman who wept,
Or a miser—but centuries long have they slept
In a handful of dust.

It may be a rose that once burst into flame,
Or a maiden who blushed as she whispered a name
To its ruby-red heart—and her lips were as red—

But no one remembers the words that
she said,
In this handful of dust.

So hide your puling imbeciles,
Your old and sick and vile,
And keep the fear of age beyond my ken,
For youth is full of loveliness, a very
little while—

And I never can be beautiful again!
A handful of dust—it is death, it is birth,
It is naught; it is all since the first day
of earth;

It is life, it is love, it is laughter and
tears—

And it holds all the mystery lost in the
years—

A handful of dust.

The poetry of Angela Morgan, when collected together in a volume ("The Hour Has Struck and Other Poems," The Astor Press, N. Y.), gives one the impression of an emotional intensity that threatens at times to become hectic. There is a little too much white heat in this volume. While no one poem has, perhaps, too much of it, the cumulative effect grows displeasing. One of the best of the poems is this:

JUNE RAPTURE.

BY ANGELA MORGAN.

GREEN! What a world of green!
My startled soul
Panting for beauty long denied,
Leaps in a passion of high grati-
tude

To meet the wild embraces of the wood;
Rushes and flings itself upon the whole
Mad miracle of green, with senses wide,
Clings to the glory, hugs and holds it fast,
As one who finds a long-lost love at last.
Billows of green that break upon the
sight

In bounteous crescendos of delight,
Wind-hurried verdure hastening up the
hills

To where the sun its highest rapture
spills;

Cascades of color tumbling down the
height

In golden gushes of delicious light—
God! Can I bear the beauty of this day,
Or shall I be swept utterly away?

Hush—here are deeps of green, where
rapture stills,

Sheathing itself in veils of amber dusk;
Breathing a silence suffocating, sweet,
Wherein a million hidden pulses beat.

Look! How the very air takes fire and
thrills

With hint of heaven pushing through her
husk.

Ah, joy's not stopped! 'Tis only more in-
tense,

Here where Creation's ardors all con-
dense;

Here where I crush me to the radiant sod,
Close-folded to the very nerves of God.
See now—I hold my heart against this
tree.

The life that thrills its trembling leaves
thrills me.

There's not a pleasure pulsing through its
veins

That does not sting me with ecstatic pains.
No twig or tracery, however fine,
Can bear a tale of joy exceeding mine.

Praised be the gods that made my spirit
mad;

Kept me aflame and raw to beauty's touch.
Lashed me and scourged me with the
whip of fate;

Gave me so often agony for mate;
Tore from my heart the things that make
men glad—

Praised be the gods! If I at last, by such
Relentless means may know the sacred
bliss,

The anguished rapture of an hour like
this.

Smite me, O Life, and bruise me if thou
must;

Mock me and starve me with thy bitter
crust,

But keep me thus aquiver and awake,
Enamoured of my life, for living's sake!

This were the tragedy—that I should pass,
Dull and indifferent through the glowing
grass.

And this the reason I was born, I say—
That I might know the passion of this
day!

The Bookman prints this very suc-
cessful little poem, born, as every poet
will recognize, straight out of the writ-
er's personal experience:

THE COMING OF THE WORDS

BY RICHARD BURTON.

WISTFUL words, singing words,
come to me at times,
And I seize them lovingly,
weave them into rhymes;

The brave things, the fair things, that in
the world I see

I marry to these winsome words in song
and balladry.

Some words they stand for sorrow, and
some for tenderness;

They touch the fount of tears, they fall
as soft as a caress;

They ring out like a trumpet, or flute-
like 'plain and plead,

They tell of noble happenings and glorify
the deed.

Sweet words, they are the saviors of my
dumb-stricken soul,

That give me moving power, and vision
of the goal;

They heal a helpless cripple and make the
feeble strong,

And break away the prison bars for one
behind them long.

I cannot know the moment when their
coming may be set,

And so I only watch and wait, lest haply
I forget

The bliss that means their breathing, the
cadence of the air

They play upon the pipes of life to make
it smooth and fair.

But O the joy of weaving, and O the
beating heart

When come these high-born visitors from
some dim place apart

To bide with me a little, and lift me on a
flame

Of love, and give my longing a presence
and a name!

DONOGHU'S HOUR—A STORY

Altho this story by Donn Byrne was published only a few months ago (in the *Smart Set*), appearing, in fact, just as the European war began, it seems—so fast have events moved—to belong to a historical period long since passed. Donoghue was an Irishman enlisted in the French army to fight the British! That sounds incredible now. It sounded very plausible a year or so ago. In any event, the story stands on its merits as a vivid and dramatic tale. We have abridged it somewhat, omitting the part that tells why this particular Irishman had grown lustful for vengeance against the British.

YOU will take fifty of your Senegalese. You will take a machine gun. You will be out of the camp in ten minutes."

"Yes, sir."

"You know the oasis at Bir Nara? Yes? You will be there at daybreak."

"Yes, sir."

"You will hoist the colors at the line due south if you are there first. If a British detachment is there before you, you will take the position and then hoist the colors."

"Yes, sir."

"You will then hold the position until the battalion arrives. You will do everything possible to get there first. If you are there first no hostilities will occur. You understand what to do if you arrive second. That's all, I think. Good luck! Good-by! And, oh, Captain Donoghue!"

"Yes, Colonel."

"Report by runner, will you?"

"All right, sir."

The old colonel was always brusque when anything untoward happened. He usually carried the suavity of his days in the Ecole St. Cyr on all occasions, exactly

as he never changed the cut of his Napoleon. Donoghue knew that to get to the questioned frontier before the advance guard of the British column, his Senegalese would have to march quick time nearly all the thirty miles. They had already done eighteen that day.

The Senegalese were already being lined up by the young Dahomey sergeant; the machine gun men were raising the tripods. Their long, vicious Lebel rifles were shouldered. Swarthy Kabyles and Berbers of the Turco companies raised their hook noses and spat at the negroes

in disgust. A group of Foreign Legion men grumbled at ceding the advance guard to the Senegalese.

The battalion raised a cheer as the quarter-company started off. The Legion men gave a delighted shout of "*Ce bon Irlandais!*" The officers whispered "Remember Fashoda" as Donoghue swung past. He nodded.

Then they stepped out into the desert. The men were all delighted—Donoghue could see that. They had had no real fighting for years, beyond an occasional punitive expedition against remote Kabyle tribes, or hunting down slaves along the frontier of the Belgian Congo. They were off to fight organized troops, as the Zouaves went to the Crimea. The little corporal who was carrying the colors in their oilskin case forgot discipline for a moment and grinned delightedly at the captain. The young Dahomey sergeant had thrown back his shoulders until his blue Zouave jacket was near to bursting. He whistled "*The Marseillaise*" viciously between his clenched teeth.

DONOGHU knew every man of his troop. His sergeant he had captured from an Arab slave trader when he was a *sous-lieutenant* of Spahis. He had trained him until he was the best sergeant of the native regiments. His little corporal he had saved from the stakes at the hands of Ugandese raiders. Nearly every one of the men had come into the fortress a naked savage and been transformed under his eye into an efficient infantryman in baggy blue pants and red cummerbund and *chéchia*. And they looked on the tall, hawk-nosed, grizzled Irish officer as nothing short of a deity.

The column had moved on from Abecher on instructions from the Quai d'Orsay. One of the periodical frontier problems of the hinterland of the Sahara had risen, and a battalion had been despatched to hold the line. Hostilities would precipitate an international conflict that might develop into a Continental shambles. If Donoghue won his race against the advance guard of the English force that had left Khartum on the same errand, he would obviate most of the difficulties. Smooth-shaven, shifty men would parley in the chancelleries of Europe and settle the question according to the dictates of diplomacy. If he arrived too late, his orders were explicit: he was to attack. Messages would rip and crackle along thousands of miles of telegraph wire, and within a day troops would be mobilizing along the Breton dunes and squat gray cruisers would hurry from the slips of Portsmouth.

The camp was lost behind the waves of white sand. The troop tramped forward with the rapid, nervous step of the African of the desert. The long midday rest had refreshed the men, and they were as strong as tho they had just left their barracks. Donoghue could see that they wanted fight. They would strain every

nerve to win, but they hoped to arrive too late. Their foot-falls sounded in unison, with the dull thud of a mallet beating clothes.

"Attention. Rout step."

They could get along faster now. Their captain would utilize their native instinct of hunting. That would help in reaching the oasis first. The men broke the formation with a shuffling sound as of dancers on a sanded floor. They spread out like a pack of hunting wolves.

THEY were barely twenty minutes out of the camp but they had gone nearly two miles. The sun would go down in another forty minutes. It hung in a vague scarlet blotch behind them, and colored the white sand yellow before them. It was as tho they were dashing through a limitless field of ripening wheat. The desert rose in waves as far as they could see, and in little hills and in gullies and chasms. There was a long clear rift where a sandstorm had passed. Heat struck upward.

At sundown the men would stop for evening prayer and for their quarter-hour rest after the hour's march. Then Donoghue planned another hour's burst before nightfall.

"Attention. Quick time."

The shuffle grew faster. They bent forward like hounds straining at a leash. They closed up into a blur of blue. In the middle of the troop the black cover of the standard rose like the mast of a ship. There was no hard breathing. There was no sound at all beyond the soft crumbling pad of the hundred white-clad feet and the flap of the bayonets against the men's thighs.

The young sergeant was several yards in advance of the troop. Occasionally he would break into a lope and gain on the men, and then slow up until they were just behind him. Then he would lean forward and begin his lope again. He had taken his rifle from his shoulder and was carrying it in his hand.

Donoghue looked back at the sun. Only half of it was above the violet horizon line. The yellow was changing to pink along the sand hills. Muezzins would now be chanting from the minarets of Algiers. It was time for prayer.

"Halt. Fall out."

The line broke its step, wavered and stopped. The Senegalese split up into groups and knelt with their faces eastward. A tall private chanted the verses.

DONOGHU turned and looked back at the sun. He always felt an intruder at the prayers of the troops, tho they never seemed to feel it. He had become so much a part and parcel of his company and they of him that it seemed as if he should join in. He took off his *kepi*.

To-night they were reciting the verses on battle. It struck him for a moment that, in spite of every effort they would

make, they knew they were going to fight in the morning. The prayer rose in a sonorous, triumphant murmur. He wondered what really would happen.

They had broken up now, and were sitting cross-legged talking in subdued murmurs. They were debating the prospects of meeting the British. He saw the tall private who had acted as muezzin inflaming their Mohammedanism.

God, if those Senegalese were unloosed against an enemy, they would tear them limb from limb! He had seen twenty-five of them once attack two hundred armed Kabyles, and remembered how no Kabyle captives were taken and no Kabyle combatants escaped. What chance would the debilitated British have against troops of whom even the Foreign Legion was envious? What chance would an English detachment have against those savages with the promise of the Prophet rising like a flame within them?

Darkness was creeping up now. He would make another dash before night broke, and then rest until moonrise. He gave the order to fall in. The sergeant repeated it with a snap like a snarl.

Shadows were closing around. The men moved as in a huge spot of light that would contract little by little. Darkness crept on like a cloak of soft black velvet. Donoghue could merely feel it fall about them. The men moved onward in a blot of dark color. They changed rifles from one hand to the other with a soft click as barrel struck against palm. They resembled a huge insect crawling forward. The Dahomey sergeant was still in advance. The staff of the standard towered up from the mass like some grotesque weapon. There was the soft glug of water in canteens.

THE prospect of action in the morning affected Donoghue with a wild feeling of elation. Queer spasmodic shivers ran through him. He had a desire to sing. The crumbling sand sprang under his feet like elastic.

His fifteen years in Africa had shown him much fighting: sharp night attacks against Mobrish tribes, stealthy jungle stalking for raiders and occasional campaigns into the desert; but, like his men, he had had no hostile contact with foreign troops. . . .

The troop was swinging forward in step. The moonlight gave the dunes a white, leprous look. The men had the appearance of giants in the Thousand and One Nights. They threw gigantic shadows behind them. The standard pole cast a long black line that ended in a faint thread fifty feet behind. The moonbeams drew little glints of silver from the barrels of the rifles. They struck flashes from the Maxim that was being carried on its tripod in the rear, like some horrible squat serpent borne by priests in a barbaric procession.

A faint breeze had risen and was stirring the fine sand with a noise like the

rustle of dry leaves. A little sand owl hooted derisively in the distance. Now and again the machine gun carriers gave grunts of effort.

From a clump of palm trees in front a marabout bird that had strayed far inland from the marshes rose with a raucous caw. They could see its long bill in the moonlight. It threw back its legs and flapped off eastward. It seemed to be flying straight into the white disk of the moon. . . .

IT WAS midnight now. The men had come fifteen miles. That made thirty-three that day. They were shuffling on in a rapid trot. The Dahomey sergeant still kept ahead of the troop like the bellwether of a herd of sheep. Only the frequent shifts at the machine gun and the standard showed that the troop was tired. They were near a group of stunted palm trees and a little spring.

Donoghue gave the order to fall out and bivouac. They were due two hours' sleep now. Then they would have to be up and on the march if they were to keep in the race.

Arms were stacked with a clashing rattle. The troop sat down and munched the rations from their haversacks. The six sentries took up their posts. The sergeant made his rounds. Somewhere a pair of jackals howled.

The moon was high now. Against the black of the sky stars stood out like patches of white fire. Faint silver twinklings came from the dusty leaves of the palm trees. Water rose from the spring in a soft bubble. It flowed out in a little silver river that grew fainter and fainter and finally disappeared in the sand.

Donoghue wondered how the English detachment was getting along. He knew now how a cat felt while it waited for a mouse.

The men had unrolled their blankets and lain down on their faces. In their center were the machine gun and the stack of rifles. At intervals the sentries stood bolt upright with their fingers on their triggers.

Donoghue hollowed himself a place in the sand and settled himself in it. He could not sleep. He felt that the next day was too big. He remembered he felt like that going over on the mail boat to the guards' barracks. He wanted to save himself as much as he could. He crushed his *kepi* down over his eyes and lay still.

And then forms and faces rose before him. There was the old colonel of guards sitting stiffly before his desk, and a first lieutenant of guards, and there was Edith Grierson. And there was an old fox-hunting major of Enniskilling Dragoons, and a group of Trinity students, and an old lecturer in Greek with a stained monograph in his hand.

And there was a thin line of khaki troopers centered about a marabout's tomb with a few stunted date palms and a brackish stream.

Occasionally he heard a soft thud as

the sentries grounded arms against the sand, and a few stifled yawns and a shuffle as the guard changed.

The moon had passed well overhead now. The men had had their two hours' sleep, but Donoghue gave no order.

HE FELT the young Dahomey sergeant pat him on the shoulder.

"Are you asleep, Captain?" he asked.

"No, I'm not."

"Shall the men fall in?"

"Go back and lie down," Donoghue directed.

Another hour passed. Donoghue looked around. Most of the men were awake. They lay around, squatting on their haunches and lying on their elbows, and waited.

Donoghue still gave no order.

Four hours had passed before they were under way again. The air was raw. The horizon was touched with faint splotches of gray.

The troop moved forward rhythmically in step. The sergeant paced alongside with quick, nervous strides. Donoghue noticed that his bayonet was fixed. A sharp breeze moved westward. From behind a clump of scrub there came the twitter of a sand partridge.

Donoghue felt calm now. It was as if, after countless ages, a scale that had been jolted had come to perfect balance. He threw his shoulders back and looked straight forward. About his troops was the dignity of men going into battle.

Tints of rose and gray and emerald were filling the sky. A flock of starlings passed high over their heads. They could hear the rapid pitapat of wings. In the east the sun rose in a crimson blotch. Clouds took the shape of heavy artillery and of massed regiments. They hovered to and fro like smoke from heavy ordnance. Then they suddenly parted and the sun flashed out like a huge crimson balloon.

They lost sense of time and space. Distance became so many steps to be taken until they met a thin khaki line.

The troop routed step and scattered. The sergeant ran forward with nervous steps and whined like a bloodhound. The machine gun was dropped every quarter of an hour by its bearers, and others rushed to it and carried it forward. Every quarter of an hour the pole would be wrenched from the hands of the standard bearer.

Donoghue glanced at his troop from time to time. Their faces were set and rigid. Teeth were clenched. Furrows ran down glistening black jaws. Huge white eyeballs rolled.

He himself felt as if his fists grasped thunderbolts. He was an irresistible power hastening down the alleyways of the world to avenge woeful centuries.

The corporal at his left was gibbering in Arabic. He was reciting verses from the Koran that told of the conquest of the Feringhee and of the victory of Islam.

Occasionally they rested mechanically. Then they stood rigid and looked eastward. No one spoke.

HAMMERS seemed to clank in Donoghue's brain. There was a singing in his ears.

Then they saw the khaki line.

The black sergeant raised his voice and howled like a wolf.

The troop was running now. Three more helped to rush the gun. They took the standard on their shoulders.

Donoghue halted them and drove them into rank. He knew they needed a rest. They stood tense and quivering, with teeth bared.

He was near enough now to distinguish the British advance guard. They had scattered out over two hundred yards. A trim, slight officer was walking up and down. He could see that it was an English, not a native, detachment. He wondered how they would face these black fighters, whose bulk and uniform made them look like old-time *djinn*.

He marched them forward in quick time. The line grew more distinct. He could see the khaki caps. They were the type whose salute had seemed insults. He had no redress then. He was going to have it now.

The khaki line had dropped on their stomachs and were fingering their Lee-Enfields. They were taking no chances.

If Donoghue did not attack, he could imagine his reception. The young officer would come forward with a smile. "Sorry, old man. Here first, you see. Fortune of war!" The khaki troops would examine his Senegalese curiously and then draw aside with a snicker.

The line was lost to view behind a sand ridge. In a minute they would top it. The defense would not be more than one hundred and fifty yards away.

The Senegalese were drawn up in a quivering line. The teeth of the little corporal were chattering in frenzy. One or two of the men were frothing at the lips. They fixed their *chéchias* and tightened cummerbunds.

Beyond the ridge they could hear the young officer and his sergeant deliver quick orders. Donoghue wasn't listening to them. He was listening to the voice of a young woman in a conservatory at a ball fifteen years ago.

The Senegalese were waiting impatiently, their eyes focused upon him.

"Fix bayonets," he rasped. His throat seemed to have gone dry.

There was a swish as the blades left the scabbards and a succession of sharp clicks as they were locked on the rifle barrels.

The young Dahomey sergeant was poised on the balls of his feet. His bayonet was at the charge. He swayed backward and forward. He looked at Donoghue. Donoghue nodded.

They topped the ridge and raced downward.

THE BUSINESS WORLD

PERSONALITY: A CASHABLE BUSINESS ASSET

The great force in business to-day is not capital, nor organization, nor methods, but it is the personality of *the man who plans and directs*. Emerson said that successful business was but the lengthened shadow of a man, and he might have added that success in business is usually nothing but the expression of a man's personality. The other day, B. C. Bean, of Chicago, who probably knows more successful business builders by their first name than any other man in this country, related a number of anecdotal stories of personality in business.

ONE FALL MORNING, in Waterville, Minnesota, a number of us young fellows in our late teens and early twenties—farmers' sons—were anxiously waiting for the 5:30 train to Minneapolis to pull in. Anyone who has ever tried to rouse a healthy boy from bed before daylight knows that the incentive has to be pretty strong in order to get young America up. When he rises of his own volition and drives or walks several miles to town, it means that a small army of motives is at work—that he is mightily interested.

When the train pulled in there was a rush to see—what? The boys crowded each other away from a small grating, through which could be seen the "World's Greatest—the only Dan Patch," whose record as a racer was known by every schoolboy throughout the Northwest. Putting the theorem into the language of business, fully fifty young men arose at an early hour, some of them walking three and four miles, simply to see an advertisement for a line of stock food.

M. W. Savage, the Minneapolis manufacturer, was, in other words, past master of the art of indirectness in combining personality and result-getting. He wished to market a combination of seeds, herbs and other materials having a beneficial effect on horses and other stock, this marketing to be carried on at a profit to himself. Merely by linking his selling interest with the interest which nearly every one having to do with farming has in fast horses, it was not necessary to draw the natural inference for those to whom the advertizing was directed. Even the most illogical farmer, unused to syllogism and premise could reason out: Dan Patch is the fastest horse of his class. Dan Patch is fed on International Stock Food. That is the reason he is so fast. Therefore, if I feed my horses the same kind of stock food they will become the best in their class.

This, to my mind, is a typical example of personality that brings results. It avoids the hackneyed; it makes use

of profitable indirectness; it taps a vein of interest which probably will never play out (tho diminished by the advent of the automobile)—three essentials of a good business-bringing campaign based on personality.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON could well afford to charge to his advertizing department the hundreds of thousands of dollars he has spent on racing yachts. Not that a yacht has any direct relationship with tea, but he has proved to the great buying public on both sides of the Atlantic his unselfishness in promoting good, clean sport. The ten million dollars surplus profit which Henry Ford shared with his employees last year, wouldn't begin to pay for the world-wide publicity which this "philanthropy" secured for this man's business. His new plan to share additional profits with his patrons, is another masterpiece in indirect business building. Unless he sells a certain number of cars this year the division will not be made, hence every patron is an unrestricted salesman, boosting for Henry Ford. There are hundreds of other men who are making personality a real asset in their business, but we must acknowledge that Henry Ford holds the center of the stage.

Even if a business is of small dimensions with a limited field, still there is opportunity for the expression of personality. Out in Clay Center, Nebraska, is a business using thousands of form letters each year—yet the rule of the founder, M. M. Johnson, was that every letter should be individually written and signed. No battery of duplicating machines, despite the many known economies and advantages in their use, is to be found in the sales promotion department of this factory—well at the top for incubator sales throughout the United States.

The founder of the business had an individual career, as one of his associates expressed it, and was a firm believer in individuality in marketing methods. This individuality he carried over into his selling methods in the following manner: There was taken,

as a premise, the fact that the farmer is a man who deals with facts rather than subtleties. He deals directly with the forces of nature—and is used to seeing the forces of nature fail him, many times, between seeding time and harvest. He has a natural distrust of promises, be they made either by nature or by a department head in a business—and subjects such promises to a heavy discount. Finally, when once his confidence is secured, it is not easily lost, but remains constant over a long period of years.

FROM the very start the selling plan of Johnson bristled with personal appeals. First of all, the machine he had to sell was thought out with his own brain, and the early incubators were made with his own hands after a hard day's work at the mill. Next, he made it plain that he wanted only a "farmer's profit," the same profit that a farmer might expect when he turned off a load of hogs or a bunch of cattle. Finally, he told his sales story in farmer language.

Here were a number of personality incentives that make a peculiarly effective appeal to the farmer. What a man has thought out himself and made with his own hands, is pretty sure—from the farmer's standpoint—to be ruggedly honest. The farmer has too much trouble with hired men who look for their "salt pork at sundown," as the eastern Yankees used to say, rather than for a chance to do good work—to be kept from thinking that the result of the owner's labor can be inferior to that done by the best employees. So personality, in this business, made its appeal here.

Second, the subject of profit is one on which the farmer does some long thinking. His own business is really a manufacturing enterprise, yielding—were it not for the automatic rise in land values which enriches many poor managers—a comparatively small margin of profit. As a consequence, besides the economy appeal—strong in itself—the manufacturer who puts a line of needed goods upon the market at a

(Continued on page 214)

Stop Forgetting!



Now, What Was That Fellow's Name?
I Can't Remember Those New Terms.
I Know—But Can't Find Exact Word.
What on Earth Did He Say About It?

A Perfect Memory Is the Key to Success

The mind of the average person is filled with thousands of single unrelated ideas which waver and fluctuate with every emotion, like the billows of the sea.

The man with a Wandering Mind can never hope to Make Good—he will always be a drug on the market—he has too many competitors. The great men of all ages are those who acquire the ability to concentrate and to memorize.

You Can Be Trained to Remember Accurately

In the business battle—matching wits each hour of every day—the ability or inability to think on your feet, to remember instantly and accurately means gain or loss. To succeed you must be "forget-proof." Just as surely as a poorly organized business can be placed upon a basis of perfect systematization and thereby made thoroughly efficient—so can your mind be trained and made a classified indexed and cross indexed filing system of facts so that you can command, on the instant, any thought, fact or argument.

The Dickson Method of Memory Training Will Do This for You

It will enable you to classify impressions, ideas, names, facts and arguments so as to have them ready at a moment's notice at any time. It will train you to think on your feet, to converse in a natural, interesting way, to overcome self-consciousness and bashfulness, to acquire easy, logical thinking. My course is not a theory, but is purely and absolutely scientific—the result of more than 20 years of close, intimate contact with students in schools and colleges and searching their developing minds for means of strengthening their memories.

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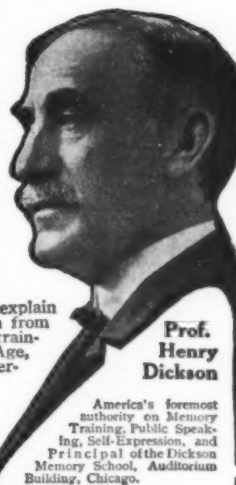
Simply clip the coupon and mail it today. It will explain clearly the course that has raised thousands of men from failures to great successes. You can have this same training. My free book is the first step. Don't delay. Age, education, vocation or place of residence makes no difference. Send the coupon today.

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My method is highly recommended by ELBERT HUBBARD, PROF. DAVID SWING, and thousands of others. Ten minutes a day of your spare time will give you this training and not interfere with your work in any way.



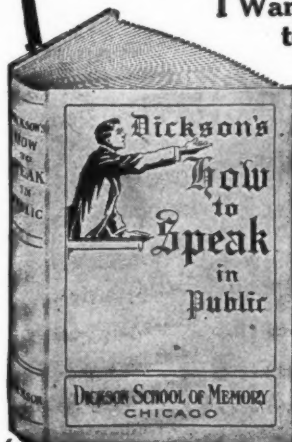
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NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY.....STATE.....



HOW FIRMS ARE PROTECTING THE SKILLED WORKER FROM UNEMPLOYMENT

That business should travel in cycles seems to be a natural law. There have always been periods when workers of all kinds were in great demand; periods of slackening business when men were laid off; periods when business was at a standstill and hundreds of thousands of men were out of employment; periods of awakening business with men being recalled. This swing of the industrial pendulum has been the cause of great loss both to employer and employee, and for several years the keenest minds have been seeking a remedy. At the request of this magazine, Mr. William G. Clifford interviewed a number of business executives who have made a careful study of this condition and have endeavored to correct it.

SEASONAL hiring and discharging of skilled workers plays havoc with the efficiency of a business," says an executive of Hart, Schaffner & Marx.

"It takes time and money to train a skilled worker to fit harmoniously into a business and to produce to his utmost capacity both as regards quality and quantity. Every man so trained represents a vital part of the commercial structure. To go to the trouble of fitting men into an organization and then to lay them off every few months is to unnecessarily interfere with the smooth running and profit-making powers of a business. This practice also works hardship on the employees; and anything that affects the employee also affects the employer in the end.

"Years ago the system in vogue in the tailoring industry was to employ as many people as were needed for the busy season, and then to make wholesale discharges when the slack season came. The tailoring business is seasonal—it consists of rush seasons and slack seasons. On this account it was considered absolutely necessary to take on and lay off men to parallel the business in hand.

"This procedure, however, is no longer followed in our shops. We aim to keep our organization as nearly intact as possible the year round. This is necessary, we consider, in order to obtain the highest efficiency.

"Obviously it was not practicable to keep idle men on the pay-roll during slack seasons simply in order to hold the organization together. We had to find some way to keep them at work the year round. This problem we solved by lengthening our selling seasons. During the slack seasons we manufacture surplus goods which are sold at bare cost, and often at a loss. This plan keeps our workers busy and also enables consumers to buy goods at certain periods of the year at special prices. It benefits everyone concerned—ourselves, our workers, our dealers, and the public.

"We have made it a fixed rule in our shops to divide work equally among all our workers, so that none is discharged on account of lack of work. If any part of the work is changed or abolished, the workers who have been em-

ployed on it are transferred to other positions. This plan has proved satisfactory to both the employees and the company.

"There is no such thing in our shops as summary discharge. Every employee has the right to be heard and can appeal to the Board of Arbitration and retain his position unless a sound reason for dismissing him can be shown."

TO KEEP their plants running full time, and skilled workers on a pay-roll the year around, is a problem that looms large to many manufacturers. No manufacturer willingly closes down his plant, or even slows down production, at certain periods. To do so represents an immediate money loss, irrespective of the disrupting of his organization. The chances are that skilled workers, whose training represents invested capital to the manufacturer, will drift to other plants. Even if they do return when the factory opens up again, there is a possibility of their having been forced into debt in order to tide over their period of unemployment. And no man can work at top-notch efficiency when money troubles occupy his thoughts.

Present-day economic conditions mitigate against most manufacturers doing an equal volume of business each month in the year. Trade demand generally rises and falls with the seasons. Manufacturers as a whole are either busy or slack—seldom does trade-demand allow their plants to be run under uniform conditions.

THE RISE and fall of manufacturing activity at certain periods of the year is shown in a striking way by a national investigation made among manufacturers in the principal lines of business. The following instances are typical of the whole, and show that the great majority of businesses have to contend with rush periods and dull periods.

The busy season for manufacturers of agricultural implements is in the Spring; billiard and pool tables, September to May; brooms, August to June; bridges, March to November; cord, rope and twine, the Spring; furniture, Spring and Fall; gloves, September to January; photo supplies,

June to December; pumps and valves, March to November; tiles, August to December; wall paper, March to June.

Fluctuations in business may be classified under three heads: (1) Seasonal; (2) Presidential elections; (3) Special conditions, such as panics, wars, and the like. Economists who have studied the matter say that there are two "bad" years in every ten. Statistics show that taking the United States as a whole, as well as each principal industrial state, the number of persons employed in the industries fluctuates regularly, with one crest in May and another in September or October.

Without doubt the seasonal fluctuations of trades are largely unnecessary, and could be remedied by concerted effort on the part of manufacturers. But that is another story. The fact remains that the condition exists, and how to overcome it in individual cases is the immediate problem. This can be done. It has been done by a firm that had to contend with seasonal trade in its most severe form. But let Mr. Adrian D. Joyce, General Manager of Sales and Distribution, The Sherwin Williams Company, tell the story:

THE TIME was," says Mr. Joyce, "when two-thirds of our business was done during the Spring; the public had the idea that the only time to paint was in the Spring. This condition naturally resulted in uneven working conditions throughout our entire business. We were forced to mark time to the ingrained public habit of cleaning and brightening up buildings and houses only once a year, instead of keeping them in first-class condition all the time. We never could see any sound reason for this condition. But it existed, and, like most habits, had a firm hold. The public simply followed custom—the line of least resistance.

"We had an idea that the public could be educated out of the spring-cleaning custom, and be induced to paint houses and buildings as often as their condition warranted it. We never could see why buildings should be brightened up only once a year and allowed to get out of condition the rest of the year.

"Our first step was to launch a 'Paint-in-the-Fall' campaign. This

gave us two busy seasons each year, but we were still slack in between these seasons.

"To overcome these dull seasons we prepared other educational campaigns along the same lines. We launched a 'Finish-for-floors' campaign, and brought out the fact that old-fashioned carpets were unsanitary—showed how old floors could be refinished with paints and varnishes and rugs used. This made it possible and desirable for painting to be done in the Winter. One plan followed another until now we have educated the consumer to use paints and varnishes the year round.

"Our business is world-wide. In our efforts to keep our monthly sales volume at about the same average, we make a close study of climatic conditions and crop conditions. For example, in the Winter little outside painting is done in the northern states and in Canada. We, therefore, make a special effort to push for business during that period in the southern section of the United States, and in tropical and sub-tropical countries.

"In the temperate zone the big consumption of paint for house painting is during April, May and June, and in August, September and October. During the other months of the year we push hard on specialties, such as interior decorating, paints for use by manufacturers, and the like.

"The use of these methods has enabled us to overcome slack seasons and to transact a larger volume of business spread equally over the entire year. To-day our monthly sales volume averages about the same the year round."

ALL BUSINESSES are not so fortunately situated as to be able to change buying habits and to turn an article of seasonal use into one of every-day use. But just because a market can not be made over to suit the manufacturer is no reason why he should give up as hopeless the problem of equalizing sales. He can often accomplish the desired result by making over his selling methods to dovetail with market conditions.

"In the past," says W. K. Page, an executive of the Addressograph Company, "we, like many other manufacturers, had to contend with seasonal demand for our goods. We would experience rush seasons, normal seasons, and slack seasons. We overcame this condition to some extent by finding new uses for our machines and by adapting them to new lines of business. By thus widening our market we hoped that sales would be spread more evenly over the entire year. But while this plan helped materially and increased our business, it still fell short of thoroughly equalizing our sales.

(Continued on page 211)



Alba Bowls, in Robert Simpson Store, Toronto, Ontario, display merchandise well and make buying easy.

Good Light Sells Merchandise

Customers like to buy in well-lighted stores. They see what they are getting without taking the merchandise to a window or door. They stay longer, buy better and buy more.

Employees do more and better work in good light. Seeing is easier, selling is easier and health is better—fewer headaches, fewer absences and "days off".

You get more work done, make more sales and more profits.

Alba Lighting Equipment

Alba shows merchandise at its best and makes your store and windows attractive. Selling is easier.

Alba makes customers comfortable. Buying is easy.

Alba softens the light and helps employees to see and work better—no glare; no eye-strain.

Alba costs less (less current).

Send for the facts about good light for your home or *your particular business*. We'll tell you how to get good light and will send you an Individual Portfolio of Suggestions. Which of the subjects below interest you?

- 1-Homes
- 2-Department Stores
- 3-Restaurants
- 4-Stores

- 5-Offices
- 6-Clubs
- 7-Hotels
- 8-Banks

- 9-Theatres
- 10-Hospitals
- 11-Churches



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Macbeth-Evans Glass Co Pittsburgh



More than 4500 owners will now tell you of the wonders of The Eight-Cylinder Cadillac

At long intervals there appears a product, about which the whole truth cannot at once be told.

If *all* of its new and wonderful qualities were set forth, before the public had actually experienced them, the description might not be credited.

When we issued our initial announcement of the Cadillac with its Eight-Cylinder V-type Engine, we found ourselves in precisely this position.

The most ordinary statement of its advantages appeared overdrawn.

Our certainty that it would revolutionize motoring amounted to a conviction.

But we dared not tax the credulity of the public, by telling the entire story, even though the public has always reposed implicit confidence in Cadillac announcements.

Our one thought was to hold ourselves within bounds—to be temperate—to place a check upon our own enthusiasm.

We told only a part of the truth—and yet we are conscious, now, that some of our statements must have sounded at least a trifle fervid, coming from a company committed to conservatism.

But there is no need now to understate the case, *because the public knows.*

The strongest statements which we made are mild by comparison with those which are echoing from one end of the country to the other.

Thus we said, in an early announcement, that in the new Cadillac "good roads yield up a velvet quality of travel undreamed of."

We said that "bad roads lose much of

their terror, and hills seem almost to flatten out before you."

Many a man no doubt made the mental comment that these were strong claims.

But they are as nothing to the assertions which you can and will hear in every city in which the new Cadillac is being driven today.

Again we said, that the Cadillac Eight-Cylinder V-type Engine "produced eight impulses in every cycle—overlapping so completely that they melt and merge, one into another."

And, we added, that this power "ebbs and flows so flexibly that the car can be operated almost continuously under throttle control, without change of gears."

Consult your own Cadillac acquaintances, and you will find that this condition of almost continuous throttle control is a commonplace of the Cadillac owner's every-day experience.

We said that "the motor did not seem to be driving the car, but rather to have given it wings"—and the Cadillac owner will express his riding-sensations, today, in even stronger terms than these.

The burden of testimony has passed from us to the finest citizenship of the land.

The uttermost that we might say is being outdone by our friends. The Cadillac car itself, and the owners of the Cadillac have relieved us of the necessity of praising our own product.

We do not believe that anyone, after riding in this car, can resist the charm of such surpassing ease, smoothness, steadiness and flexibility of power.

Our conviction is that the enthusiasm over the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac means nothing short of a national conversion.

Styles and Prices

Standard Seven passenger car, Five passenger Salon and Roadster, \$1975.
Landaulet Coupe, \$2500. Five passenger Sedan, \$2800. Seven passenger
Limousine, \$3450. Prices F. O. B. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

"In analyzing our sales records we had noticed that orders from some lines of business would predominate at certain periods of the year. We selected a number of lines of business sold to that showed this characteristic and had them investigated. It developed that at the time the orders were placed the concerns were either beginning or were in the middle of their busy season. This condition naturally led to the obvious conclusion that at certain periods of the year most concerns are more likely to buy our goods than at other periods.

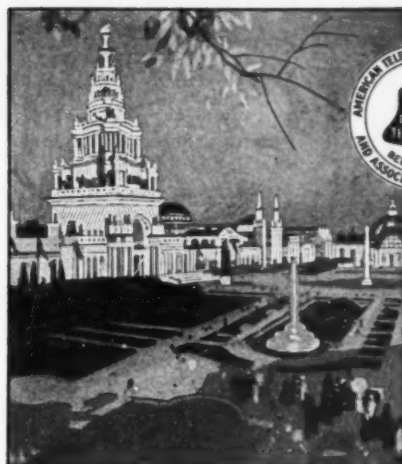
"We took our sales records for the preceding five years and listed every line of business sold to. Then we investigated these lines of business to find out their busy seasons. We found that but few lines of business transact an equal volume of business the year around. The great majority have busy seasons such as April to September; February to November; July to October; Spring; Fall; July to January; September to December, and so on. This investigation as a whole showed that we had ample live prospects for every month in the year.

"Our next step was to operate seasonal advertising and selling campaigns. Instead of appealing to all our prospects the year around, in a haphazard manner, we now concentrate on each line a little in advance of and during its busy season. Naturally a firm is more likely to be in the buying mood when its factory is humming with activity than during the dull season.

"As a result of these seasonal campaigns we have now eliminated almost entirely rush seasons and dull seasons in our business. To-day our sales not only average about the same each month of the year, but also show a goodly percentage of increase each month."

BUSINESSES which have to contend with the element of fashion generally experience pronounced unevenness of sales. Seldom are their annual sales spread evenly over the entire twelve months. Instead, they have to work under forced draft for a few weeks or months; then, when the rush is over, lack of business compels them to close down either partially or entirely until the next fashion or season comes.

The Dennison Manufacturing Company, tag makers, also manufacture a line of Christmas cards. Not so many years ago they had to contend with seasonal business in its worst form. During the three months preceding the demand for holiday goods they would be forced to work at nerve-racking pace, and even then would often be unable to fill many orders on time. This



Creating a New Art

At the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the exhibit of the Bell System consisted of two telephones capable of talking from one part of the room to another.

Faint as the transmission of speech then was, it became at once the marvel of all the world, causing scientists, as well as laymen, to exclaim with wonder.


Starting with only these feeble instruments, the Bell Company, by persistent study, incessant experimentation and the expenditure of immense sums of money, has created a new art, inventing, developing and perfecting; making improvements great and small in telephones, transmitter, lines, cables, switchboards and every other piece of apparatus and plant required for the transmission of speech.

As the culmination of all this, the Bell exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition marks the completion of a Trans-continental Telephone line three thousand four hundred miles long, joining the Atlantic and the Pacific and carrying the human voice instantly and distinctly between New York and San Francisco.

This telephone line is part of the Bell System of twenty-one million miles of wire connecting nine million telephone stations located everywhere throughout the United States.

Composing this System, are the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Associated Companies, and connecting companies, giving to one hundred million people Universal Service unparalleled among the nations of the earth.

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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
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women and have built up that many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms.

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—If you only knew how well! I build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; teach you how to breathe, to stand, walk and relieve such ailments as

Nervousness, Torpid Liver, Constipation, Indigestion, Etc.

One pupil writes: "I weigh 33 pounds less, and I have gained wonderfully in strength." Another says: "Last May I weighed 100 pounds, this May I weigh 120 and oh I feel SO WELL. Won't you sit down and write now for my interesting booklet. You are welcome to it. It is FREE. Don't wait, you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it."

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It keeps its purity, sweetness and efficiency whether the bottle is left open or kept corked.

Will common peroxide do this?

It will not.

condition arose through retailers holding back their orders until public demand had indicated the fashion in cards for the season.

But the Dennison Manufacturing Company is no longer at the beck and call of fashion; nor do they suffer from a condition that necessitates crowding the output of a year into a few weeks or months. The company now spreads its Christmas output over an entire year and keeps its factory running evenly.

Here is the way it is done; Instead of trailing behind fashion, the Dennison Manufacturing Company now sets the fashion in cards. They prepare designs two years in advance and send salesmen out to submit these designs to retailers eighteen months in advance of the Christmas season for which the cards are intended. Then they begin manufacturing the cards in quantities based on trade demand in the past, and keep them in stock. Rush orders no longer trouble this company, for filling orders is now simply a matter of shipping. This plan has enabled the Dennison Manufacturing Company to equalize their Christmas sales and to keep their force steadily at work the year around.

The Crane Company used to be up against the problem of rush work and consequent uneven production. This condition exists particularly in bridge construction work. They have overcome it to a large extent by putting the matter frankly to customers and discouraging rush work whenever possible. In periods of general business depression, instead of keeping some men at work full time and laying others off, the entire force is kept employed by cutting working hours from fifty-four hours a week to thirty-two.

MANY FIRMS solve the problem of dull seasons by adding new lines or by widening their field. The greater and more diversified the markets of a firm the less the possibility of slack seasons. The International Harvester Company is noted for its ability to keep its large force busy the year round. This fortunate state of affairs is due primarily to the world-wide trade of the company. Depressions are seldom world-wide, and a slowing down in one or even several parts of the world has but little effect on the sum total of a world-wide business.

During the present war-time conditions, with almost universal depression, the International Harvester Company is using the surplus time of its men to prepare for the future. The effect of the large number of horses that is being shipped to Europe will later be felt on farms in the United States. There will undoubtedly be a dearth of horses

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in paint is not the novelty you may think it. It is only new to you. There are painters who will never paint without it, and house owners who will never let them.

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in the future for agricultural use. To meet this future condition the International Harvester Company is keeping its surplus men busy on building engine-driven farm machinery to replace horse-drawn machinery.

The Pullman Company is also meeting present conditions by doing future work. The wood facings on old cars are being replaced with steel facings. And, incidentally, the company is taking advantage of the lull to train its cabinet makers to handle steel work. In emergencies, also, the Pullman Company handles work at cost in order to keep its force busy.

DULL PERIODS can often be overcome by adding new lines that will sell during the customary slack season. A typical instance of this is a coal firm that adds an ice department. But while all business will not find such an easy solution as this, the plan is practicable and is in wide use. In its early days the Robert A. Johnston Co., of Milwaukee, manufacturers of candies, experienced a dropping off of business during the summer. The public appetite for chocolates is naturally not so great during the summer as the winter. To offset this condition they manufactured a line of candies, such as butterscotch, peanut-brittle, and the like, which would sell when more heating candies would not. This plan solved the problem of a slack summer season. Johnston's business is now spread evenly over the entire year, and the full force of workers kept busy all the time.

Slack periods in a factory are often the result of lack of careful planning of production. This is particularly true where a large number of parts enter into the finished product. Certain parts will often be manufactured in excess. When this condition arises, the department that makes these parts is often closed down until the other departments have caught up.

The McElwain Shoe Company operates twenty factories in the New England states. As a result of careful planning of production these factories are kept running with the same force



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[For Thousands of Busy Americans]

AT a touch of your finger it gets your connection instantly—*automatically*—18 seconds quicker than the most perfect hand-operated telephone system. **No operator is needed.** A machine takes her place—a machine that is never tired—never cross—never out of order—always ready 24 hours a day, 365 days in the year.

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has been adopted by such representative American businesses as Sears, Roebuck & Co., Standard Oil Co., of Ohio, Solvay Process Co., Hydraulic Pressed Steel Co., Baldwin Locomotive Works, New York Central Railroad and scores of others equally well known.

They have chosen it, (1) for its *economy*—a net, clear saving in money on operator's salaries and instrument rentals sufficient to pay the entire cost of the equipment within a very short time—(2) for its *saving of time*—which is even more important—(3) for its *sturdy reliability*—(4) for its incompar-

able *convenience*—(5) for its *secrecy*—(6) for its constant 24-hour service.

Without "pushing," without elaborate sales effort, without advertising until recently—the Automatic-Phone has forged its way ahead by sheer superiority. 37.4% of our sales for the last 10 years have been additions to equipment already installed.

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throughout the year. One factory makes the heels, another the vamps, another the soles, and so on. All parts are kept moving along at a uniform rate. Instead of heels coming along in seven days, vamps in seventeen, and other parts lingering to, say, twenty-seven days, all move along at the same rate—none waiting for another.

As a result of this system of dovetailing production, the company is able to keep its entire force busy all the time. And, furthermore, it has cut the time it takes to fill orders. Where it used to take, say, twenty-seven days to fill an order, it is now done in seventeen days. The company also claims that it turns out a better product than before, because by keeping men continuously on the job, they are at all times at their highest efficiency.

PERSONALITY: A CASHABLE BUSINESS ASSET

(Continued from page 206)

comparatively small profit makes a personality appeal—that of being in the same boat as the man he is selling.

WHEN it comes to the third point, that of the language employed to tell the tale, the Johnson policy is in line with the celebrated anecdote of Henry Ward Beecher, who, when told of an ungrammatical expression that he had used, replied: "Grammer doesn't stand any chance when it gets in my way." The policy of "farmer" Johnson has been to tell the story forcefully, naturally and philosophically. If grammar stands in the way of doing this—well, it's that much worse for grammar. The personality that uses "farmer's" grammar in selling to the farmer is one of the personality points that differentiates Johnson from the large number of other manufacturers who build similar goods. By far the greater bulk of business literature concerns itself with fineness of expression.

There is a rule of expression which this incubator manufacturer has grasped intuitively—the principle being, "The value of expression is in an inverse ratio to the value of the message." The formulator of this rule goes on to say that we welcome news of great value to us tho it be couched in the worst argot. When we sit down to be entertained by a poem to Dulciana's eyebrows, on the other hand, we demand the utmost nicety of expression. The Johnson selling literature, not being a sonnet to the eyebrow of a fair one, but information of value to those who would make money by raising poultry, is of homely flavor and expression throughout.

The stand that the prospect or customer is entitled to a personal letter is

one that is taken theoretically by a large number of business men, but few have worked out the plans for putting the theory into practice. Meanwhile Johnson reaps the benefits of his own personality methods, and the neglect of others to get away from the traditional—and incidentally, perhaps, the strictly—grammatical.

WHEN William Galloway—"Bill," as the farmers love to call him—gave a "divide-the-melon" banquet at his factory in Waterloo, Iowa, celebrating a milestone on the way to progress, it was said that the melons were given a thorough internal bath of champagne. When the guests came to the melon course and noted the particularly fine flavor of the fruit, it was noted that many prominent prohibitionists—to whom the flavor was a new sensation—might be seen slyly slipping the seeds into their pockets. This story is perhaps a trifle exaggerated, but it illustrates perfectly the Galloway method of adding piquancy to selling flavor. I have noted, in a previous paragraph, that "Incubator Johnson" serves his selling facts raw—and "makes 'em like 'em." He goes straight to the point with a plain man's story. "Bill" Galloway adds the champagne flavor.

Galloway, with large ambition and financial capacity, was not content to be a one-line man. He builds cream separators, spreaders, gasoline engines—farm necessities of all kinds and sizes. And the attitude of the farmer is of as great value as the quality of the goods, for, with a small margin system of selling, only as the customer continues can a permanent profit be earned. In working out his personality methods, Galloway sticks close to the "divide-the-melon" selling plan. When a product is put on the market by way of the traveling man and local dealer, "each must have his bite of the melon"—is the Galloway claim. When the goods are offered by the "direct-to-you" method, the farmer gets the intermediate profits—not forgetting a taste of champagne. The reason? Well, because "Bill" is a farmer himself and he just naturally likes to treat his patrons well.

ABSTRACTIONS, Galloway believes, do not get anything; he is careful always to use the concrete. One of his best selling arguments, occupying a leading place in a good share of his literature, is the story of his own experience when he drove about the country as an agent selling the farmer. The Galloway past compared with the Galloway present makes easy reading—and a basis for easy logic.

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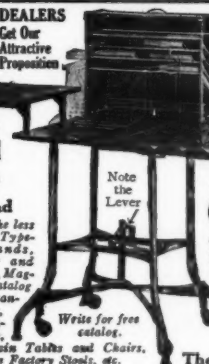


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he provides more than mere representations of florid melons on his catalog covers. One of his methods of assuring the customer that his business is appreciated is that of providing each patron—and some of his better prospects—with a ticket good for meals and lodging, all without money and without price. Whether the customer motors into Waterloo or drives in humbly behind a mule, he knows that he will be taken care of "at the plant"—for such care is a part of his share of the melon. With the Galloway method in operation, the patron feels that he is dealing, not with a soulless corporation, but with a real, live, tangible, get-at-able human being. That alone is enough to explain a good share of the growth of the business, and sets a lesson which other business men may follow with profit.

Personality—a striking absence of red tape and blanket orders—is the characteristic, aside from the wonderful efficiency—to be seen at the Cutler-Hammer works at Milwaukee. The story is a classic in Cutler-Hammer history of how a department head waited for some time for orders from the "boss"—and then found that he himself was the boss. He was not obliged to submit his plans to a man higher up, because he was considered the actual head of his department and was expected to go ahead on that basis.

A PERSONALITY method employed by the Cutler-Hammer Company is that of the morning meeting. I have just said that the department heads are supposed to run their departments from their own desk, and not to be errand boys

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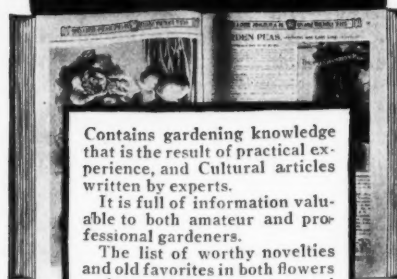
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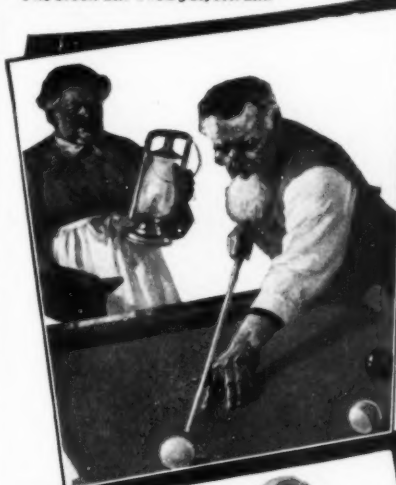
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for the manager, as is the case in many institutions. How then are the department heads to know what the other "bosses"—ranking equally—are doing? The morning meeting is the answer; where incoming correspondence is discussed, past work is checked up, responsibility is divided and apportioned.

In the morning meeting the engineer gets the views of his associates—the salesman who must keep up his quota—the credit man who is trying to make collections keep pace with sales—all get the point of view of the man who is paying his money for the product. Results are to be seen outside and inside the plant. The employee gives his best to the organization because he knows that returns proportionate to what he gives will come back to him; the patrons "tie to" a company whose departments can initiate a thing and carry it through without overhead or other interference.

Under these conditions, it is not difficult to get individuality from the individual—personality into the organization. The Cutler-Hammer method of making each man responsible and bringing the executives together to get each other's point of view is so successful that it is not only proof that it can be done, but it goes a long way to prove that it is the best method. A single instance will be ample evidence of the spirit of personality that pervades the plant. When I spoke of giving manager Berresford credit for the great efficiency of the organization, he said: "That will never do; give the boys (the other department heads) the credit. They are the ones who really run things. I merely circulate around and see how fine they are keeping things going."

"The stock ain't fed yet, Hiram!"



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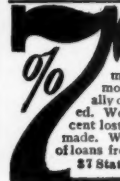
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"I had his job and I had his pay, and also another point of view. The chief clerk was now my boss, a grouchy cuss with a frowning face, and I had my troubles good and plenty. But I stayed around, and after a while I became the chief clerk. Then it was that the manager discovered me, and I discovered another boss. When the manager flitted hence, I was Johnny on the spot. I was again elected, and then I found that the manager wasn't the real boss, because the president of our company was the man who said what was what.

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